he, too, had a wife: but then——
mistook a Mrs. Mancroft for her
), her maiden name must have been
well as mine——and my brain began

inge you—a stranger—should have
" she went on, so sadly! "And I'm
ught nobody knew but Clara's hus-
a sure he would never have told."
exclaimed I.
e said: "since you have come, you
to know. I meant never to see my
. I could not, since they had cast
y marriage, come back to them as a
ow, asking for the alms they would
ven to my poor husband had he been
. . I did communicate with John
ause he had never known me; and
n I told him all, he promised to tell
existence till I had settled the busi-
ad brought me here, and till I had
again. But since my secret is found
e my family have sent a stranger to
——"
er!" I cried, a sudden light breaking
—"a stranger! No, indeed! Why
wn lost sister Fanny who ran away—
whom you left when she was a little
saying good-bye—Oh Fanny!"
o were all of a sudden in each other's
ad we got further in the way of ex-
hen a double knock startled us apart,
d John.
have enjoyed his bewilderment at
here, and have brought him to his
aving kept such a secret from me out
us scruple of honour, had he not been
eary and so worn—too worn, it seemed
to appreciate my cleverness as it
ved. He did not even care to inquire
ome there. My heart began to sink
I really heard all—the truth, the
, and nothing but the truth? Did
n sister, know of those midnight

ave no more of this!" I cried out:
ur sakes I must and I will know!

all hurricane, there tumbled or rushed
nto the room a very little boy, not a
han six years old, almost speechless
ement, who hurled himself upon his

, mamma! Look what I found in the
rs. Dennis's Christmas presents came
ll give this to you!"
ere the Emeralds — there was the
in which I had hidden them!
n looked at them like a man in a
en he looked up—"Thank heaven,
aven sent them here! Clara—we are
after all! We can help your sister
er boy as much as we please. Those
they were trusted to me by their
lient—who said he could trust them
else—too late one night to bank: so
n, he and I, for me to place in safety
row. I was not even to take them into
so nervous was he of—of women's eyes:
xt day they had gone, and I—I had to
rest of life in searching for them, and
in making good their value against
of their owner—and now I am a free
and you ——"
his client—was his name Wolf Mur-
ed I.
olf Murdock!" cried the child, leaping
p and nearly throwing me over. But
and there I sat with the soft cheek of
e-Dyed Villain close to mine, on
Eve!

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THIRD EDITION.

"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE,
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

MR. STANLEY AND EMIN PACHA.

(Reuter's Telegram.)

Zanzibar, December 26.—The Egyptian transport Mansourah sails hence for Suez to-morrow with 250 of Emin Pacha's followers The pacha himself will not be able to leave for another three weeks. Mr. Stanley and his English lieutenants sail in the mail steamer for Egypt on the 30th inst. Surgeon Parke has had a serious attack of fever, but is now improving, though slowly.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.
Spread of the Disease.

(Exchange Company's Telegram.)

Paris, December 28.—The influenza epidemic continues to increase, and the public are seriously alarmed. The epidemic has assumed a fatal character, and several more deaths have occurred in Paris and the provinces. It is estimated that quite one-third of the population are more or less affected with it. Doctors Brouardel and Proust have caught it, and M. de Freycinet is said to be worse.

(Reuter's Telegrams.)

Bucharest, December 27.—It is officially announced to-day that the Queen has been suffering from influenza for two days. Her Majesty's condition is not such as to awaken any anxiety, but quiet is ordered for several days to come.

Paris, December 27.—Some of this morning's journals state that the number of deaths in Paris during the last twenty-four hours has reached the total of 580; but the statement is believed by competent judges to be very considerably exaggerated.

Prague, December 27.—Upwards of one hundred cases of influenza are reported here to-day.

Vienna, December 27.—The influenza has within the last few days taken a much more serious form in Vienna, being attended by inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy, and peritonitis. This necessitates treatment for poor people in the hospitals and infirmaries, which are, in consequence, greatly overcrowded.

Brussels, December 27.—The Countess of Flanders and her eldest son, Prince Baldwin, are suffering from influenza.

Kœnigsberg, December 27.—The influenza, which up to the present has been of a sporadic type, has now assumed the form of an epidemic, and a large number of persons are suffering from the disease. A few very serious cases have been recently reported.

Lisbon, December 27.—The influenza epidemic is on the increase in this city, and is also raging at Oporto.

A correspondent, who has made careful inquiries with reference to the epidemic of influenza in West London, reports that he is unable to discover a single case in which the symptoms of the patient give any ground for alarm. That influenza in a very severe form prevails to an abnormal extent at the present moment is admitted on all hands, but the medical men most conversant with the facts agree in asserting that no evidence has yet been forthcoming to show that the continental form of the malady has found its way to this country. A well-known practitioner, whose experience enables him to speak with authority respecting the greater part of the district between Westbourne Park and Chelsea, declares emphatically that, although his advice has been sought in regard to many attacks during the last few weeks, in no instance as his diagnosis corresponded with that to be expected in the case of Russian influenza. A doctor further north gives testimony to the same effect, whilst a gentleman whose practice includes the whole of the district between Hammersmith and Chiswick takes the view that had it not been for the publicity given to the progress of the epedemic on the continent, the bulk of the cases recently submitted to him for treatment would never have been heard of. In some of the accounts telegraphed to England, it has been stated that the Russian influenza is frequently followed by an outbreak of measles or by the "mumps;" and symptons having been observed corresponding with this theory, invalids have jumped to the conclusion that the dreaded infection has reached them. It appears however, that a rash not unlike that attending measles often follows an attack of English influenza, and that such an enlargement of the glands of the neck as might easily be confounded with "mumps" is also a not uncommon feature in connection with the same complaint. In regard to the question of infection it is pointed out that the common influenza is quite as catching as the Russian variety. It is, in fact, the rule if one member of a household suffers from the malady for the whole family to be affected to a greater or lesser degree.

(Reuter's Telegrams.)

FIRE ON BOARD A STEAMER.

Havre, December 28.—A fire occurred last night on board the steam packet Chateau Yquem, from Vera-Cruz, while in dock here. She had only just finished discharging her cargo. The damage done was considerable, but fortunately there was no loss of life.

THE REPORTED AFGHAN REVOLT.

Calcutta, December 28.—Nothing is known here of the revolt against the Ameer Abdul Rahman, reported yesterday by a London morning paper.

THE STRIKE OF COMPOSITORS—A SEVERE AFFRAY.

Berne, December 26.—Yesterday evening a severe encounter, in which the weapons were fists and sticks, took place here between the compositors who were lately on strike and the men who were brought from abroad to fill their places.

THE SALVATIONISTS IN SWITZERLAND.

Berne, December 26.—As the Salvation Army has again held public meetings at Geneva, in spite of the prohibition of the authorities, the Government has decided upon resorting to rigorous measures against the members of the Army.

THE COAL TRADE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

New York, December 26.—The prevalence of mild weather is causing depression in the coal trade in Pennsylvania, and unless colder weather sets in, several companies have declared their intention of shutting down their mines. As it is, many collieries are lying idle.

GREAT DIVORCE CASE.
A Petition Filed by Captain O'Shea.
Mr. Parnell the Co-respondent.

A petition for divorce has been filed by William Henry O'Shea, of 124, Victoria-street, Westminster, and justice of the peace in county Clare, against his wife, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., being co-respondent. The grounds alleged are the adultery of Mrs. O'Shea during the period from April, 1886, up to the date of the petition, at the undermentioned places:—Eltham; 34, York-terrace, Regent's Park; Brighton; and Aldington, Sussex. No damages are claimed. Captain O'Shea, it will be remembered, was at one time on very friendly terms with Mr. Parnell, who used to visit at his house, but during the sittings of the Parnell Commission, immediately after Captain O'Shea had been in the box, rumours got abroad that proceedings for divorce were imminent. The allegations against Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell refer to acts said to have been committed between April, 1886, and the filing of the petition.

THE LATE DR. MACKAY.

The Queen on Saturday sent an expression of her deep regret at the death of Dr. Charles Mackay to the relatives of the deceased poet and author.

RACIAL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.
Sanguinary Conflicts.

Terrible conflicts between whites and negroes are reported from South America. The most serious of these occurred at Jesup, in Georgia, where a sanguinary fight took place. The origin of the quarrel is somewhat obscure, but according to one account it began in a gambling den, where a number of negroes resisted arrest. The fight spread outside, where excited mobs gathered in the streets, blacks and whites firing upon each other indiscriminately, the result being that no fewer than eight negroes and two white men were killed, while large numbers were wounded on either side. The negroes, beaten back by the superior weapons of their opponents, fled to the swamps in the neighbourhood of the town, and in the present excited state of the two parties further trouble is confidently predicted.—Another negro riot was caused yesterday at the city of Augusta, the disturbance being brought about by a policeman severely clubbing a negro prisoner who had tried to escape from custody. The fight was furious for a time, but the mob had no weapons, and the result consequently was not so serious as at Jesup. One negro, however, was killed and another seriously injured.—A third negro riot is reported from Barnesville, in Georgia, though the origin of it is unknown at present. The fighting was sanguinary, but the blacks could make little stand against the revolvers of the whites. Three negroes were killed outright, and a large number were wounded. These terrible racial conflicts in the South are now attracting very general attention throughout the States.

OUTRAGE BY MOONLIGHTERS.

Intelligence reached Kildysart on Saturday that the house of a man named Sharry was attacked by a party of disguised moonlighters on Friday night. The police have succeeded in arresting two of the alleged prepetrators of the outrage.

THE DANGERS OF FOOTBALL.

An inquest was held at Jarrow on Thursday on the body of a young fellow named Aspell, who died from the effect of injuries received in the football field, on the 7th inst. The deceased was playing in a match at Durham under the Rugby code, and during the progress of the game was knocked down and received injuries to the spinal cord. A juryman, expressed the opinion that football was a savage game, and the coroner took a similar view. He said that King James of Scotland had often been laughed at for not being the wise man he was said to be, but he certainly deserved credit for the Act which he passed in 1524, that every one found playing football should be fined 50s. It might be that, some day or other, some member of the House of Commons would be bringing in a bill to renew that Act. At all events something ought to be done, as the game was getting a too violent one.—A verdict of accidental death was returned.

ALLEGED ROBBERY FROM AN OFFICER.

James Edmund Clarke, of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, London, was charged at Brentford on Friday with breaking into the quarters of Lieutenant-colonel F. M. Wardrop, commanding the 12th Lancers, at Hounslow, on December 22nd, and with stealing therefrom a despatch box, containing a quantity of jewellery, razors, and other articles, valued at £20, as well as a number of legal documents.—The prisoner was apprehended on Tuesday by Constable Munday, 145 E, while trying to pawn the leather case of the despatch box in Kenton-street, St. Pancras. The constable took him into custody after a desperate struggle. The stolen articles were afterwards found under the prisoner's bed at his lodgings.—Lieutenant C. P. Lynden Bell, of the East Surrey Regiment, stationed at Kingston, informed the magistrate that on the night of December 20th his quarters at Kingston Barracks were broken into and a great number of articles of jewellery stolen, some of which he identified amongst the property found in the possession of the prisoner.—The magistrate remanded the prisoner for a week.

ALLEGED CHILD MURDER.

At the Marylebone Police Court, Elizabeth White, 38, a married woman, of 2, Wimpole-mews, Cavendish-square, was brought up on remand on Friday, charged with causing the death of John Edward White, aged 7, by strangling him and attempting to strangle George Wilfred White, aged 5 years. Mr. Angus Lewis, prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury.—Evidence having been given to show that the woman had recently left an asylum, she was formally committed for trial.

THE MANCHESTER GAS STRIKE.

A meeting of the general committee of the Gas Workers' Families Relief Fund was held at Manchester on Thursday, Canon Howell, chairman of the committee, presiding.—The chairman stated that the response to the appeal which had been made was most gratifying. He had received many additional subscriptions, including £20 from Mr. Oliver Heywood, £20 from Mrs. Fraser, widow of the late Bishop of Manchester, £20 from Messrs. G. Robinson and Co., £10 from Messrs. Mather and Platt, and £2 2s. from the Hon. A. Egerton. The Rev. H. F. Smart (hon. sec.) announced that the total amount subscribed was about £156.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY NEAR EASTBOURNE.

A shocking tragedy took place on Thursday evening at Polegate, near Eastbourne. A widow named Mary Ann Taylor murdered two of her children and attempted to kill three others. The woman keeps a small general shop called "London House," and lives on the premises. About eleven o'clock at night attention was drawn to the house by a series of loud screams, and when the neighbours entered they found two young girls—Eleanor Ethel and Harriet, aged 12 and 14 years—had been murdered as they lay in bed, having evidently been killed by their mother, who had cut their throats with a razor. She had also dangerously wounded another daughter named Kate, who was met running down stairs with blood streaming from a wound in her throat. She was at once taken to the Memorial Hospital at Eastbourne. The mother appeared to have been interrupted in her ghastly work by her little son, who entered the room and stopped her as she was proceeding to another bed-room where three other children lay. She carried in her hand a razor, which the boy got from her, whereupon she cried out, "Now kill me, Albert." She was at once given into custody by the neighbours, who found the two first-named girls lying dead, with their throats cut in a terrible manner. The motive for the dreadful crime is not apparent. Mrs. Taylor is said to have carried on a fairly good business, but it is also stated that she occasionally gave way to drink. Her husband died about three years ago.

SAD TERMINATIONS TO CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Mr. E. Baxter, coroner, held an inquest on Friday, at the Poplar Town Hall, respecting the death of Edward M'Carthy, aged 5 months, the son of a labourer, residing at Woolmore-street, Poplar.—Margaret M'Carthy, the mother, made a statement and kept moaning and groaning, but all that could be gathered from her evidence was that she went to bed about two a.m. on Christmas Day, and when she awoke about seven she found the child dead.—Catherine Shean, sister of the last witness, stated that she visited Mrs. M'Carthy on Christmas Eve, and stayed until two o'clock in the morning. She noticed that the child appeared ill, and, in company with the mother, they took it to Dr. Harvey's, but could make no one hear. They only sat up talking till two o'clock; they had nothing to drink. When she left they were all sober.—The Coroner: Is the mother sober now?—Witness: Yes.—The Coroner: Oh, I only wanted to know what your idea of soberness was. Has there been a wake?—Witness: Yes, but only a sheet round.—The Coroner: Yes; but the question is, did the other people get three sheets in the wind?—Dr. Thomas Harvey stated that he was called between ten and eleven o'clock, and found that the child had been dead several hours. The cause of death was suffocation by overlaying. There had been some one in his surgery the whole day, so that if any one had gone they would have been attended to.—The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, the foreman suggesting that the mother should be censured; but the coroner said it would be useless doing so, as she would forget all about it when she was sober.——A second inquest was held on the body of William Redbill, aged 11 weeks, the son of a labourer, living in Stebondale-street, Poplar, who was also found dead in bed on Christmas morning. The mother stated that she put the deceased to bed at half-past twelve a.m., and went to bed herself at half-past two. She woke at a quarter past six, and found the room full of smoke from the lamp. She let the smoke out of the room and then found her baby dead.—Sophia Baker, a lodger in the same house, stated that she was with the Redbills till two o'clock. They had a social gathering, and witness had a drop of gin, but none were the worse for drink.—Dr. Eakin stated that death was due either to convulsions or suffocation, and the jury took the latter view, and returned a verdict accordingly.

Fatal Lamp Accidents.

Another of the persons who were terribly burned, in consequence of the upsetting of oil lamps on Christmas Day, has since succumbed to her injuries. The second victim is Sarah Mulhall, aged 2, who died at the Manchester Infirmary, and Joseph Mulhall, aged 5, and Jane Burgess, are lying in the same institution in a very critical state. In the case of Burgess, the accident was caused by a paraffin lamp falling and setting fire to her dress. The flames were extinguished by the police constables on the beat, but not before the unfortunate woman had received such shocking injuries that her life is despaired of. The accident to the Mulhalls occurred in consequence of Mrs. Mulhall letting fall a mineral oil lamp which she was carrying upstairs. The flames spread to her dress, and in her terror and excitement she rushed into the bed-room where her children were lying. The fire caught hold of some of the articles in the room, and she jumped through the window into the street. The children were severely burned, and were removed with the mother to the infirmary, where the latter died the same afternoon.

ROBBERY BY A LONDON FIREMAN.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court on Friday, William J. Dray, 30, a fireman of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Station, Farringdon-road, was charged with stealing from 113, Charterhouse-street seven silver spoons, a pair of sugar tongs, a cigar-case, a silver brooch, and other articles, value £2, the property of Mr. William Collins, a coffee-house keeper; and further, with stealing six silver spoons, a watch, eight pocket handkerchiefs, and other articles, value £1 15s., the property of Alfred Holdaway.—Prosecutor said that on arriving home on Thursday afternoon he missed several articles from a room on the second floor. One of his lodgers, Mr. Holdaway, also missed property from his room. A female in his house pointed out the prisoner, who had been seen in one of the rooms. Prosecutor communicated with the foreman, and the men were called together and questioned. Dray then admitted having taken the articles.—It was stated that owing to the recent fire at Smithfield the wall of a house adjoining the prosecutor's premises was much damaged and was ordered to be pulled down. In order to accomplish this the firemen had to enter Collins's house, and that was how Dray gained admittance.—Mr. Horace Smith said it was a very serious offence.—Prisoner: Don't send me to prison.—Mr. Smith: I must.—The engineer in charge of the Farringdon-road Station said that Dray had been in the brigade for two years, and during that time had borne an excellent character.—Mr. Horace Smith sent the accused to gaol for three months.

Colonel Steward has resigned the colonelcy of the Dorset Volunteers after thirty years' connection with the force.

ATTEMPTED WIFE MURDER ON BOXING DAY.

A labourer named Josh Brindley, aged 30, is in custody at Reddish, near Manchester, for attempting to murder his wife. They had spent Christmas Day pleasantly with their three children, but on Thursday Brindley struck his wife with an axe and attempted to cut her throat with a knife. The woman became unconscious, but an alarm was raised by the children, and a policeman and some neighbours entered the house, and Brindley was found in a room on the ground floor. His wife, having been attended to by a local doctor, was taken to her husband. She said, "Oh, Joe, what have you done this for?" Brindley replied that he did not know what had induced him to do it, and added, "Will it be a six months' job?" Beside the bed the police found an axe, the handle and blade of which were bespattered with blood, and at the top of the stairs they found a knife. Brindley was taken into custody, and later in the day he was charged at the police court with having attempted to murder his wife. It was shown that Mrs. Brindley would not be able to attend the court for some time, and the prisoner was remanded for a week.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

A brutal case of highway robbery was investigated at the Thames Police Court on Friday. A few nights ago a carman, named Solomon Hyams, was going through the passage of the Bow Cemetery when he was attacked by two men, who knocked him down, and while he was on the ground kicked him savagely in the face. They then rifled his pockets. Albert Clements, who is alleged to be one of the men, was arrested, and he was now committed for trial.

ASSISTING A SOLDIER TO DESERT.

An ostler named George Gaylor was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, at Worship-street, on Friday, for assisting a soldier to dispose of his uniform. The soldier had stayed out of barracks a night without leave, and told the prisoner that he should get into serious trouble. The prisoner thereupon suggested to him that he should desert, and was assisting him to get rid of his clothes when they were arrested by a police officer.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. H. W. GLADSTONE.

It has now been definitely arranged that the wedding of Mr. Henry W. Gladstone and Miss Maud Rendel will take place on Thursday, the 30th January, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who have taken Lord Tollemache's house, No. 10, St. James's-square, for the Parliamentary season, intend to arrive in London on the 29th January.

CHRISTMAS AT THE POST OFFICE.

The Christmas season at the Manchester Post Office has been the most remarkable in the history of the office. Such was the pressure on Monday and Tuesday nights that it was not possible to count the letters with any degree of accuracy. It is estimated, however, that a whole week's work in ordinary times was crowded into these two days, and that the number of Christmas cards alone exceeded two millions. The mass of letters for delivery was unprecedented, and what with late posting, late arrivals of mails, and other causes, a good many could not be delivered until the morning of the 26th.

INFLUENZA AMONG HORSES.

An outbreak of influenza of a typhoid type has taken place at Leeds. On Thursday two horses at the goods yards of the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies there died of the disease, and the whole team has been attacked.

AN IRISH GOLD MINE.

Gold was recently discovered to be existent in some of the copper mines near Dunmanus Bay, county Cork, but an examination shows that it is not quite so productive as was anticipated. Only small quantities have been found mingled with copper ore. The deposits are, however, being more thoroughly examined by an English syndicate.

DEATHS FROM ELECTRICITY.

American official records just published include a list of persons killed by electric lighting wires since 1880. Previous to that date the arc light circuits with continuous currents were much used, and during five years no deaths were caused. Between 1880 and 1887 pulsating and high-tension currents came into use for the arc lights, and during that time seventy-two deaths took place, of which sixty-two were traced to the pulsating current. During the past two years the alternating high-tension current has been much in use, and by it forty-four persons have been killed, making the total number of deaths in various parts of the country during the nine years 116. In New York City twenty-five persons have been killed within two years, nearly all by the alternating currents. The list does not give all the deaths, but only those officially reported with names and particulars. It is estimated by experts that there have been fully 200 deaths in various parts of the country since 1880.

ANOTHER SUICIDE FROM THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The dead body of a middle-aged gentleman was found on Friday on the Leigh Wood side of the Avon, beneath the Clifton Suspension Bridge, death having evidently been caused by a leap from the bridge into the river. The body has not been identified, but the deceased had stayed at the Royal and Clifton Down Hotels under the name of W. W. Davis, and the buttons on his clothing bear the name of a tailor at Uckfield, in Sussex. There was a coat of arms on his locket.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

The body of a well-dressed woman, aged about 40 years, length 5ft., was found floating in the Regent's Canal, off Hoxton Bridge, on Thursday, and now lies in the Shoreditch Mortuary awaiting an inquest and identification. The police have circulated the following description of the deceased:—"Light brown dress; black cashmere bodice; light skirt, with violet flowers; black shawl; two petticoats (one white flannel, one merino); white chemise, white flannel chest protector; white stays; black satin bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, and side-spring boots." On the body was only found a latch-key.

The death has occurred at Kensington of Mr. Thomas Oldham Barlow, A.R.A., the well-known line engraver. He had been in failing health for some time, and was one of the academicians whose work was absent from the Royal Academy exhibition this year. Mr. Barlow was born at Oldham, near Manchester, on August 4th, 1824.

ALARMING FIRE IN THE STRAND.

At about a quarter to nine o'clock on Thursday night a serious fire broke out on the second floor of Messrs. Gatti and Rodesano's well-known restaurant facing Newcastle-street, Strand. The origin of the outbreak is not at present known, but the flames spread with great rapidity, and occasioned almost a panic among the staff of the establishment. One of the waiters, either finding his personal safety seriously imperilled, or believing it to be so, opened a window at the back and took a flying leap into the yard. He was somewhat seriously injured, and was conveyed to an hospital. Happily no one else received injuries. Being Boxing Day and after eight o'clock at night, when the majority of people had either gone home or entered some place of amusement, there were not many customers on the establishment when the alarm was raised, and such as were present had ample time to get into the street in safety. The members of the fire brigade turned out with commendable smartness, and taking their orders from Superintendent Hitchings rendered invaluable assistance. In spite of their efforts, however, the second and third floors were seriously damaged, and a portion of the roof was burnt off. The fire created intense excitement in the Strand, and a large crowd assembled. But for the excellent service rendered by the police, the traffic would have been completely blocked. As it was, it was carried on with difficulty, the crowd being augmented by numerous persons coming out of the theatres to witness the progress of the fire. Although a good deal of damage was done, we understand that the business of Messrs. Gatti and Rodesano's establishment will not be interfered with.

THE LATE COLLIERY DISASTER NEAR EDINBURGH.

The public inquiry into the disaster at Maurice Wood Pit, Penicuick, in the beginning of September last, was opened in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Thursday, before Mr. Henry Johnston (advocate commissioner), and Mr. Thomas Bell (mining inspector, Durham), assessor. It will be remembered that over sixty miners were suffocated. The only witness examined on Thursday was Mr. John Love, the manager of the collieries. Most of his evidence related to the construction of the mine, and the means of communication between the different portions.—The inquiry was adjourned.

MURDER AND MUTILATION IN DEAN FOREST.

Early on Thursday morning the body of a man was found in a wayside ditch at Drybrook, near Cinderford, Dean Forest. From the appearance of the surroundings there had evidently been a severe struggle, and the man had met his death by foul play. From his appearance and garb he seemed to be a collier. The body was terribly mutilated, and the head smashed in. The body has not yet been identified, nor have any arrests been made.

A PROTEST AGAINST SEALSKIN JACKETS.

The Rev. Canon Bell, of Cheltenham, in a recent sermon denounced the practice of wearing sealskin jackets. "To speak plainly," said the preacher, "that trim sealskin jacket, of which its fair owner is so proud, which looks so handsome, and which keeps out the cold, represents some half-dozen dams who have more or less been skinned alive, while their little ones have been left to die in all the slow agony of starvation. Such, ladies, is the price of a sealskin jacket." "To speak equally plainly," says the *Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal*, the good canon is on the wrong track entirely. His description applies, so far as it is correct at all, to the chase of the hair seal, which is chiefly sought for its blubber, to be rendered down for oil, and of which the skin is useless as fur. The fur seal, from which jackets are made, is not hunted at all, but carefully and cautiously guarded in its haunts or 'rookeries,' on the Alaskan Islands, until a drove of bachelor, not female, seals, is weeded out early one morning, driven slowly to a pen, and there killed far more quickly and much more harmlessly than sheep. There is no half-human wailing of calves, which are not present, for mothers who are not killed, and consequently there is none of the slow agony of starvation. The killing is not done by sailors at all, but by Alaskan natives, and the reason why female seals are preserved is because they are far too valuable for breeding purposes, while the entire number of seals allowed to be slain annually is rigidly restricted by the charter of the United States Government. The canon means well, ladies; but he has something yet to learn about sealskin jackets."

DENSE FOG AT THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES.

The entrances to the Medway and the Thames were enveloped during Wednesday night and Thursday in a fog which seriously impeded navigation. The troopship Tyne had a mishap, running into a brig which was anchored in the channel leading into Sheerness Harbour. The brig had her rigging and foremast damaged, and had to be towed to Chatham. The Tyne afterwards had a narrow escape of being run into by a steamer while she was at her moorings in Sheerness Harbour. The continental mail packet was late on Thursday on account of the fog.

FATAL FIRES.

A terrible fire occurred on Thursday in south east London. The firemen were called to 70, Queen Elizabeth-street, Horselydown, where a fire had broken out in a back room on the second floor. This was occupied by an old woman named Elizabeth Davis, 80 years of age, and when the firemen entered the room they found the poor old woman on the floor dead, her body being fearfully charred. The fire was quickly subdued. It is not known how it originated.——At Walsall on Thursday night, Ada French, aged 3 years, the daughter of a tradesman, was burnt to death. The bed in which she was sleeping by some means took fire, and when the outbreak was discovered the child was found to have been dreadfully injured. Her parents were away from home at the time.——A man and his wife, named Elliott, who occupied the top storey of a lodging-house at Dolday, Worcester, went out on Christmas night, leaving two children, aged 6 and 4 years, in a bed of shavings. Returning some hours later they found the room full of smoke and the elder child dead from suffocation. The other child was badly burned, and is not expected to recover.

The Old Boys of King's College School will hold their annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on January 13th, 1890, when the chair will be taken by the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D. Tickets to be obtained from W. T. Cross, assistant hon. secretary, Old King's Club, 39, King-street, Covent Garden.

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THE WHITE OWL.

BY ARTHUR G. MORRISON.

I.

Alone, and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

The year was 1742—the place Wirksby, a little village in mid-Derbyshire; that part of Derbyshire with its rolling green hills that is neither mountainous nor flat. It was Christmas Eve; and a white one.

All the previous night and well into the morning the snow had fallen heavily, drifted and driven by a rough wind; then snow and wind had ceased together, but in the deepening grey of the late afternoon the bully north-easter had again arisen, and from time to time again disturbed the surface of the snow it drifted yesternight. It had left the tree branches black and bare in the wood beyond the Hall, and still an occasional groan from the trees, or a little puff of snow-dust over the edge of the old quarry, proclaimed it restless, as well as did the flying clouds, hastening in mottled confusion over the sky, and letting through, now and again, a white splash of moonlight amid the grey and the black.

In the two rows of irregular cottages comprising the village a few unwonted lights were visible; creature comforts, probably, being in course of discussion by the carollers waiting for morning. At the end of the village, and back from the road, stood the old grey church, its belfry now silent until midnight, when the ringers, who had been pealing and firing and triple-bob-majoring all the evening, should arise like giants refreshed with good Derbyshire ale, and greet with a jolly peal the arrival of the day of goodwill. Further along the road still, away from the village, stood the Hall—a solid house of brick, of Elizabeth's time—the home of the Daylmers, of knightly rank, and baronets since the first Charles. On the heavy iron gates facing the road, on the heavy stone piers which supported them, on the shield above the door of the house itself, and, indeed, on more than one curious brass in the little church along the road, were the arms of the Daylmers—sable a fess embattled between three owls argent. These three owls were a matter of superstitious regard and dark tradition among the villagers, although it must be admitted that the latter allowed no ghostly dread of its sign to interfere with their patronage of the chief alehouse—the Three White Owls, by Solomon Beeby. Half-told tales haunted Wirksby—tales of a satanic Daylmer of long ago, and frowns, whispers, and head-shakings hinted of whence he derived his coat of arms, and the curse on his race which came with it—frowns and head-shakings vaguely implying things unearthly and horrent, whispers of blasphemy, murder, and devil-dealing. The most definite whisper might as well have been a shout, so well known in Wirksby were the doggerel lines which it told—lines held to contain a prophecy as old as the Daylmer arms themselves:

White owl on belfry grey,
On the eve of Christmas Day,
Daylmer's end shall spell to thee
Till no child of Daylmer be;

and many sober villagers were ready to affirm that a white owl was seen on Wirksby Church once in the lifetime of every head of the Daylmer family—but once in the lifetime only, and then very near its end, and always on a Christmas Eve.

The present Daylmer—Sir George—was a young man of twenty-five, and one of a frankness and goodness of nature which during his youth had won for him a sort of affection among the good people of Wirksby, in spite of the mistrustful respect which tradition had set up among the villagers toward the great ones at the Hall, and in spite also of certain personal qualities of reckless devilry which had more than once characterised his youthful frolics. But after the death of old Sir Charles—he was pistolled and bludgeoned to death by footpads just beyond Lenworth—the young baronet went to London for a year or two, and an inquiring stranger at Wirksby would have afterwards heard very few good opinions of the influence which this stay in town had upon him. Rumours reached even hole-and-corner little Wirksby of wild orgies at the Rose in Drury-lane, nightly riots in the streets about Covent Garden, morning appearances before Sir John Gonson, and affairs of honour in Bloomsbury Fields. Then he brought back with him to Wirksby a companion apparently ill-suited to his youth and rank—one Captain Dalton, a clumsy, swaggering, red-faced rascal, whom old Jerry Tupper, the lodge-keeper, who had seen a bit of London in his time, declared to be no more a captain than he himself was, but as arrant a swashbuckler as ever walked Whitefriars in the old days of Alsatia. This man had obtained such an influence over the mind of young Sir George that neither the semi-rebellion of the servants against the interloper, the coolness towards him of the neighbouring gentry, nor the remonstrances of poor old bed-ridden Lady Daylmer availed anything to curtail his stay at Wirksby. Captain Dalton stayed on, and the dice-box rattled at the Hall and brandy bottles stood empty o' mornings.

So on this Christmas Eve no open house was held at the Hall, no Yule log was dragged with merry shout through the great door, no noisy villagers ate, drank, and made merry in the dining-hall, and but one light was visible in the place, and that was a light which was always the last out. Still the tree branches swayed and groaned in the intermittent sighs of wind, and now and again a little cloud of fine snow spun from among the boulders lying near the old quarry, a stone's throw from the church.

What was that which fluttered noiselessly across overhead from the wood toward the church and over the old quarry?

Presently, from over the little rise beyond that upon which the church stood, came the sound of a man's voice, hilarious but husky, and as it approached there could be distinguished, mangled by hiccoughs and broken by staggers, the words of an old song:

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice.
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust;
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

Any Wirksbyan would at once have recognised the voice as that of old Jerry Tupper, returning home from a wet evening with a crony on some neighbouring estate, even if it had not been followed down the hollow by the exhilarated Jerry in person. Zig-zagging unsteadily along the slope, his jolly red face surmounted by a three-cornered hat secured to his head by an immense handkerchief tied under his chin; now and again treading upon the tails of his great overcoat, and always swinging a thick oak stick about—probably to assist in keeping his balance—old Jerry Tupper made his way along toward the path by the low churchyard wall—a Derbyshire hedge made with loose stones from the old quarry.

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence
For (hic) we shall be——

What noise was that? Old Jerry Tupper left off swinging his stick, and resting against the top of the low wall with his hands, looked up at the church. One, two, three belfries, more or less, dodging about confusedly. Jerry Tupper rubbed his eyes and took another look. This time two belfries—or perhaps one and its shadow—no, indeed, only one—standing out clear against a patch of flying cloud, and on the top—A WHITE OWL.

"Hoo-o-o-o-t!" cried the white owl.

Old Jerry Tupper let go the wall and toddled off in a line as straight as a yard-stick.

On the opposite side of the churchyard to that which Jerry Tupper had passed stood a clean little house, thatched, and but little better or larger than the cottages of the village, between which and the church it stood. It was the parsonage; and in the small room behind the little upper window, tucked under the broad dormer eaves, the Reverend Abraham Naylor, good old man, had been sitting late into the night, with his "Short Apology for the Thirty-nine Articles" in a few thousand sheets, destined for careful transportation to the shop of Mr. Dodsley, in Pall Mall, London; or, peradventure, to the sign of the Ship and Black Swan, in Paternoster Row, there to lie and collect dust on high shelves among any number of "Defences of the Ordinances" and "Short Discourses on the Epistles of St. Paul." He had collected his papers together and slipped them into a drawer of his little table, and had his hand upon the candlestick, when a sound of tipsy singing reached his ears from the direction of over the churchyard. "Carollers, perchance," thought the simple parson, and, blowing out his light, just as the noise ceased, he bent out of the low casement and looked toward the church. Right and left, and he saw no living creature; upwards to the belfry, and at one corner he saw—exactly what the bemuddled Jerry Tupper was at the same moment staring at from the other side of the churchyard.

"Hoo-o-o-o-t!" cried the white owl.

"Lord save us all!" said the Reverend Abraham Naylor; and shut the window.

Once more no sound of life; still the trees groaned in Quarry Wood and the mottled clouds flew.

Presently a door opened and shut somewhere in the Hall; not in the front, however; and again there was silence. After a little while the faint crushing sound of footsteps in the snow, and, from a bridle-path leading from the road beyond the Hall to the stables behind appeared two figures—a lithe young man and an older one of stouter frame. Each carried a sword, not at his side, but grasped round the scabbard in the hand. The younger man, whose entire costume was not a suitable out-door one for such a night, wore no hat, and strode forward, looking only straight ahead, his teeth clenched and his features set in a terrible expression of fury and revenge. The elder, whose every movement partook of the character of the swagger with which he walked, exhibited in his coarse, impudent face all the guise of the insolent bully, qualified now, however, by a shifty, anxious look of the little gizzard eyes, stealing many a side glance at the younger man as the two walked along and across the road to where a small gate lay upon the ground, where two footpaths left the road. One of these, to the right, led to and skirted the churchyard, being indeed that which Jerry Tupper had lately used; the other, to the left, led off over the low hill into which the old quarry was cut, skirting, in fact, the quarry's edge, to a hollow beyond.

At the opening by the fallen gate the stouter man hesitated, with another distrustful peep at his companion, who, looking straight before him, went through first without stopping and took the left hand path. The stouter man followed, and at the rising of the hill showed up abreast; then he dropped slightly in the rear and quietly changed his sword to the left hand.

Scream, Owl, and hoot! for the Daylmer nears the final mystery!

Still all silence as the two left the road further behind up the gently rising hill. At the top, where the path passed within a yard of the quarry's edge, the man of the stouter, darker figure suddenly moved a step backward. For an instant there was the dull glint from the drawn sword in his hand, and then as the other strode on——

A gasp, a stumble, and a groaning sigh. The man of lithe figure fell forward, run through from the back. Almost before his face reached the ground he was seized and half pushed, half rolled, over the edge of the quarry. A blow and a rattle of stones below, then a thud, and from the bottom of the old quarry dead eyes stared up at the flying clouds.

The murderer drew back from the edge of the quarry, and with one look about him moved rapidly back by the way he had come. He had turned into the bridle-path from the road, when, at the sound of something or somebody stirring in the village, his face appeared again from behind the corner. The sound ceased, and the face vanished.

Again the night, the wind and the racing clouds; at the edge of the quarry, blood and trampled snow; in the quarry, death.

In a dull old room of the Hall lay, wakeful and in pain, a sinking, fading woman, in whose bosom years ago had nestled a curly, laughing little head. That head now lay, part of a battered corpse, staring, with a horrible grin, from the bottom of the stone pit.

Nor was there but one bereaved woman in the land that night. Far away, beyond London town, in Church-street, Greenwich, by the waterside, and facing the Ship Inn, a mother and her child lay in humble lodgings. Mrs. Graham, the neighbours called her, and Mrs. Graham she called herself. Young and attractive, she had, a little more than a year ago, incurred the displeasure and estrangement of her family by marrying, in spite of all entreaties, an unknown Mr. Graham, seemingly a young man of fashion in London. He had left her in this lodging with an affectionate farewell, and the plea that he must visit his friends in the country, from whom, he said, he wished at present, for family reasons, to keep his marriage secret. Considerable curiosity this installation had occasioned among the good neighbours of Church-street, Greenwich, and many speculations as to the choice of rooms over a shoemaker's shop for the lodging of the wife of a gentleman of such fashionable figure, and none the fewer because the preliminary visit of inquiry at the shoemaker's had been made by a loud-voiced, red-faced man of offensive bearing, who swore a great deal, and called himself an officer and a gentleman a good many times, but looked at least as much like a highwayman. Only two letters had reached Mrs. Graham since her husband's departure (which was a fact every woman in Church-street would have sworn to), and a long interval had elapsed since the last.

Uneasily slept the young mother that Christmas Eve. Twice had she awoke and found the pillow wet with involuntary tears. Twice had she clasped again her sleeping child and relapsed into dreadful dreams. She was climbing a great mountain in agonised haste. Away on the summit, a fearful distance above, lay something she loved—sometimes her husband, sometimes her child. Above it a shapeless Terror, plucking at the vitals of her treasure. And, climb as she might, she got no nearer, although the great eyes of the Terror never seemed far away. Suddenly she started up again, broad awake. Surely that was real—surely, she heard it—the malignant hoot of some frightful ghoul!

She rose, and throwing a cloak across her shoulders, looked out of window. The cold night air, the flying clouds, the white street; at the end of the street, to the left, the stairs and the black river; from the right the sound of the tuning of a fiddle. That was all. She left the window, and bending over the bed, kissed her infant boy, and sat down beside him.

Presently, a click in the room below, and the shoemaker's clock solemnly buzzed out twelve. Then with a jolly reel the bells of St. Alphage crashed out altogether. It was Christmas Day.

* * * * * *

That Christmas Day was a day of more wide-spread whispering and head-shaking than ever in Wirksby. Early in the morning it was found that where Brown Billy, the best animal in the Hall stables, had been last night, there was no horse, and a saddle and bridle had gone with him. Then neither Sir George nor Captain Dalton were to be found, and in the room where last a light was seen, and in which the candles had guttered in their sockets, the unusual discovery was made of two opened bottles which had not been entirely emptied.

Later in the morning something was carried from the bottom of the old quarry on a barn-door, and, covered with sacks, into the Hall, and then the search for Captain Dalton became wide over the country side; with no result, however; and the entire tragedy, with the circumstance of the appearance of the white owl, as well as whatever additional circumstances the taste and fancy of the various narrators suggested, was soon, through the medium of old Jerry Tupper's wife, the talk of all Wirksby. The butler at the Hall recollected, after he had been told he might go to bed, hearing high words from the room in which he had left Sir George and Captain Dalton, but took no notice, having heard the same thing before, and hoping he knew better manners than to disturb the gentlemen. Sir George had called the captain a thief, to the best of his recollection; and the captain had said something about a "pretty piece of goods at Greenwich," and something else about presenting a Mrs. Graham to somebody. That was all he had heard.

That night the Reverend Abraham Naylor sat by the bedside of old Lady Daylmer, a dying and feebly delirious woman; and on the last day of the year 1742 two coffins were deposited in the family vault of the Daylmers at Wirksby.

Then followed lawsuits in the matter of the Daylmer estates; and for some time nobody occupied the Hall, except a Highland chief or two in the train of young Charles Stuart, who invited themselves to be as comfortable as possible there during the retreat from Derby, in 1745. The matters in dispute were finally settled a few years later; the baronetcy became extinct, the estate was at last administered, and a representative of a distant branch of the family, a Mr. Redmayne, took up residence in the Hall. The dull old place underwent a thorough course of paint, and the fess embattled between three owls argent was quartered on the Redmayne arms—ignominiously shoved into a corner of the shield.

Captain Dalton was never seen near Wirksby again. But there is a record of a certain James Dalton, known also as "the Captain," dying for his country's good as a consequence of having preferred certain urgent requests with the assistance of a pistol on the Finchley-road. He expired at a place called Tyburn amid the acclamations of large numbers of his admiring fellow-countrymen, after a triumphant progress westward from the Old Bailey.

At Church-street, Greenwich, young Mrs. Graham waited, and wept, and prayed. But her husband she never saw again. After the first soreness of the rupture with her family had passed away, her father, finding her alone in the world with her child, took her to her old home again, and saw to the careful upbringing of her boy. Who, growing to a man and entering his grandfather's business, became first junior, and, after the old man's death, sole partner in the most respectable firm of Rokeby and Graham, India merchants.

II.

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

The year was 1842, and the place Wirksby.

A hundred years had made little difference in the material aspect of Wirksby, although a few months more were destined to alter the appearance of the whole country side, for a railway line was being marked out, not touching Wirksby itself certainly, but passing through Lenworth, only three or four miles away.

Redmayne had succeeded Redmayne in the squiredom, and the master of Wirksby Hall was now the third since he who come into possession after the rebellion of the last century. Still, the legend of the White Owl remained a cherished tradition of the village, although the Redmaynes had all along persisted in dying peacefully in their beds with what comfort a man might at all sorts of times and seasons, with a total disregard of its prescriptions; which, considering that they to a great extent, in the eyes of Wirksby at least, became Daylmers upon their settling at the Hall, was very irregular and disrespectful to the property. It was said that strong evidence was producible of the white owl having been seen on three Christmas Eves within the last fifty years; but although members of the Redmayne family had certainly died after the visitations, it was at such unequal intervals of years afterward and before, that it was necessary to conclude that the Redmaynes, not being altogether Daylmers, were afflicted in a lighter and more worldly manner by the curse, and in small matters which nobody else got to know about. No matter what might happen, the story of that Christmas Eve of 1742 seemed to warrant among the Wirksbyans any amount of faith in the tradition of the white owl. Few, indeed, among them would have spent Christmas Eve on the edge of the old quarry above the place where the body of Sir George had been found, at any price. For the whispers of Wirksby had been reinforced by one which told of ghosts, of shadowy struggles of dead men's wraiths over the pit, stilling and vanishing at the first peal of Christmas bells.

Mr. Ernest Redmayne, at the Hall, had lost his parents while a child, and had been educated under the care of guardians. Entering upon possession of the estate when of age, he had in the six or seven years which had elapsed since that time devoted himself very much to the interests of his tenants and neighbours, cultivating very friendly relations with them, and very rarely leaving the place, even upon business. Indeed, almost the only communication of his with the outside world had occurred a few months ago, when George Graham, an old schoolmate of his, but some few years younger than himself, had arrived for a temporary residence at Lenworth. Graham's father had been a wealthy India merchant, but he himself had adopted the profession of engineer and surveyor to gratify his very strong mechanical tastes, and his business in Lenworth was connected with the railway about to be constructed through that town.

George Graham had been invited to spend a few days at Wirksby, and had done so. Gay and active, with many pleasant qualities, he attracted everybody's goodwill at once, and all day the old Hall rang with with his jolly laugh and mad jokes. So that when Ernest Redmayne one day after missing his voice for full twenty minutes, came upon him, staring with absorbed interest at the portrait of a middle-aged gentleman in a white wig and lace ruffles, he said:

"Hallo, George! has the old gentleman mesmerised you?"

To which George only replied, "Who is he?"

"Oh, he's one of the old family—the Daylmers—this place belonged to them a long time ago, before my venerable great-grandfather came into the property. I think that's Sir Charles. Does he interest you?"

"Well, it's an odd thing, but it's actually a capital likeness of my poor old father, barring the wig; more like him than his own portrait at home. Do you know anything about this one?"

"Well, no," Ernest drawled thoughtfully, "I don't think he particularly distinguished himself, except by getting murdered at Lenworth one Christmas. His son was murdered on Christmas Eve, too, by-the-bye, over yonder in the old quarry, and that killed the direct succession. *His* portrait's in existence somewhere, I believe, but some one, either my father or my grandfather, had it taken down, because of a stupid fancy about ghosts or something of the sort among the servants. It wouldn't be in the nature of things to have no ghost in a house like this." And then he related the story of the White Owl.

George Graham at the time felt a certain amount of curiosity in the matter of the portrait, but soon after his departure from the Hall something had occurred which set all his thoughts in another direction.

He had already met at Wirksby Hall Mr. Harley, of Longpeak, a house somewhere equidistant between Wirksby and Lenworth, but now he met his daughter.

Lilian Harley was a rather pretty girl of a year or so older than George Graham. She had remarkably fine brown hair, and kind, ingenuous eyes, but to those who knew her, the predominance in her disposition of the loving qualities which her face expressed was her chief attraction. Soon George Graham remembered little of the portrait, or of the ghosts, or of the White Owl, for he was in love, and, after that, he was never the noisy, jolly George Graham of old.

For Lilian Harley was already the promised wife of his friend, Ernest Redmayne, from whose society and from that of the other friends with whom he had become acquainted during his short stay in the district, poor George Graham in soreness of soul withdrew himself, and plunged into his professional duties with desperate vehemence.

All this had occurred toward the fall of the previous year, and now, as March drew near, little thought and no sight of poor George Graham troubled Ernest Redmayne. For a day in the first week of March was to be Ernest Redmayne's wedding-day.

March came in lion like, but after two days of windy, cloudy weather, changed, as though ashamed of his churlishness, and swept away his sulky clouds. Bright shone the merry sun on a happy bride, and birds awoke and twittered among the bare branches away up in the bright cold air. Wirksby bells pealed and swaggered and trolled out their laughter as Wirksby bells had never before. Every human being in Wirksby and its neighbourhood was in the church, or waiting outside it; and Sam Tupper, the squire's groom and odd man, whose family had been in service at the Hall ever since there was a Hall, got so excessively drunk very early in the morning that the scandalised beadle turned him out of the churchyard, and he subsequently went to sleep in the mash tub, and didn't wake till all the fun was over.

Among the smiling villagers in church that day did no one notice a pale man, with a wistful and careworn, though young face, who stood in an obscure corner of the gallery and watched with quiet, painful interest the ceremony at the altar? Perhaps none.

He stole out as the party moved for the vestry and took, unnoticed, a place near the church door among those who were watching for the bride and bridegroom as they left. Poor George Graham!

Presently they came, and the Wirksbyans cheered lustily. Graham bent eagerly forward, but, as the bridegroom's look turned in his direction, drew as quickly back and turned away.

"Beast that I am!" thought poor George Graham, "I have let them see me, and they will be unhappy to think of me. But I did want to see her—so happy. And now I have spoilt it all!" and poor George Graham sneaked home behind hedges, and was wretched.

But Ernest Redmayne and his bride had not seen him. Indeed, it is not at all certain that that young couple saw anything with any distinctness for some time after leaving church.

The spring wore on, and Ernest and his wife were happy. Birds mated, leaves budded, hawthorn scented the air. Sing, cuckoo!

Summer went by lazily. Ernest Redmayne and his wife dreamed the hours away, lovers still, in the little Eden of Wirksby. The sky smiled and wept, and wept and smiled again, and still they dreamed on. Sing, birds, above them, and flowers spring beneath their feet, for surely this match was made in heaven!

Autumn shed its gold about them; October winds chased the red leaves along the avenues, and Sam Tupper gave a deal of advice in the brewhouse. Then, as winter approached, there began certain preparations for an Event. Little embroidered gowns and petticoats were sometimes seen, evidently intended for a very small person indeed. In short, Ernest Redmayne was soon to have an heir—or heiress.

The work on the new railway line was long, and still George Graham struggled to drown his wretchedness in intense application. But work had to cease at some time of the day, and then—being quite alone and without a friend—he relapsed into, if possible, deeper misery than ever. No one knowing him in the old days would have dreamed that any love trouble, however severe, would have made so lasting an impression upon him.

There was a little bit of pale blue ribbon which he had stolen—it had fallen from her hair once in the garden at Longpeak, and she had not missed it. He would smooth it out sometimes, and double it in the shape in which it had been fastened in her hair. It did not trouble him by unnecessarily reminding him of her, for could he ever forget? But often he had misgivings that he might not be quite right in keeping this now that she was another man's wife—his friend's wife. His recollections, his wretchedness, it might not be possible to get rid of—but this? No; neither was it possible to relinquish this.

So he went on, and on his aimless evening walks, his feet—he could never have said why—took him again and again in the direction of Wirksby, although a fear of meeting old acquaintances generally turned him back short of the village. But one evening well into the winter—it was Christmas Eve—something impelled him to keep on.

Christmas Eve in Wirksby, 1842; within forty minutes of midnight; windy weather and a mottled sky; an occasional silver patch among the flying clouds when they but thinly obscured the moon, and now and again a rift and a bright star peeping through. Snow had fallen a few days before, and much of it still lay.

Many lights were in the upper rooms of the Hall. From time to time a fresh window would suddenly light up, and presently as rapidly darken, and dark figures would cross between the lights and the windows. Only one light was to be seen from a window of the floor below. It was the window of the library, and in the library, had not the blind been drawn, might have been seen sitting two men, a young man and an older, stouter one, with decanters on a table between them. Ernest Redmayne and Dr. Wilkinson; for the Event was impending, and running about upstairs, besides all the female servants, were Mrs. Hurley, Mrs. Trumby, the parson's wife, with her own elderly serving-woman, and all the rest of the womankind connected with the families of Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne.

Outside the wind whistled and the trees in the wood groaned, and still the clouds swarmed in confused legions over the sky.

What was that which fell slowly through the air, carried erratically on the wind until it found a resting-place in the old quarry? Not a solitary flake of snow? Not a feather?

Presently a slow footstep from up the road. Then the figure of a man walking from the direction of Lenworth—George Graham.

He paused as he passed the gates of the Hall, and looked up at the windows. Many lights, as he had expected, for he often heard of what went forward at the Hall. He crossed the road and pushed open the gate from which the paths by the quarry and along the churchyard wall diverged. As he raised his eyes toward the belfry what made him start and stop, and then, with a muttered prayer, glance back at the lights at the Hall? From all evil things God save the young life soon to dawn—life of her life!

He shivered. It was very cold. He wore a long cloak, but, for the moment, he felt sickeningly cold and rather faint and numb. He let the gate swing to behind him, walked on a few yards between the two paths, and stopped.

This was the place. There had been a murder here, a long time ago. He remembered that; Ernest had told him. Ghosts, too, they said there were. Cold—yes, it was very cold; and his head was confused. There had been a murder in the old quarry, and they said there were ghosts. Were there any ghosts? He felt feebly interested—only feebly—like one who is rather sea-sick.

They struggled, the people said, just over the quarry there, where the path neared it. What was that? There seemed to be something there now. What? Only a little mist, shaken in the wind. But there—there again!—a face—his own face!

It was gone, and the mist with it. But look again! Eyes staring from over the edge!

He staggered, and hurried towards it. The eyes vanished. The movement brought him to himself; his brain seemed clearer, and he stood more firmly. Silly illusions!

Here was the quarry at his feet—here a man had died,—died—died. Not so terrible a thing, perhaps. Say a little physical pain, but that itself might be almost a relief in a way; and the man may have done the world good by leaving it. Fresh young life was coming into the world every day and bringing love with it: one could be spared. Again he looked toward the lights at the Hall, and in his hand there was a little bit of ribbon.

Another man's wife—his friend's. It was wrong—it was a deadly sin. Was there no way of purging it? One.

Behind the thin clouds the moon waded. In a rift there was a star, away in the million depths. A little thing, life and this world! A puzzle, but a little thing! Might not a man go hence?

A sin, perhaps—but a sin against oneself—a lesser sin than the other. A wasted, broken spirit gone from the world, a pure and lovely soul born into it. The great God would be merciful!

Here was the brink.

Again—again the eyes in the depths below! But oh, above, what radiant spirit floated before his enraptured gaze! Bend low, lovely vision—my arms—I come!

A rattle of stones in the old quarry, and a thud. Then nothing but the wind.

Presently, away at the Hall, the door opened, and Webster, Mrs. Trumby's elderly serving-woman, with a shawl over her shoulders, came running towards the gate. Mrs. Trumby had forgotten something which she insisted on sending for immediately.

Out at the gates and along the road to the parsonage ran Webster. As she came by the church her eyes rested on the light in the belfry, where the ringers awaited the stroke of midnight. Then upward to the top of the grey tower, where—A WHITE OWL!

The woman gasped and almost fell. Then, throwing her apron over her face and head, scuttled away without stopping till she ran into the parsonage gatepost.

Rest, Owl, and gloat! for in the quarry lies the last of the Daylmers, a shapeless heap—upstaring eyes in the head, and in the hand a bloody ribbon!

Suddenly all Wirksby bells rang out together Christmas Day! God rest you merry!

And at the first roll of the jocund peal the white owl fluttered slowly and noiselessly from the belfry down beyond the church.

Then more lights still burst out at the Hall, and more shadows danced upon the blinds than ever A new life!

* * * * * *

February fill-dyke; high water in the ditches and in the ruts of the road; sun and clouds at hide-and-seek. Once more everybody in Wirksby was at or about the church, but this time for a christening. No sad eye to look upon this rite, God grant! Every Wirksbyan, from the Reverend Mr. Trumby to the smallest toddler from the parish school, eager to greet with his new-given name the heir of the Redmaynes!

And that incorrigible Sam Tupper got drunker than ever, but this time managed to keep awake till night, when there were games at the Hall. After which he succeeded in quarrelling with Job, the miller's man, about the exact age in days of the tiny squire, and was soon fighting; in course of which amusement they both at last fell asleep, and Job was taken home in a wheelbarrow.

Among the noisy boys of the village, who ran about the churchyard that day, and whom the beadle wouldn't have in the church on any pretence, there were two or three whose attention was attracted to something of a dirty white colour hanging over the side of the trunk, just at the springing of the branches of a large tree behind the church. A scramble up the tree revealed the presence of a considerable hollow in the trunk, and of a very decided smell. And when the dirty white thing, which was a wing, was lifted, it carried with it an unpleasant heap of bones, white feathers, and flesh—the decaying body of an owl. The barber, who was a great naturalist—all barbers are—was of opinion that the bird must have been of a much greater age than owls were usually credited with attaining, but nevertheless didn't seem at all disposed to retain the specimen. Whether this was the owl which sat on Wirksby Church on Christmas Eve, 1842, was, perhaps, never absolutely proved; but, on the other hand, no one in Wirksby has since been able to distinctly affirm having seen the White Owl.

SERIOUS GUN ACCIDENT.

A serious accident occurred on Thursday to Master Carey, son of Captain George Carey, of Terenure, late of the 77th Regiment. It appears that the youth attempted to ascend a tree in the grounds, carrying with him a loaded gun, which was accidentally discharged inflicting a serious wound in the region of the heart. It is thought that there is not the slightest prospect of recovery.

POLITICAL SWINDLING IN PARIS.

A fraud on a considerable scale has just come under the notice of the Paris judges. The victim, strange to relate, was a M. Nicquevert, a retired metropolitan avoué, or "solicitor," and now mayor of a little town called Andrésy, in the Department of the Seine et Oise, not far from the capital. Restless and ambitious, the retired man of the law aspired to Parliamentary honours and emerging from his rural retreat he entered the lists as a Republican candidate for Andresy. His agents were Sagrini, a naturalised Italian, and a person named Pelletier, both of whom were notorious characters. These persons—particularly Sagrini—had ingratiated themselves with the "ex-avoué" by their "tall talk." They told him that they were hand and glove with M. Rouvier and other members of the Government, and that he could look upon his election as assured. To make matters more satisfactory than ever, Sagrini forged letters purporting to emanate from senators and deputies, in which these influential politicians affected to take a deep interest in the Andrésy election—in fact, the eyes of the political world were turned towards the little borough which M. Nicquevert longed to represent in Parliament, according to the showing of the able and artful Sagrini, who thus succeeded in wheedling out of his victim a sum of nearly £1,000 for electioneering expenses and various disbursements incidental to the campaign. When the polling took place M. Nicquevert, despite the tremendous influence of Sagrini and his friend Pelletier, who was introduced to the victim as a "councillor of state" and an intimate friend of prominent politicians, obtained only fifty-nine miserable votes. This deplorable defeat at last set the retired lawyer thinking, so he began to make inquiries respecting his agents, whose antecedents he found to be utterly bad. Sagrini fled to Toulon, where he was arrested. Neither he nor his accomplice made any attempt to defend themselves, and admitted that they had been guilty of the grossest extortion. The naturalised Italian was sent to penal servitude for five years, while his confederate got off with six months.

PUBLICATIONS.

ECZEMA, Psoriasis, Bad Legs, &c.—See pamphlet by Dr. Neale, Specialist for Skin Diseases. One Penny, Published, 7, King Edward-street, London. E.C.

TEDDINGTON NEW CHURCH (Elevations and Plan); Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford (Interior). For above and numerous other Illustrations, also articles on the Proposed Clyde and Forth Canal; "The Viking Age;" &c., &c., see the BUILDER of December 28th (4d. by post 4½d. Annual Subscription, 19s.).—Office, 46, Catherine-street, London, W.C.

HOLLOWAY'S ALMANAC AND FAMILY FRIEND, 1890 (Illustrated), is now ready. It contains 32 pages, demy 8vo, of useful information and descriptive illustrations of British Song Birds, and may be obtained gratis on application to any chemist, or will be forwarded by the publisher, THOMAS HOLLOWAY, 78, New Oxford-street, London, W.C., On receipt of this advertisement, together with full name and address, and stamp to cover postage.

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THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE.

A ROMANCE OF THE UNROMANTIC.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "MICAH CLARKE," "A STUDY IN SCARLET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWS FROM THE URALS.

Major Tobias Clutterbuck had naturally reckoned that the longer he withheld this trump card of his the greater would be its effect when played. An obstacle appearing at the last moment produces more consternation than when a scheme is still in its infancy. It proved, however, that he had only just levied his blackmail in time, for within a couple of days of his interview with the head of the firm news arrived of the great discovery of diamonds among the Ural Mountains. The first intimation was received through the Central News Agency in the form of the following telegram:—

"Moscow, August 22nd.—It is reported from Tobolsk that an important discovery of diamond fields has been made amongst the spurs of the Ural Mountains, at a point not very far from that city. They are said to have been found by an English geologist, who has exhibited many magnificent gems in proof of his assertion. These stones have been examined at Tobolsk, and are pronounced to be equal, if not superior, in quality to any found elsewhere. A company has been already formed for the purpose of purchasing the land and working the mines."

Some days afterwards there came a Reuter's telegram giving fuller details. "With regard to the diamond fields near Tobolsk," it said, "there is every reason to believe that they are of great, and possibly of unsurpassed, wealth. There is no question now as to their authenticity, since their discoverer proves to be an English gentleman of high character, and his story is corroborated by villagers from this district who have dug up stones for themselves. The Government contemplate buying out the company and taking over the mines, which might be profitably worked by the forced labour of political prisoners on a system similar to that adopted in the salt mines of Siberia. The discovery is universally regarded as one which has materially increased the internal resources of the country, and there is some talk of the presentation of a substantial testimonial to the energetic and scientific traveller to whom it is due."

Within a week or ten days of the receipt of these telegrams in London there came letters from the Russian correspondents of the various journals giving fuller details upon a subject of so much general interest. The *Times* directed attention to the matter in a leader.

"It appears," remarked the great paper, "that a most important addition has been made to the mineral wealth of the Russian empire. The silver mines of Siberia and the petroleum wells of the Caucasus are to be outrivalled by the new diamond fields of the Ural Mountains. For untold thousands of years these precious fragments of crystallised carbon have been lying unheeded among the gloomy gorges waiting for the hand of man to pick them out. It has fallen to the lot of one of our countrymen to point out to the Russian nation the great wealth which lay untouched and unsuspected in the heart of their realm. The story is a romantic one. It appears that a Mr. Langworthy, a wealthy English gentleman of good extraction, had in the course of his travels in Russia continued his journey as far as the great mountain barrier which separates Europe from Asia. Being fond of sport, he was wandering in search of game down one of the Ural valleys, when his attention was attracted by the thick gravel which was piled up along the track of a dried-up watercourse. The appearance and situation of this gravel reminded him forcibly of the South African diamond fields, and so strong was the impression that he at once laid down his gun and proceeded to rake the gravel over and to examine it. His search was rewarded by the discovery of several stones, which he conveyed home with him, and which proved, after being cleaned, to be gems of the first water. Elated at this success, he returned to the spot next day with a spade, and succeeded in obtaining many other specimens, and in convincing himself that the deposit stretched up and down for a long distance on both sides of the old torrent. Having satisfied himself upon this point, our compatriot made his way to Tobolsk, where he exhibited his prizes to several of the richest merchants, and proceeded to form a company for the working of the new fields. He was so successful in this that the shares are already far above par, and our correspondent writes that there has been a rush of capitalists, all eager to invest their money in so promising a venture. It is expected that within a few months the necessary plant will have been erected and the concern be in working order."

The *Daily Telegraph* treated the matter from a jocose and historical point of view.

"It has long been a puzzle to antiquarians and geologists," it remarked, "as to where those jewels which Solomon brought from the East were originally obtained. There has been much speculation, too, regarding the source of those less apocryphal gems which sparkled in the regalia of the Indian monarchs and adorned the palaces of Delhi and Benares. As a nation we have a personal interest in the question, since the largest and most magnificent of these stones is now in the possession of our most gracious Queen. Mr. Langworthy has thrown a light upon this obscure subject. According to this gentleman's researches these treasures were unearthed amidst that dark and gloomy range of mountains which Providence has interposed between a nascent civilisation and a continent of barbarians. Nor is Mr. Langworthy's opinion founded upon theory alone. He lends point to his arguments by presenting to the greedy eyes of the merchants of Tobolsk a bag filled with valuable diamonds, each and every one of which he professes to have discovered in these barren and inhospitable valleys. This tweed suited English tourist, descending like some good spirit among these dreamy Muscovites, points out to them the untold wealth which has lain for so many centuries at their feet, and with the characteristic energy of his race shows them at the same time how to turn the discovery to commercial advantage. If the deposit prove to be as extensive as is supposed, it is possible that our descendants may wear cut diamonds in their eye-glasses, should such accessories be necessary, and marvel at the ignorance of those primitive days when a metamorphosed piece of coal was regarded as the most valuable product of nature."

The ordinary British paterfamilias, glancing over his morning paper, bestowed probably but few passing thoughts on the incident, but among business men and in the City its significance was at once understood. Not only did it create the deepest consternation amongst all who were connected with the diamond industry, but it reacted upon every other branch of South African commerce. It was the chief subject of conversation upon the Stock Exchange, and many were the surmises as to what the effect of the news would be at the fields. Fugger, the father of the diamond industry, was standing discussing the question, when a little rosy-faced Jew, named Goldschmidt came bustling up to him. He was much excited, for he speculated in stones, and had just been buying in for a rise.

"Misther Fugger," he cried, "you're shust the man I want to see. My Gott, vot is to become of us all? Vot is to become of de diamond trade ven one can pick them up like cockles on the sea shore?"

"We must wait for details," the great financier said phlegmatically. His fortune was so enormous that it mattered little to him whether the report was true or false.

"Details! It is nothing but details," cried the little Jew. "The papers is full of them. I vish to the Lord that that Langworthy had proke his neck in the Ural Mountains before he got up to any such games. Vat business had he to go examining gravel and peeping about in such places as them. Nobody that's any good would ever go to the Ural Mountains at all."

"It won't hurt you," Fugger said. "You'll simply have to pay less for your stones and sell them cheaper after they are cut. It won't make much difference in the long run."

"Von't it, by Joves! Why, man, I've got over a hundred shtones on my hands now. Vat am I going to do vid 'em."

"Ah, that's a bad job. You must make up your mind to lose on them."

"Von't you buy them yourself, Mr. Fugger?" asked the Hebrew, in an insinuating voice. "Maybe this here story will all turn out wrong. S'elp me bob I gave three thousand for the lot, and you shall have them for two. Let's have a deal, my tear Mr. Fugger."

"No more for me, thank you," Fugger said with decision. "As to the story being wrong, I have telegraphed to Rotterdam, and they have sent on a trusty man. He'll be weeks, however, before we hear from him."

"Here's Mr. Girdlestone, the great Mr. Girdlestone," cried Goldschmidt, perceiving our worthy merchant of Fenchurch-street among the crowd. "Oh, Mr. Girdlestone, I've got diamonds here what is worth three thousand pounds, and you shall have them for two—you shall, by chingo, and we'll go together now and get them?"

"Don't pester me!" said Girdlestone, brushing the little Jew aside with his long, bony arm. "Can I have a word with you, Fugger?"

"Certainly," replied the diamond dealer. Girdlestone was a very well-known man upon 'Change, and one who was universally respected and looked up to.

"What do you think about this report?" he asked in a confidential voice. "Do you imagine that it will affect prices in Africa?"

"Affect prices! My dear sir, if it proves true it will ruin the African fields. The mere report coming in a circumstantial fashion will send prices down fifty per cent."

"As much as that!" said the merchant, with an excellent affectation of surprise. "I am anxious about it, for my boy is out there. It was a hobby of his, and I let him go. I trust he will not be bitten."

"He is much more likely to do the biting," remarked Fugger, bluntly. He had met Ezra Girdlestone in business more than once, and had been disagreeably impressed by the young gentleman's sharpness.

"Poor lad!" said his father. "He is young, and has had little experience as yet. I hope all is well with him!" He shook his head despondently, and walked slowly homewards, but his heart beat triumphantly within him, for he was assured now that the report would influence prices as he had foreseen, and the African firm reap the benefit of their daring speculation.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. HECTOR O'FLAHERTY FINDS SOMETHING IN THE PAPER.

Ezra Girdlestone had taken up his quarters in two private rooms at the Oriental Hotel, Kimberley, and had already gained a considerable reputation in the town by the engaging "abandon" of his manners and by the munificent style in which he entertained the more prominent citizens of the little capital. His personal qualities of strength and beauty had also won him the respect which physical gifts usually command in primitive communities, and the smart young Londoner attracted custom to himself among the diggers in a way which excited the jealousy of the whole tribe of elderly Hebrews who had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of the trade. Thus, he had already gained his object in making himself known, and his name was a familiar one in every camp from Waldeck's Plant to Gawood's Hope. Keeping his headquarters at Kimberley, he travelled perpetually along the line of the diggings. All the time he was chafing secretly and marvelling within himself how it was that no whisper of the expected news had arrived yet from England.

One sultry day he had returned from a long ride, and, having dined, strolled out into the streets, Panama hat upon head and cigar in mouth. It was the 23rd of October, and he had been nearly ten weeks in the colony. Since his arrival he had taken to growing a beard. Otherwise, he was much as we have seen him in London, save that a ruddier glow of health shone upon his sunburned face. The life of the diggings appeared to agree with him.

As he turned down Castle-street a man passed him leading a pair of horses tired and dusty, with many a strap and buckle hanging down behind them. After him came another leading a second pair, and after him another with a third. They were taking them round to the stables.

"Hullo!" cried Ezra with sudden interest; "what's up?"

"The mail's just in."

"Mail from Capetown?"

"Yes."

Ezra quickened his pace and strode down King-street into the High-street, which, as the name implies, is the chief thoroughfare of Kimberley. He came out close to the office of the *Vaal River Advertiser and Diamond Field Gazette*. There was a crowd in front of the door. This *Vaal River Advertiser* was a badly conducted newspaper, badly printed upon bad paper, but selling at sixpence a copy, and making from seven shillings and sixpence to a pound for the insertion of an advertisement. It was edited at present by a certain P. Hector O'Flaherty, who having been successively a dentist, a clerk, a [illegible], a sign painter, a merchant, an engineer, and each and every one of these employments, had taken to running a newspaper as an easy and profitable occupation. Indeed, as managed by Mr. O'Flaherty the process was simplicity itself. Having secured by the Monday's mail copies of the London papers of two months before, he spent Tuesday in cutting extracts from them with the greatest impartiality, chopping away everything which might be of value to him. The Wednesday was occupied in cursing at three black boys who set up the type, and on the Thursday a fresh number of the *Vaal River Advertiser and Diamond Field Gazette* was given to the world. The remaining three days were devoted by Mr. O'Flaherty to intoxication, but the Monday brought him back once more to soda water and literature.

It was seldom, indeed, that the *Advertiser* aroused interest enough to cause any one to assemble round the office. Ezra's heart gave a quick flutter at the sight, and he gathered himself together like a runner who sees his goal in view. Throwing away his cigar he hurried on and joined the little crowd.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"There's news come by the mail," said one or two bystanders. "Big news."

"What sort of news?"

"Don't know yet."

"Who said there was news?"

"Driver."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know."

"Who will know about it?"

"O'Flaherty."

Here there was a general shout from the crowd for O'Flaherty, and an irascible-looking man, with a red bloated face and bristling hair, came to the office door.

"Now, what the divil d'ye want?" he roared, shaking a quill pen at the crowd. "What are ye after at all? Have ye nothing better to do than to block up the door of a decent office?"

"What's the news?" cried a dozen voices.

"The news, is it?" roared O'Flaherty, more angrily than ever; "an' can't ye find out that by paying your sixpences like men, and taking the *Advertiser*? It's a paper, though I do say it as shouldn't, that would cut out some of these *Telegraphs* and *Chronicles* it was only in London. Begad, instead of encouraging local talent ye spind your toime standing around in the strate, and trying to suck a man's news out of him for nothing."

"Look here, boss," said a rough-looking fellow in the front of the crowd, "you keep your hair on, and don't get slinging words about too freely, or it may be the worse for you and for your office too. We heard as there was big news, an' we come down to hear it, but as to gettin' it without paying, that ain't our sort. I suppose we can call it square if we each hands in sixpence, which is the price o' your paper, and then you can tell us what's on."

O'Flaherty considered for a moment. "It's worth a shillin' each," he said, "for it plays the divil with the circulation of a paper whin its news gits out too soon."

"Well, we won't stick at that," said the miner. "What say you, boys?"

There was a murmur of assent, and a broad-brimmed straw hat was passed rapidly from hand to hand. It was half full of silver when it reached O'Flaherty. The *Advertiser* had never before had such a circulation, for the crowd had rapidly increased during the preceding dialogue, and now numbered some hundreds.

"Thank ye, gintlemen," said the editor.

"Well, what's the news?" cried the impatient crowd.

"Sure, I haven't opened the bag yet, but I soon will. Whativer it is, it's bound to be there. Hey there, Billy, ye divil's brat, where's the mail bag?"

Thus apostrophised, a sharp little Kaffir came running out with the brown bag, and Mr. O'Flaherty examined it in a leisurely manner, which elicited many an oath from the eager crowd.

"Here's the *Standard* and the *Toimes*," he said, handing the various papers out to his subordinate. "Begad, there's not one of ye knows the expense of kaping a great paper loike this going, forebye the brains and no profit at the ind of it. Here's the *Post* and the *News*. If you were men you'd put in an advertisement ivery wake, whether ye needed it or not, just to encourage literature. Here's the *Cape Argus*—it'll be in here whatever it is."

With great deliberation Mr. Hector O'Flaherty put on a pair of spectacles and folded the paper carefully round, so as to bring the principal page to the front. Then he cleared his throat, with the pomposity which is inseparable with most men from the act of reading aloud.

"Go it, boss!" cried his audience encouragingly.

"'Small-pox at Port Elizabeth'—that's not it, is it? 'Germany and the Vatican'—'Custom House Duties at Algoa Bay'—'Roosian Advances in Central Asia,' eh? Is that it—'Discovery of Great Diamond Moines?'"

"That's it," roared the crowd; "let's hear about that." There was an anxious ring in their voices, and their faces were grave and serious as they looked up at the reader upon the steps of the office.

"'Diamond moines have been discovered in Roosia,' read O'Flaherty, 'which are confidently stated to exceed in riches anything which has existed before. It is generally anticipated that this discovery, if confirmed, will have a most prejudicial effect upon the African trade.' That's an extract from the London news of the *Argus*."

A buzz of ejaculations and comments arose from the crowd. "Isn't there any more about it?" they cried.

"Here's a later paper, boss," said the little Kaffir, who had been diligently looking over the dates.

O'Flaherty opened it, and gave a whistle of astonishment. "Here's enough to satisfy you," he said. "It's in big toipe and takes up nigh the whole of the first page. I can only read ye the headings, for we must get to work and have out a special edition. You'll git details there, an' it'll be out in a few hours. Look here at the fuss they've made about it." The editor turned the paper as he spoke, and exhibited a series of large black headings in this style:—

RUSSIAN DIAMOND FIELDS.
EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY BY AN ENGLISHMAN.
THREATENED EXTINCTION OF THE CAPE INDUSTRY.
GREAT FALL IN PRICES.
OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.
FULL DETAILS.

"What d'ye think of that?" cried O'Flaherty triumphantly, as if he had had some hand in the matter. "Now I must git off to me work, and you'll have it all before long in your hands. Ye should bliss your stars that ye have some one among ye to offer ye the convanience of the latest news. Good [illegible] to ye all," and he trotted back into his office with his hat and its silver contents in his hand.

The crowd broke up into a score of gesticulating, chattering groups, and wandered up or down the street. Ezra Girdlestone waited until they had cleared away, and then stepped into the office of the *Advertiser*.

"What's the matter now?" asked O'Flaherty angrily. He was a man who lived in a state of chronic irritation.

"Have you a duplicate of that paper?"

"Suppose I have?"

"What will you sell it for?"

"What will you give?"

"Half a sovereign."

"A sovereign."

"Done!" and so Ezra Girdlestone walked out of the office with full details in his hand, and departed to his hotel, where he read the account through very slowly and deliberately. It appeared to be satisfactory, for he chuckled to himself a good deal as he perused it. Having finished it, he folded the paper up, placed it in his breast pocket, and, having ordered his horse, set off to the nearest of the mining camps with the intention of carrying the news with him.

Ezra had two motives in galloping across the veldt that October night. One was to judge with his own ears and eyes what effect the news would have upon practical men. The other was a desire to gratify the sinister pleasure which an unnatural man has in being the bearer of evil tidings. They had probably heard the report by this time, but it was unlikely that any details had reached them. No one knew better than young Girdlestone that this was a blow which would bring utter ruin and extinction to many a small capitalist, that it would mean the shattering of a thousand hopes and the advent of poverty and misery to the men with whom he had been associating. In spite of this knowledge, his heart beat high, as his father's had done in London, and as he spurred his horse onwards through the darkness, he was hardly able to refrain from shouting and whooping in his exultation.

The track from Kimberley to Larkin's Flat was a rough one, but the moon was up, and the young merchant found no difficulty in following it. When he reached the summit of the low hill over which the road ran, he saw the lights of the mining camp sparkling in the valley beneath him. It was ten o'clock before he galloped into the main street, if street it might be called, and he saw at a glance that the news had, as he expected, arrived before him. In front of the Griqualand Saloon a great crowd of miners had assembled, who were talking excitedly among themselves. The light of the torches shone down upon herculean figures, glaring shirts, and earnest bearded faces. The whole camp appeared to have turned out. [illegible] anxious countenances and subdued voices, [illegible].

The instant the young man alighted from his horse he was surrounded by a knot of eager questioners. "You've just come from Kimberley?" they cried. "What is the truth of it, Mr. Girdlestone? Let us know the truth of it."

"It's a bad business, my friends," he answered, looking around at the ring of inquiring faces. "I have been reading a full account of it in the *Cape Argus*. They have made a great find in Russia. There seems to be no doubt at all about the matter."

"D'ye think it will send prices down here as much as they say?"

"I don't think it will send them very low. I hold a lot of stones myself, and I should be very glad to get rid of them at any price. I fear it will hardly pay you to work your claims now."

"And the price of claims will go down?"

"Of course it will."

"Eh, mister, what's that?" cried a haggard, unkempt little man, pushing his way to the front and catching hold of Ezra's sleeve to ensure his attention. "Did ye say it would send the price o' claims down? You didn't say that, did you? Why, in course, it stands to reason that what happened in Roosia couldn't make no difference over here. That's sense, mates, ain't it?" He looked round him appealingly, and laughed a little nervous laugh.

"You try," said Ezra coldly. "If you get one-third of what you gave for your claim you'll be lucky. Why, man, you don't suppose we produce diamonds for local consumption. They are for exporting to Europe, and if Europe is already supplied by Russia, where are you to get your market?"

"That's it," cried several voices.

"If you take my advice," Ezra continued, "you'll get rid of what you have at any loss for, the time may be coming when you'll get nothing at all."

"Now, look at that!" cried the little man, throwing out his hands. "They call me Unlucky Jim, and Unlucky Jim I'll be to the end of the chapter. Why, boss, me and Sammy Walker has sunk every damned cent we've got in that claim, the fruit o' nine years' hard work, and here you comes ridin' up as cool as may be, and tells me that it's all gone for nothing."

"Well, there are others who will suffer as well as you," said one of the crowd.

"I reckon we're all hit pretty hard if this is true," remarked another.

"I'm fair sick of it," said the little man, passing his grimy hand across his eyes and leaving a black smear as he did so. "This ain't the first time—no, nor the second—that my luck has played me this trick. I've a mighty good mind to throw up my hand altogether."

"Come in and have some whisky," said a rough sympathiser, and the unlucky one was hustled in through the rude door of the Griqualand Saloon, there to find such comfort as he might from the multitudinous bottles which adorned the interior of that building. Liquor had lost its efficacy that evening, however, and a dead depression rested over the little camp. Nor was it confined to Larkin's Flat. All along the diggings the dismal tidings spread with a rapidity which was astonishing. At eleven o'clock there was consternation at Klippdrift. At half-past twelve Hebron was up and aghast at the news. At three in the morning a mounted messenger galloped into Penniel, and before daybreak a digger committee was sitting at Winterrush discussing the situation. So during that eventful night down the whole long line of the Vaal River there was ruin and heartburning and dismay, while five thousand miles away an old gentleman was sleeping calmly and dreamlessly in his comfortable bed, from whose busy brain had emanated all this misery and misfortune.

Perhaps the said old gentleman might have slumbered a little less profoundly could he have seen the sight which met his son's eyes on the following morning. Ezra had passed the night at Larkin's Flat, in the tent of a hospitable miner. Having risen in the morning, he was dressing himself in a leisurely methodical fashion, when his host, who had been inhaling the morning breeze, thrust his head through the canvas slit.

"Come out here, Mr. Girdlestone," he cried. "There's some fun on. One of the boys is dead drunk, and they are carrying him in."

Ezra pulled on his coat and ran out. A little group of miners were walking slowly up the main street. He and his host were waiting for the procession to pass them with several jocose remarks appropriate to the occasion ready upon their lips, when their eyes fell upon a horrible splotchy red track which marked the road the party had taken. They both ran forward with exclamations and inquiries.

"It's Jim Stewart," said one of the bearers. "Him that they used to call Unlucky Jim."

"What's up with him?"

"He has shot himself through the head. Where d'ye think we found him? Slap in the middle o' his own claim, with his fingers dug into the gravel, as dead as a herring."

"He's had plucked 'un to knock under like that," Ezra's companion remarked.

"Yes," said the croupier of the saloon gambling table. "If he'd waited for another deal he might have held every trump. He was always a soft chap was Jim, and [illegible] the last chance he was ever like to have of seeing his wife and childer in England. He's blowed a fine clean hole in himself. Would you like to see it, Mr. Girdlestone?" The man was about to remove the blood-stained handkerchief which covered the dead man's face, but Ezra recoiled in horror.

"Mr. Girdlestone looks faint like," some one observed.

"Yes," said Ezra, who was white to his very lips. "This has upset me rather. I'll have a drop of brandy." As he walked back to the tent he wondered to himself whether the incident would have discomposed his father.

"I suppose he would call it part of our commercial finesse," he said bitterly to himself. "However, we have put our hands to the plough and we must not let homicide stop us." So saying he steadied his nerves with a draught of brandy, and prepared for the labours of the day.

(To be continued.)

A DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A strange scene was witnessed on the Liverpool landing-stage the other afternoon. Not long ago, a man eloped from London with a young woman, leaving his wife behind. The two went to Liverpool, and got safely away to Boston. There, however, he tired of the lady, and eloped with another woman, the pair taking passage to Liverpool on the Cephalonia, intending to be married on arriving there. On leaving the tender at the landing stage, however, the first person the man saw was his first wife, who had by some means been notified of his return. A lively scene ensued. The two women indulged in a wordy war, which nearly came to blows, whilst the husband stood by in fear and trembling. Ultimately, the wife walked him off in triumph, leaving her rival disconsolate on the stage.

A FRENCH CRIME.

A rather remarkable decision has been arrived at by the assize jurors at Saint-Omer with regard to the Chabes, man and wife, who have been in prison since last June. Chabe, [illegible], a farmer, was accused of putting his mother up a chimney over a large fire after he had beaten her brains out, and his wife was charged with assisting him in the dreadful deed. [illegible] just returned from Africa, where he had served in the "disciplinary companies," and his mother, who had saved some money, threatened to disinherit him because of his questionable reputation. Nothing had been stolen from the murdered woman, but in her clenched hand were found locks of hair similar in colour to those on the head of her son, [illegible] steps [illegible] the boots of Chabe and his wife fitted exactly were discovered on the morning after the crime had been committed. On the other hand, although a local authority stated [illegible] of the prisoners, Dr. Brouardel, the Paris expert, denied this emphatically. A jury, therefore, acquitted the pair, the Procureur-general of the Republic remarking that he left them to settle the matter with their consciences.

Outrages by Australian blacks have been very rare of recent years, but the last mail brings news of one, where Thomas Harding, the manager of the Auvergne sheep station, South Australia, has been killed by a stone-headed spear cast with tremendous force from the hand of a native.

ANOTHER DASTARDLY ATTACK ON A POSTMAN.

A Neat Capture.

George Latridge, 21, a coal porter, of Drummond-street, St. Pancras, and Frederick Smith, 23, a carman, of Leicester-street, Soho, were charged at the Clerkenwell Police Court with being concerned, with another man not in custody, in assaulting Police-constable Lancey, 549 Y, and with attempting to steal two letter bags and their contents from him, the property of the Postmaster-general. Mr. Breton Osborne, solicitor, prosecuted on behalf of the Post Office, and stated that the complainant Lancey, a constable, was acting as an auxiliary postman in consequence of the pressure of postal work during Christmas. Shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon Lancey, who was wearing private clothes, with a badge on his right arm, was carrying two mail bags along Crowndale-road, Somers Town. The bags contained ninety-nine letters, one of them being a registered letter. He saw three men, two of whom were the prisoners, approaching him. He stepped aside off the kerb to allow them to pass, when the men attacked him. Latridge butted the postman in the stomach with his head, and the three of them pulled away his bags, and threw him to the ground. The road was then rather dark, and there were no other persons near. Lancey sprang to his feet, and managed to seize hold of both bags again, at the same time calling loudly for the police. Police-sergeant Hellaby, 63 Y, ran up from a side street, and with the assistance of Lancey secured Latridge and Smith, the third man escaping. The prisoners, after a short struggle, went quietly to the police station. The charge against the prisoners was one of a very serious nature, as at this time of the year the letters, no doubt, contained correspondence of great importance, as well as valuable property and money in the shape of Christmas-boxes.—Constable Lancey gave evidence bearing out the solicitor's statement, adding that Latridge, besides butting him, had struck him a heavy blow on the head with the buckle-end of a belt.—Sergeant Hellaby also gave evidence as to the capture of the prisoners.—The men were remanded for a week.

PROVIDENT INSTITUTIONS FOR RAILWAY EMPLOYES.

In describing the decisions of the Paris Railway Congress on this subject, one of the most interesting of all those discussed, the *Railway News* thus summarises the system of compulsory providence, now in force throughout Germany as placed before the congress in the able paper of M. Georges de Laveleye, director of the Railway of the Congo State:—"Coming to the main question of provision for retirement and temporary aid during sickness or disability through accident, M. de Laveleye describes in some detail the German system, which has been made compulsory by the law of 1883, and which compels workmen and employés who are not in receipt of at least 6s. 8d. per day to assure against accidents, disablements, both temporary and permanent, and the family's destitution through the death of the bread-winner. The rights conferred by the premium are absolute so long as the employé remains in the service, and if he leaves it for any but a discreditable reason the premiums he has paid are, under certain conditions, returnable. If a man is discharged for bad conduct he loses half the sum he has paid in premiums. The benefits include medical treatment free, a money payment during incapacitation from illness or accident (provided it is not caused by the patient's own fault), professional attendance on their wives in childbirth, a sum of money in case of death of either the employé, the wife, or a child (up to the age of 15), and temporary money help to a limited amount during a time of need arising from other causes. On nearly parallel lines the right to a pension after forty-five years of service, or on arriving at the age of 65, is settled.

The average number of letters posted per day at Berlin is 150,000, and the perambulating post offices collect, sort, and despatch at least 70,000. Of these 47,000 have arrived at their destination an hour sooner than before the new "Strapsen-post" was instituted, 15,000 arrived two hours, and 8,000 even twelve hours sooner. The additional expense of the new post-offices is estimated at £2,500 per annum.

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BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. BOYS' CHESTERFIELD OVERCOATS [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. YOUTHS' CHESTERFIELD OVERCOATS [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible] ARCTIC [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]
BOYS' OVERCOATS. [illegible]

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MAPLE and CO.—BORDERED CENTRAL CARPETS. [illegible]
MAPLE and CO.—CARPETS. [illegible]
MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT. [illegible]

OUR OMNIBUS.

THE M.P.

At Christmastide the British senator is as subject as other mortals to "seasonable influences." Dropping in to wish a brother member the usual blessings, I found him lying on his back in the drawing-room, as the basis of "a human pyramid." The superstructure was composed of various juvenile members of his family, while mamma in the background discoursed sweet music on a big drum. They were not a bit disconcerted by my appearance, nor was it long before I found myself engaged in the acrobatic game. I shall never again listen to the eloquence of my friend at St. Stephen's without recalling that scene.

It is said that Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Parnell lately submitted their minds, on different occasions, to the investigations of a talented thought-reader. He undertook to discover what idea was uppermost in the mind of each, and great was his surprise to learn that both ruminated over the same perplexing question. It was, "When Mr. Gladstone disappears what will be the most likely method of fitting his shoes on to my feet?" On being made acquainted with this interpretation of their mental evolutions, the two worthies indignantly pronounced thought-reading a vile imposture.

The *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna, commenting on the Cronin trial, says:—"So long as Mr. Parnell does not denounce Irish assassins more energetically than he has ever done yet, it will be impossible to place confidence in him." And so say all of us; it is just this very reticence which renders the English people so distrustful of the Irish leader. They acknowledge his ability, some will even admit his patriotism, but they doubt his straightforwardness.

Russia and Turkey are complimenting one another in a most effusive style. Quite seasonable, is it not? When, for instance, a family is about to consume a Christmas turkey of abnormal size, one is accustomed to hear the bird's noble proportions praised. And, no doubt, if it could speak, it would equally laud the appetites of the expectant feasters.

Very good news reaches me from North Kensington anent the progress recently made with the reorganisation of the Conservative party in the borough. Since Captain James took the matter in hand, fresh spirit has been infused into all, and I predict that the next register will wear a much better appearance than the present one. This auspicious new departure at North Kensington should be taken to heart at other metropolitan boroughs where Conservative organisation has been allowed to get out of gear. The Government has now been in office for three years and a half, and in the ordinary course of things the next general election will take place within three years—perhaps sooner.

My old friend, Mr. James Judd, has, I see, just had his biography and his genial countenance sketched in a City paper. Entirely opposed to him as I am in politics, I must say that if we are doomed to have Radicals in Parliament, he is the sort I should prefer. He is a fair fighter, at all events, his loyalty to the throne is beyond question, he is a strong upholder of our imperial interests at any cost, and nature has not infused one drop of bitterness into his composition. All the same, were he to put up for my constituency, I would use my vote and interest to secure his defeat by the Conservative candidate.

At elections, both general and bye, there is frequently far too much consideration of persons, instead of the principles they represent. For my own part, I stick to the good old creed that the most unillustrious Tory is infinitely superior to the most eminent Liberal, and the same holds good of Unionists and Separatists. If Aristides the Just were to stand on Home Rule principles for my constituency against, say, Nero or Caligula representing Conservative principles, I should not hesitate a moment to vote for the latter. The representative's personality counts for nothing; the cause he represents is what an elector has to consider.

OLD IZAAK.

Anglers who use spinning tackle are indebted to Mr. Philip Geen for the best combination of lead and swivels ever introduced, and, although I have not yet had the opportunity of trying this latest patent in improved fishing tackle, I feel perfectly certain it will fully sustain all the advantages claimed by the inventor, the two principals of which are:—No other swivels being necessary, the trace is more deceptive, effective, and economical, while the placing of the lead so as to have the centre of gravity so far below the draw line, absolutely prevents the communication of a single twist to the line.

"A London Angler" writes me as follows with reference to the proposed abolition of netting above London Bridge:—"Dear sir,—I hope your idea as to the abolition of netting in the tideway will not be allowed to lapse for want of encouragement and pecuniary support. My business taking me a great deal amongst the wharves at Chelsea, Fulham, and Putney, I have had exceptional chances of hearing from others (who, like myself are fond of fishing), and by my own personal observation as well, of the large shoals of roach, dace, and barbel which, during the last three summers, could be seen swimming about, more especially when the river was very low. Occasionally I have seen the netmen, working with a flew net, make such a haul of fish as would be sufficient to give good sport to a great number of anglers for several days' outings."

My correspond nt may rest assured I have no intention to let the idea lapse, and I was exceedingly pleased to read in last week's *Fishing Gazette* the following note:—"Of the proposed alterations in the laws regulating Thames fishing, by far the most important is the suggestion that netting above London Bridge should be abolished. A splendid stretch of water would be well stocked with fish if the netting was stopped." One very important reason which should not be lost sight of is that during the early part of the season, from June 15th for nearly two months, the bulk of the fish in the tideway are miles below Isleworth, and at the mercy of the netmen. Then, when the autumn months should and would provide good fishing at Isleworth, Richmond, Twickenham, and Teddington, on account of the fish having recovered condition after spawning and headed up stream again, there is not a tithe of the fish there ought to be.

The water of the Thames, which was getting a nice roachy tint last Sunday and Monday, came down thick by the middle of the week, but without a further heavy downpour will be in good order for roach, dace, and bream fishing by the time these notes are in the hands of my readers. As the river has risen somewhat, and the stream is rather sharp, fish will seek shelter near to the banks, in eddies and odd corners. To fish these likely places with a good chance of success, leger with a float and bait with a red-worm or tail end of a small lob.

There was a large attendance at the Mona Hotel to hear the much respected treasurer, Mr. R. S. Jennings, read his paper on "The History of the Piscatorial Society," which was written in the most able manner, detailing many amusing incidents of different angling outings. It appeared that the society was formed by a few lovers of the gentle craft as far back as 1836. Mr. Jennings made kindly reference to the connection with the society of the late Mr. Frank Buckland, Mr. H. L. Rolfe, Mr. Shenton, and Mr. F. G. Pearce, as well as many other well-known votaries of the rod long since departed. He also mentioned the prominent part this society has taken at all times in matters appertaining to the welfare of anglers and angling, in promoting the Fresh Water Fisheries Act, 1878, also the exhibitions at Norwich, Edinburgh, and the International Fisheries Exhibition held at South Kensington.

PIPER PAN.

The concert given last week in aid of the fund for raising a memorial to the late Father Damien, whose self-sacrificing devotion to the unhappy lepers for whom he died fills one of the brightest pages in the social history of this century, took place at Lord Brassey's, and attracted a large audience. I could not help remarking that the success of this concert was chiefly due to the generosity of the musical artists who furnished the entertainment.

Amongst these artists were Madame Marie Roze—ever ready to sacrifice her valuable time for the benefit of poor and deserving sufferers—Madame Janotha, and MM. Ben Davies, Hayden Coffin, and Foli (vocalists); MM. Randegger, Ganz, Bendall, and Johannes Wolff (instrumentalists); Mr. Hermann Vezin, and others. Miss Macintyre and M. Nachez were prevented by illness from giving their promised help, but the concert was nevertheless very enjoyable.

Being acquainted with the artists abovenamed, and aware of their professional terms, I made a computation of the amount their services would have cost had they been paid. It would have been a little over £180, and it is well to point this out, in order that the public may see how generously our vocal and instrumental artists give help to deserving causes. Not only our musicians, but also our actors and actresses, are ever ready to sacrifice their well-earned repose when appealed to in the name of charity, and their benevolence does not, in my opinion, receive sufficient acknowledgment.

When a professional artist becomes popular—especially if the artist be of the fair sex—photographers rush forward, offering to take the artist's photograph, and to give a score of copies. Photographers have thus realised not merely hundreds, but thousands of pounds by the sale of such photographs. Professional artists have not, until a comparatively recent time, claimed their share of profits; but many of them now exact a "royalty" or else a fee for sitting.

That beautiful young lady, professionally known as Miss Eveleen Rayne, made a nice little income by "royalties" on her portraits, but found the royalties troublesome to collect. She now receives a single payment for a sitting, and is paid £60. I need scarcely say that male artists are quoted at less than a tenth of these terms in the photographic market.

The new ballet, entitled "Asmodeus," produced last Monday at the Alhambra, is one of the greatest, if not the absolutely greatest, success ever achieved at that well-managed theatre. Signor Casati, the maitre de ballet of the Alhambra, has constructed a clear and interesting plot on Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux," Anglice, "The Devil on Two Sticks," and M. Jacobi has written some delightful music. He has happily caught the characteristics of Spanish music, and his "Jota Aragonesa," "Andalucia," "Fandango," and "Los Guitarristas," are as completely Spanish in character as are the best portions of Bizet's "Carmen."

Signor Casati enjoys a high reputation in Italy, and is now on his way to Rome, where he will be occupied six weeks in producing a grand ballet of his invention at the Teatro Argentina. He told me that before the end of February next he will be back at the Alhambra, and will at once commence the construction of a grand ballet to replace the "Army and Navy" spectacular ballet, which has had a long run.

Signor De Vicenti, from La Scala, Milan, made a very successful début as Asmodeus. I am not easily pleased by male dancers, but Signor De Vicenti is not merely a dancer, but a first-rate pantomimist, equally successful in the portrayal of comic and of tragic emotions. Mdlles. Bessone and Marie are equally successful in pantomimic expressions of sentiment, and the acting of these three artists was quite as enjoyable as their graceful dancing.

After the ballet I was induced to remain for an hour to witness the feats of strength of "Attila," and his famous pupil, Sandow. I should not mention this had I not discovered that Herr Sandow has a musical organisation. At his first appearance on the stage he came down to the footlights and stood with his arms raised and their enormous muscles developed. I observed that he actually made these muscular developments exactly in time with the tune played by the orchestra, holding the muscles stiff during long notes, and moving them rapidly up and down in strict time when the music became lively.

For the next four weeks we shall have few, if any, concerts in London, except the performance of Handel's "Messiah," on New Year's Day, at the Albert Hall; Mr. Boosey's ballad concert, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, January 4th; and one or two suburban performances. The hard-worked musical critic will be able to take much-needed rest, and to recruit his strength for the exhausting campaign which will last from the middle of February till the end of July.

Amateurs occasionally irritate me by expressing envy of my "delightful" occupation in writing musical criticisms for daily and weekly newspapers. They little think of the anxiety and fatigue attendant on the writing of critical articles between midnight and daybreak.

Eighteen years ago I became, and still am, musical critic of a weekly paper which is highly esteemed in aristocratic circles. On Saturday night, during the Italian opera season, I had just finished correcting the proof of my notice of a new opera when the editor of the paper came into my room, and complimented me on the article in question. He added, "I was about to throw this letter into the waste-paper basket; but thought it might amuse you. You may wish to answer it."

The letter was from a wealthy gentleman, who stated that his wife was an accomplished amateur, and that he was personally "very fond of music." He offered to write musical articles for the paper, seeking no reward but the tickets of admission to operas and concerts. He wished "to be paid nothing" for his services. "What shall I say in reply?" I asked my editor, who answered, "If I were in your place I should throw Mr. ——'s letter into the waste-paper basket; but if you choose to reply to him, you may say that the editor of our paper has always found that people who offer their services for nothing rightly estimate the value of those services."

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

Another letter with reference to pigs eating coal has reached me. In 1872 the sailing vessel Flying Spur run from New York to Shanghai with a cargo of coal. In New York the captain bought a pig, which was put in the hold to keep it safe during a storm. As rough weather continued for three weeks the hatches could not be taken off. When the storm abated the captain made sure the pig was dead, as there was nothing down there except coal for it to eat. When some one was sent down to bring up the carcase, to their surprise the animal was seen to be alive, though in a very exhausted state. It was evident that it must have subsisted on nothing but coals during his imprisonment. A week's careful feeding soon brought it round, and in a short time it was in fine condition. But all that passed through it for over a week was as black as the coal itself. This, as my correspondent, Mr. Alfred Wray, says, seems to go far towards proving that pigs can live for a short time, at all events, with no other nourishment than that afforded by coal.

Mr. Pailes has a grey parrot which, though till then always considered a male, laid an egg last Christmas. As in several cases I have recently mentioned, the bird had been in captivity for a considerable period.

Mr. Perks writes to me deploring the fashion of ladies wearing real birds in their hats. As my correspondent says, there are serious evils likely to arise from this destruction of swallows and other insect-eating birds in considerable quantities. As far as my limited knowledge of the fashions of the fair sex permits me to speak, however, I do not think that birds are worn nearly as much as they were some years ago. Still, there are too many used in this manner, and it always causes one a pang of regret to see a bird, especially a British bird, affixed to a lady's hat. To me they never thus look pleasing or attractive. The unnatural and tortured attitudes in which they are placed, combined with the knowledge of the damage done by this fashion, render them to my mind very painful objects.

Mr. Ward, of Northmarston, has sent to me the following notes. He says that in his part of England the swifts make their first appearance by the 5th or 6th of May. The bulk withdraw as early as the 14th of August, a few remaining until the 18th or 20th. In no year has my correspondent seen the swifts to be so plentiful or so late in departure as in 1887. The cuckoo, too, was heard late at Northmarston in the same year, one being heard on the 1st of July; but they were still later in 1888, the last one being observed on the 7th of the same month.

A plague of rats has lately visited certain parts of England, and done so much damage that the farmers have had to resort to every known expedient to exterminate them. I expect that the increase is greatly due to the warfare waged by gamekeepers on the hawks and owls, the weasels and stoats, which are all great enemies of rats. Of course it is impossible to suggest that the two last-named animals should be spared; the damage they do the rabbits and hares and game in general is evident and is, perhaps, greater than the good they do in destroying rats. But why on earth should the hawks and owls suffer? The owl's chief food consists of rats and mice, and he destroys an incredible quantity of these rodents in a single year, while I believe that he never touches a game bird by any chance. The hawk, in the same way, devours multitudes of rats and mice, and hardly ever interferes with the game. Yet, in most places, the gamekeeper considers he has not done his duty if he does not shoot every one of these birds which he comes across. I am glad to know that on some estates now the owners have forbidden this slaughter of owls and hawks. I only wish their example was more generally followed.

Invasions of animals, resembling this rat plague, have often happened. The rats in this case have probably not arrived from any other quarter, but have merely increased rapidly. Sometimes, however, rats have been known to have emigrated in a body from one spot to another, and have been observed in the act of doing so. But perhaps the most celebrated animal incursions are those of the lemmings, of Norway—small rodents, not so large as rabbits. At various intervals of time these animals, prompted, no doubt, by scarcity of food, march from place to place in armies numbering thousands. Nothing checks their course. They swim the lakes and rivers, and will not even be turned aside by the appearance of man. Of course, all the grass is destroyed along their line of march. Their progress is only stopped by death, either from the beasts of prey which always accompany these peregrinations, hawks, foxes, stoats, &c., or from arriving at the sea, into which they plunge and are drowned, or from want of food. Certainly an invasion of lemmings is almost to be as much feared as an invasion of locusts.

A correspondent wishes to know whether the little green parrakeets, known usually at budgerigars, make good pets. Very good, in my opinion. I have at present two of these pretty little birds, and they are most amusing in their ways. They have some advantages over the larger parrots. They do not scream as the latter do, and do not require such a large cage, though, of course, they are not talkers like some of the others. I believe that a budgerigar has been occasionally known to speak, but it is extremely rare for them to do so. The food they require is merely canary and millet seed. They should be given plenty of sand, which they delight to pick, and, of course, water. They should be kept warm during winter, the temperature of the sitting-room during the day time and the bed-room at night being the most suitable.

THE ACTOR.

So far as I know, the farthest advanced fixture in the theatrical world is that for January 21st, when Miss Annie Irish (Mrs. Henry Blagden), of Terry's Theatre, will produce at that establishment a new play from her own pen. There is every sign that, in future, the ladies will take a larger share in the production of dramatic literature than they have in the past. Until recent years you might number the female dramatists on your ten fingers—Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Lovell, Miss Kemble, Miss Mitford—they were comparatively few.

But nowadays the feminine author is more numerous and more ambitious. We all remember "Nitocris," by Miss Clo Graves, at Drury Lane; a comedy by a lady—Mrs. Musgrave—is now running at the Strand; and last winter, it will be remembered, Miss Filippi brought out a children's pantomime at the Court. I see that, on New Year's Eve, she is to produce a sort of cantata at the premises of the Lyric Club.

Mr. Burnand's burlesques, though they have hardly the brilliant wit of Byron's or Brough's or Talfourd's, have this one great merit, I think—that they really are travesties of something; they are not merely glorified variety shows, made up of a lot of "turns" by popular artists, linked together by dances and the like. They are genuine parodies, and, as such, are heartily to be welcomed.

I am truly glad that in "Tra la la Tosca" Miss Margaret Ayrtoun has found a place. Her remarkably clever performance in "Airey Annie" ought to have secured for her constant employment thereafter, but I believe it did nothing of the kind. I understand she has had only short occasional engagements since. As Mrs. Bernard Beere's double she is admirably suited, because there is just enough resemblance in face and figure to give point to the burlesque of manner and gesture.

I looked in at the Prince of Wales's on Monday evening to see and hear the new representative of Paul Jones. I found the house well filled, so that the opera would seem to have good "drawing" capacity even now. The artist (Miss Herbert) who replaces Miss Huntington (who is busy rehearsing "Marjorie") is shorter than the latter lady and somewhat stouter, but the quality of voice is very much the same. If there were more power, a brilliant future might be predicted for Miss Herbert. Even as it is, she is very promising.

I thought I saw the ghost or twin brother of Mr. Terriss the other night. It was visible in the corridor of the Comedy Theatre, and was the object of much curiosity on my part. On closer inspection it proved to be the face and form of Mr. Laurence Cautley, who, with his moustache shaved off and a light soft hat on his head, looked—save in the matter of size—the very image of the popular Adelphi actor. The facial resemblance was remarkable. Mr. Cautley was en route from Ireland to Sheffield, London being, by an agreeable zigzag, his half-way house.

There has been much competition, I hear, for the sub-lesseeship of Terry's Theatre during its owner's absence on furlough. Last week a well-known young writer of poetical plays was in the thick of negotiations for it, but these, I believe, are "off." There was talk of the house being wanted for a piece by Mr. J. K. Jerome, and, in truth, it is easy to understand that many people should have their eye upon so convenient and accessible a theatre.

Has Mr. Terry exhausted the popularity of "Sweet Lavender?" I mean, will he be able to revive it at any time with any chance of success? Experience would seem to answer "No!" When the runs of plays amount to years instead of months the public seems to get a surfeit of them. "Our Boys," when seen again after its original run, drew but poorly and for a comparatively short time. Even the Gilbert-Sullivan operas have never been very great "goes" when reproduced in London.

It is a question whether managers would not do well to "nurse" their successes as the Bancrofts did. They never played out any of their pieces, and they are understood to have made a fortune. On the other hand, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, make hay while the sun shines, and so on. Mr. Terry, they tell me, has made £36,000 out of "Sweet Lavender." I know not if the tale be true, but I hope it is for his sake.

GENERAL CHATTER.

What does it portend, I wonder, that holly berries are as few and far between as angels' visits this winter? There was such a dearth at Covent Garden that a small parcel of well-berried greenery sold for £6, being four or five times the usual value! But the West-end greengrocers were equal to the occasion. Many of them obtained artificial berries, and so cleverly were these stuck on that at a little distance the deceit was undiscoverable. What did it matter, after all? The purchasers got what they wanted—a bit of bright colour here and there to lighten the sombre leaves.

A lady friend of mine, desirous of presenting the cheap edition of Browning's poems to a poetic young person, applied at half a dozen shops without success. At each place the tale was the same, "Quite sold out, ma'am, and cannot get any more. We had a large stock before the poet's death." Curious that the demise of an author should lend such factitious value to his works. It does not say much for the poetic taste of the British public that some of the noblest poems ever written should have remained neglected until their producer's demise set society talking about him and them.

Happy thought when one's slumbers are broken by a German band doing the "waits" business. When the miscreants call for a douceur, tell them that you would have willingly given them a shilling or two had they kept quiet. Their bitter disappointment will afford some slight compensation for your loss of sleep.

The Queen Regent of Swaziland appears to have a nice sense of humour. Having come to the conclusion that her nation should indulge in unlimited woe for its lately deceased king, she has directed the sacrifice of nine human beings. A practical lady, without doubt. The victims and their friends may be trusted to mourn in all sincerity.

It grates on one's feelings to learn that the City police are less liberally treated as regards pensions than in former years. It should be the other way about; their duties and responsibilities being largely increased, so ought their retiring allowances to be. These men have a genuine grievance, and I trust that the City authorities will redress it as soon as may be. It is not good for society to let it be supposed that justice cannot be obtained by its faithful servants without resorting to demonstrations.

In a family with which I am acquainted there are five children, the youngest being a little girl, who, the others consider, gets an undue share of paternal and maternal kindness. The four seniors therefore formed a boycotting conspiracy shortly before Christmas, pledging themselves not to give the little idol their customary presents. But getting an inkling of this plot against her happiness, and being sharp withal, she made a secret foray one day among the treasures of the conspirators, and selecting an article from each store handed them to herself on Christmas morning, at the same time warmly thanking the involuntary donors for their imaginary kindness. Father and mother enjoyed the joke amazingly; the boycotters did not.

People not acquainted with the Soho district are at a loss to understand why it should so particularly abound with gambling clubs. That is easily accounted for; the population is largely recruited from the continent, and your foreign refugee is, as a rule, a confirmed gambler. Shut off from political conspiracy, the previous excitement of his feverish existence, he resorts to cards and dice as a substitute. Like plotting against principalities and Powers, gambling has the further merit in his eyes of being contrary to the law.

Dining at a famous restaurant the other evening, where the cuisine is wont to be all that it should be, I was surprised by the size of the whitebait. Most of them were as big as average sprats and, what is more, had the same flavour. But the waiter assured me that the little fishes were genuine bait. "It's the mildness of the season, sir," he explained; "sharp weather would have stopped their growth." I wonder what my esteemed colleague, "Buckland, Junior," will say to this theory.

If Mr. Wier really said in Hyde Park last Sunday that "a man like Mr. Livesey has no moral right to live in this country, and the man would be a hero who went to-night and murdered him," there can be no question that a prosecution for inciting to murder should be at once instituted. On the other hand, if Mr. Wier did not give utterance to these vile sentiments, he has a good cause for action against the *Times* for defamation of character. I cannot believe that any member of the London Compositors' Union, as Mr. Wier is, would openly advocate assassination.

Like most holidays during recent years, Christmas Day bore eloquent witness to the diminution of drunkenness. While strolling about in the afternoon and evening I came across very few cases, although a good many people seemed to have taken quite as much drink as was good for their health. The saddest feature of the day was the evidence it afforded of the growth of drinking habits among the young of both sexes. Repeatedly did I see boys and girls in an unmistakably vinous condition; in one instance a little ten-year-old staggered along like a confirmed toper.

MR. WHEELER.

It is odd that cycles are not more used for street advertising. A short time ago I saw a procession of Ally Slopers—bulgy hat, rubicund nose, decomposed umbrella, and all—which would have been very much more effective on wheels. Messrs. Pears and "Lord Colman" might give a trial to this way of making people talk about their respective wares. A wheelman washing himself after a cruise under a burning sun would, if skilfully delineated, make a good poster for the great soap firm; while the renowned Colman might sport a picture of a "practical cyclist" undergoing mustard poulticing to get the cold out of his bones after a winter run.

A cyclomaniac writes me suggesting that the State should give formal recognition to our glorious pastime, by awarding medals to record-breakers at a number of specified distances. Another of the family asks, somewhat indignantly, "Why we have not established an institute." Indeed, I do not know; I can only surmise that the omission is consequent upon the lack of any burning desire among wheelmen to acquire diplomas and that sort of thing. Cricket, football, and lawn tennis seem to have got on tolerably well without being "instituted," and perhaps if cycling be left to self-development, it may also thrive like a green bay tree.

Military cycling is decidedly looking up; not a few officers who formerly were incredulous about its adaptability for Army purposes now admit that it might be a very useful adjunct within certain limits. There are numberless occasions when it would be of great value to a commanding officer to have at his disposal a contingent of fighting men capable of transporting themselves, their kits, arms, and ammunition, for fifty or sixty miles a day without the aid of either horses or conveyances. But to be of real service, the military cyclist should undergo a regular course of training, like that which Colonel Savile gives to his lads. A man might be an efficient Volunteer and also an efficient cyclist, and yet fall very short of being an efficient soldier on wheels.

An old chum, who is now in India, writes me a graphic description of a thrilling adventure which he lately met with in a remote district. He was toiling along on a tricycle, and the road being bad, as most are out there, his attention was concentrated on its surface. Suddenly, a resonant bellow caused him to look ahead, and, to his horror, he saw a great water buffalo charging towards him. These animals are, in some parts, half wild, and when their tempers get the better of them, they are as ugly customers as a man need wish to meet. My friend did not stop on the order of his going, but fled at once, not giving a single glance backward until he was some ten feet up a friendly tree. Then a curious spectacle met his gaze. The buffalo had halted at a little distance from the machine, and was surveying it with blank wonderment. What were the nature of the huge creature's cogitations can only be surmised; perhaps he suspected that the queer-looking thing, with its plating flashing in the sunlight, was man's latest device for slaying buffaloes. Be that as it may, the unwieldy brute suddenly turned tail and went off at a lumbering gallop in the direction whence it had come, leaving my correspondent at liberty to mount and journey homewards.

There is no nicer or more welcome Christmas present to a kid than a juvenile tricycle, suited to the recipient's years. One family with whom I am acquainted were enormously gladdened last Wednesday by three gifts of the sort, one to each of the children. The generous donor was a middle-aged uncle who, after making a pile in South America, had come back to pass Christmas in England for the first time during fifteen years. He did not breath a syllable of his kindly intention, but on Christmas morning two growlers drove up, with tricycles strapped to their roofs, and from one emerged the portly figure of the good fairy. The rest can be imagined, including the contusions subsequently received by the three youngsters through repeated spills.

Christmas is really, and not merely traditionally, a season of forgiveness. Much to my surprise, I found my mind making excuses for a botcher who some months ago diddled me out of a sovereign on pretence of repairing one of my machines. So deadly was my resentment against that miserable humbug that it seemed as if forgiveness was out of the question. Now, however, I feel as if I might almost be trusted with him in a lonesome lane after dark. Road hogs, of course, lie outside the pale of forgiveness; to this day I regret that the lump of granite with which I saluted one of these brutes some time ago out Finchley way was not twice as hard and twice as heavy. Of malice prepense, he had driven straight at me as I was standing close to my machine at the side of the road, and but for a display of agility, on which I prided myself greatly, my osseous structure must have suffered grievous harm. His fleshy tabernacle did, I fancy; he wriggled curiously when the stone I projected at his retreating figure smacked him sweetly between the blade bones.

With the shortest day of the year the heart of the cyclist begins to gladden. Every week from this out will witness a lengthening of those hours which are all that most wheelmen can give up to their hobby. For myself, I do not much care for riding in the dark; "the harvest of the quiet eye" cannot be gathered when funereal gloom shrouds one's surroundings. There are some who love nocturnal wheeling, but these chiefly belong to the class who care only for the excitement of racing along at top speed.

The excellent address delivered by Dr. Turner at the late "swagger" smoker of the popular West Roads Club should be read, marked, learnt, and very much inwardly digested by all road racing clubs. It amounts to an official warning that the N.C.U. will proclaim every road race, whether long or short, which comes under its cognisance, and will suspend all who take part therein. But the Cycling Jockey Club does not propose to interfere with essentially private races; its eyes will be shut and its ears deaf to the mere whisperings of tittle-tattlers. This position is both logical and rational; the union would assume a lawless character were it to overlook contemplated infractions of the law to which publicity had been given, but that reproach could not be levelled at it for allowing venial transgressions which it had no power to prevent.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

San Francisco papers by the last American mail bring details of a remarkable incident in the protracted struggle in the San Francisco law courts over possession of the estate, including a large cattle ranche and other extensive property, possessed by Thomas Blythe, who died intestate, and who emigrated to America from Cheshire in 1849. The estate, which has been estimated as being worth 5,000,000dols., was claimed by four young men living at Chester, named Williams, on the ground that being nephews they were heirs-at-law. An advertisement was inserted in the Chester papers, and a host of other claimants sprang up, but it was generally understood that the Williamses, who could directly demonstrate their descent from Mr. Blythe, were likely to be the fortunate legatees. When Mr. Blythe died he left a will, which was taken possession of by a Miss Dickerson, who claimed the whole estate on the ground that she was the wife by contract of the deceased. She hid the document until the court pronounced against her claim. Then came the surprise. Miss Dickerson produced the will in court, and it was then found that, with the exception of legacies amounting to about £200,000, Mr. Blythe had absolutely left the whole of his vast estate to Miss Florence Blythe, a Cheshire girl, lately residing at Northenden. The new claimant is described as an illegitimate daughter of the deceased, her mother being a Miss Julia Perry, of London, who is said to have been betrayed by Mr. Blythe fifteen years ago while on a visit to London. Mr. Blythe did not marry the lady, although he acknowledged his relationship to the child, who was brought up by some friends at Northenden, Cheshire. Ex-State Attorney-general Hart has possession of the will in Miss Blythe's interest, and declares it to be undoubtedly an authentic document. By a curious coincidence Mr. Hart has discovered at Los Angeles, California, a Miss M'Clellan, who states that Miss Blythe attended her private school at Northenden, and identifies her as the lost heiress. The San Francisco journals declare that the discovery of the will makes Florence Blythe one of the richest girls in America.

Some important additions to the South Kensington Museum have just been made. The picture galleries have been enriched by Vicat Cole's "Pool of London," A. Stope's "Upland and Sky," W. Logsdail's "St. Martin's-in-the Fields," J. Aumonier's "Sheepwashers in Sussex," J. Sargent's "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," A. Parson's "When Nature Painted all Things Gay," F. Bramly's "Hopeless Dawn," E. A. Waterlow's "Galway Gossips," and L. Smythe's "Germinal."

"THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON."—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people, so true is it that "evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's Matches, that firm would be enabled to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[Advt.]

THE LONDON STRIKES.-V.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

Having shown, in my last week's article, the evil of foreign competition as affecting the interests of both the English workman and the just English employer of labour, we now come to examine its results from a national point of view. To begin, then, we may take it that what is injurious to the interests of both workmen and employers as parts must be injurious to the interests of the country as a whole. It is true that these two parts, workmen and employers, do not constitute the whole of the nation. There is a third part; those who are neither workers nor employers, but are consumers only. It is true also, that unrestricted foreign competition, inasmuch as it pulls down the prices of commodities to the lowest possible point, is in the interest of this third part. But a moment's consideration will show that, in the interests of the nation as a whole, the separate and selfish interest of the consumer must be subordinated to the wider and more general interests of the workers and employers. For these latter are, in the first place, the more numerous, being, as I pointed out in a previous article, 35-38ths of the whole population. But that, although in itself an overwhelming argument for giving the interests of the workers and employers predominance over the interests of the consumers, is not to be compared to the real, the vital, reason which compels that course to be taken by any nation that wishes to preserve its own existence. The real reason is that the workers and employers are the essential portions of the nation. They are its life and soul, its blood and brains, its hands and feet and eyes, and without them it could not live for twenty-four hours. And that being so, it follows that unrestricted foreign competition is injurious to the interests of England as a nation. There is, obviously, no escape from that conclusion. But the defenders of our so-called "Free Trade," worsted in argument, try to escape under the cover of vague general assertions. They point to the progress which England has undoubtedly made during the last forty years, and impudently claim that that prosperity has been caused by our present fiscal system. Time after time has this claim been demolished, and the prosperity of the country shown to be due to wholly different causes, yet time after time do these defenders of a failing cause repeat their vain and childish assertion. The prosperity which England has enjoyed during the last forty years has been achieved, not by reason of her one-sided fiscal system, but in spite of it. It has been achieved mainly by the energy and enterprise of England's sons in all corners of the globe, an energy and enterprise unrivalled by the inhabitants of any other European State. And the great external factor that has helped that energy and enterprise to achieve that prosperity has been, not fiscal regulations, but the steam engine. I must ask my readers, especially those to whom this argument comes for the first time, to ponder the question for themselves, to reflect on the multitude of industries that have been revolutionised by the steam engine, and on the marvellous facilities it has created for the distribution of products, and then to come to their own conclusion on the matter.

But beyond that there is, happily, a test, a precise and specific test, that puts the point beyond all further controversy. That test is the comparative prosperity of the different nations under Protection and one-sided Free Trade. I take three representative nations—two in Europe and one in America—two practising Protection, the other practising one-sided Free Trade—England, France, and the United States. Thirty years ago, in 1859, England was richer than France to the amount of 19s. per head of population. Eighteen years later, in 1877, that advantage had disappeared, the tables were turned, and the inhabitants of France were 5s. per head richer than the inhabitants of England. What is the lesson that these two facts teach us? During these eighteen years England was in the enjoyment of every advantage, save one, that had enabled her to obtain her original superiority, yet at their end her position was reversed, and she had to play second fiddle to a nation in every respect her inferior. How shall sensible men seek for an explanation of this change of position? Obviously by putting their finger on the one advantage which England had lost. And what was that advantage? It was equality of tariff. Equality of tariff had been taken away from England, and with it went her place amongst the nations. Now, as a matter of fact, England did prosper during those eighteen years; being richer, very much richer, at their end than at their beginning. But it is also a fact that she did not prosper as she ought to have prospered in consequence of her exertions, and as an inferior nation, putting forth inferior exertions, prospered. That is the answer to the champions of one-sided Free Trade. I may add that one of the results of our different fiscal systems is that 57 per cent. of the land of France is under tillage, and the proportion is increasing every year; whereas only 30 per cent. of the land of England is under tillage, and the proportion is diminishing every year. And this notwithstanding the fact that the population of England is steadily increasing, while that of France is almost stationary. I now take another test. I put away the tests of wealth and land cultivation, and take that of commerce. The subject of commerce is most closely connected with the subject of fiscal arrangements, the former being vitally affected by the latter. And what do we find? I take the last ten years, and I find that whereas the commerce of the whole world has, during that period, increased 36 per cent., that increase is divided as follows:—England, 21 per cent.; France, 39 per cent.; and the United States, 68 per cent. It is impossible to say anything that will add to the conclusive force of those figures. Therefore I make no comment on them except this, to point out that we have here, in the 21 per cent., that increase of prosperity which our "Free Trade" friends boast about. But whether that boast will be satisfactory to my readers is another question, and one that they must answer themselves when they have duly pondered the figures I have set before them.

Having now shown that unrestricted foreign competition is injurious to the nation as a whole, as well as to its principal component parts, the next question is, How is the evil to be met and overcome? The trade societies of the workers are powerless to effect a remedy. Their strikes, as I have shown, entirely fail to even touch the evil. It is equally hopeless to expect the employers to alter the existing system. Even if they were united amongst themselves upon the subject, they could not effectively grapple with it, and they are very far indeed from being united. Legislation, then, is the only resource, and to the Legislature we must look for the remedy. But to which of the political parties? Clearly not to the Liberals, for they are the men of the Manchester school, and are committed over head and ears to the existing system. And even with regard to the Conservative party the prospect is not so hopeful as one could wish, for, whatever may be their private opinions, the leading members of that party show a most unaccountable anxiety to throw cold water on any proposals that have even the flavour of Protection. It seems a strange thing, but it is true, that a body of men whose *raison d'être* as a Government is the protection of the interests of the country shrink from the imputation (as if it were an odious one) of being wishful to protect those interests. I remember reading, with great admiration, some years ago a speech delivered in the City of London by one of our two great living professors. It may have been Tyndall, but I think it was Huxley—I write from memory only. In this speech the professor said that the nations of the world were engaged in a continuous war, a war more deadly, a war that had an incalculably greater number of victims, a war that was waged with more savage and relentless hate than any war commonly so-called. This constant war was the war of commerce, and the weapons used were tariffs and customs regulations. I thought of this speech the other day when Lord George Hamilton was getting his millions—his necessary millions—for naval defence, and reflected that neither he nor any of his colleagues had the pluck to ask for a penny for that other and more urgent danger, nor even to call attention to its existence. And I thought that if Mr. Benjamin Disraeli had been alive he would have taken back his contemptuous phrase—just enough in general—about professors, and acknowledged that, on this occasion at least, the boot was on the other leg. But, in justice to the Conservative party, it must be admitted that there is some excuse for the timid attitude its leaders have taken up on the question of Protection. They are in a delicate and difficult position. They are, for the time being, in alliance with a body of politicians who are, by their unfortunate past, committed to the support of the present system; the political existence of these allies is bound up with the alliance, and Lord Salisbury is too magnanimous to impose upon such allies even the semblance of a renunciation of their opinions. It is thus that I explain to myself Lord Salisbury's otherwise inexplicable attitude on the question of Protection. At the same time, I believe that, on one branch of the question, namely, that relating to foreign pauper immigration, the present Government are prepared to make legislative proposals, and if these proposals are sweeping enough and drastic enough I am quite certain that they will be supported by the whole of the English working class without distinction of party. That will be something, but it will not be enough. The other branch of the question, namely, Protection against the importation, duty free, into England of foreign pauper made products, must also be grappled with, and the men who must force it on the attention of our legislators are the men who, as I have shown, suffer most from the evil, namely, the working men themselves. This they can do effectively by means of their trade organisations and also in their capacity of Parliamentary electors. In the former they can refuse to work with foreign paupers, and in the latter they can compel their Parliamentary candidates to promise to (a) legislate for the exclusion of foreign paupers, and to (b) put a reasonable duty on all foreign pauper made products. This work is the essential and proper duty of the English workman. The interests, the vital interests, of both his class in particular and his country in general, are, as I have shown, dependent on its performance. Statesmen and politicians may, when left to themselves, hesitate to propose remedies which they know to be necessary, but fear will not be popular. The working class need have no such hesitation. They have not the responsibilities of office, and can do what is right. And on the day that they intimate to their rulers that they desire to be protected against the evils of unrestricted foreign competition, all difficulties and obstacles will disappear, and the thing will be done forthwith. And when that day comes there will be a great and immediate increase in the demands for English labour and English products in both our home and foreign markets, and England will resume her rightful place at the head of the commercial nations of the world.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From *Punch*.)

THE LASS OF FASHION.—A lady correspondent who wishes to write for a society journal is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the favourite words in the society journalist's vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks," "bravery," "bloom," and, above all, "smart." "Smart" was formerly employed only by servant girls in reference to their finery. But now the mistress and all her surroundings are "smart"—the people she visits, the people who visit her, all that is worn at an entertainment, and the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch, dinner, ball, or general reception our amiable interrogator may have to speak, let her always call it a "function." It must be a "smart" function, moreover, and must be attended by "smart" people. The ladies present must not wear dresses, but "frocks," and they may be effectively described as appearing in "all the bravery" of silks and satins. If any of them carry bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say, in a direct manner, that Mrs. Smith (for example) wore a blue gown; she must remark that Mrs. Smith "loked well in blue." But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."

THE WORST OF A "A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"—Laura: Oh, Charlotte, how dreadful! There comes young Mr. Marshall, walking with your husband! I've just received a letter from him, asking me to be his wife—and I haven't made up my mind whether to accept him or not!

Artin Pacha, commissioned by the palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the foreign postal department, has found the whole affair a very disartining business.

The Cynic's Christmas—A holly mockery.

(From *Judy*.)

THE MOTHER TAKES HER SON TO DEAR KIND UNCLE'S.—The Duke of Belgravia: Where's your diamond ring, Christina? — The Duchess of Belgravia: Oh, I've taken it to the jeweller's to be repaired.—Little Lord Richmond: Yes, papa, and I went, too. But, mamma, does the jeweller always give you money and a ticket for the pantomime when you take your rings to be repaired?

OLD AND YOUNG.—"The mistletoe has been honoured by all ages and all countries," remarked the learned philosopher, as he wolfed down the seasonable amalgam of boiled grocer's shop ablaze with brandy. "Well, it may be honoured by all ages. But though I like to see two young innocents of opposite sexes touching each other's ruby lips beneath the bough, when a couple of old folks try to do the same thing, and only succeed in nearly breaking two sets of false teeth—there! don't talk to me about its being honoured by all ages."

TERRIBLY HARD.—"Do you call this a very hard winter?" asks Jones the worthy of Smith the friendly. "I should think so," says Smith. "I haven't asked a single fellow to lend me a sov. but what he has refused; while quite half a dozen kicked me downstairs. Hard? I should think so, indeed!"

"This is a ticklish business," as the young lady observed when her lover put his arm round her waist.

A figure of speech—The sum paid to a lecturer.

"Too big for his business," as the lady said of the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

(From *Fun*.)

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.—Old Gent: Oh, it's all right! I met your master an hour ago, and he gave me verbal permission to fish all down the stream.—Keeper: Yezzir. I wouldn't deny anythin' as you said, zir, but I must arst you to show me that there permission.

PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT MET.—The bride who gave herself away. The magistrate who couldn't parse a sentence. The barber who cut his heirs off with a shilling. The sailor who would drink any port in a storm. The clerk who was always balancing his books to keep his accounts straight. The dancer who was never caught tripping. The gas stoker who made the retort courteous. The counsel who got a witness in the box without trying to shut him up in it. The dentist who only drew stumps at seven o'clock.

FROM BEHIND A CIGAR.—Why is heavy rain like a confirmed drunkard?—Because it is a soaker. Of what liquor is gusty weather suggestive? Whisky Why is a good man's evening rest like ice? Because it is slippery. When is an editor most likely to have cold feet? When his circulation has an upward tendency. Why is a railway train like fortune? Because it has ups and downs.

SUPERABUNDANT REASONING. — Sister Ann: Come and help me put up the holly and mistletoe, Bertie.—Brother Bertie: Can't. Got this puppy to mind.—Sister Ann: Oh, he'll mind himself very well.—Brother Bertie: Ah! you don't know what it is to mind a puppy; for I've heard you say you "don't mind" Cousin Ted when he comes hanging about you, and papa said he's a young puppy, if ever there was one.

Charlie: Where are you hanging out, now, old man?—Fred: Oh, we have taken a suite in Victoria street.—Charlie: Oh, you've joined the sharpers, have you?—Fred: The sharpers? What do you mean?—Charlie: Why people who live on flats are sharpers, are they not?

Sproggs: What is it that is usually sold at mock auctions?—Bloggs: The buyers, most frequently.

(From *Funny Folks*.)

SPECULATION.—Dreadful Boy: Has Sissy played her cards well, Mr. De Muffe?—Mr. De Muffe: Yes, Tommy; very well indeed.—Dreadful Boy: I'm glad of that, because ma said she was sure to hook you if she did.—[It's off.

PRESENTS OF MIND.—He: Now, Angelina, darl—Miss Green, I should say—what shall I bring you for a Christmas present?—She: Nothing valuable, Edwin, dea—Mr. Clark, I mean. I think I would like that new book, "How Men Propose." I would like to know how they do it.

A BLUE LOOK-OUT.—Major Boozer: I'm going to a fancy ball. What can I wear? I'd like a complete disguise.—Snarl: Put a piece of blue ribbon in your coat—nobody would recognise you then!

NOT SUCH A GREEN GROCER.—Our party went off capitally. Taturs, the greengrocer, looked quite like a family butler; but the wretch addressed each departing guest after this fashion: "I 'ope I've give you every satistacshun. Will you take one of my 'andbills?—the greengrocer's shop just round the corner—and I can warrant both my waiting and my wegetables."

TIMPKINS TRIUMPHANT.—"I presume," said the sententious Simpkins, reflectively, as he cracked an after-dinner walnut, "that it was the custom among our early English ancestors to bestow liquid refreshment upon the motley crew who at this festive season performed 'Mysteries for the amusement of their betters.' The question in my mind is, what form did that liquid refreshment take?" "Oh, it was champagne, of course," snapped the waggish Timkins. "What other beverage could you offer to Mumm-ers?"

ANOTHER OF 'EM.—Mr. O'Bull (who has fallen heavily on a concealed slide): Bedad, I think you'd better take me to the hospital immediately, policeman, for I can tell by the pain in me elbow that it's a case of fractured ribs!

SUGGESTED BY THE SEASON.—He (sentimentally): You remind me of a snowy landscape, Miss Aurelia, because you are as cold as you are beautiful.—She (practically): If that is the fact, Mr. Tymmid, it is because you remind me of a damp cossaque—you don't pop when you are expected to!—(N.B. That brought him to the point.)

Carrying Squeamishness to Extremes—Alluding to a pair of pantaloons in a pantomime as the unmentionables.

(From *Ally Sloper*.)

"My darling," observed a fond lover, "there are various kinds of kisses. There is the sentimental, the passionate, the platonic, the devotional, the fraternal, the superficial, the penetrating, the filial, the delirious, the fashionable, the co-respondent's, the habitual, the ardent, the lavalike, and the paternal. Now, which do you think you would like?" "Try them all, John," said Tottie, "and then I'll tell you."—[Left trying.

"Hallo, guv'nor," shouted a chaffy dealer to the owner of a bare-tailed old screw at Croydon fair, "how much for the old mare by the gross?" "What the something do you mean?" said the owner, with a snarl. "Why, yer bound to sell her wholesale, ain't yer? Yer can't retail her, can yer?"

"Ah, what a nice little boy, Mrs. Briggs!" said the new curate; he must be a great comfort to you." "He is, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Briggs, "he's jest old enough to go to the pub at the corner and fetch the beer, and that saves me a lot of running in and out."

Mrs. Smith: What a pleasant man Mr. Spitely appears to be; and how urbane he is to his wife!—Mrs. Brown: Yes, indeed; you would say he was her bane if you could only hear him swearing and going on at her at home.

"There's no trusting the men—not any of the wretches!" said Mrs. Spillikin. "When S. goes to sleep after dinner, I always stick a penny stamp on each of his eyelids to prevent him from winking at the parlourmaid when he wakes up."

"My new play was produced last night," said Bragwell, as he strolled into the smoking-room of the Cannibals; and a voice from behind a cloud remarked, "No wonder it was so blamed frosty."

"Seen my new watch?" asked Spiffins. "What, another hunter?" exclaimed Spiffins. "How is it you are so fond of hunting watches?" "Don't know, I'm sure, unless it is to kill time."

"Well, Bumble," cheerfully observed a City missionary, "how do you find things?" "I never do find things," grumbled Bumble; "tain't my luck. Some folks is always a-findin', but I never finds nothink."

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From the *World*.)

It is not true that the Queen has invited the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to come to England and pay her a visit. The Queen has sent a cordial message of sympathy to their Majesties, and has authorised the Duc de Némours to place Bushey Park at their disposal whenever they wish to come to this country.

The tameness of Mr. Parnell's speech at Nottingham was mainly due to the warnings of his Liberal friends. He was adjured to eschew violence and to say nothing that would damage the cause of Home Rule, and the consequence was that Mr. Parnell was uninteresting and dull. He is, at the best, not a lively speaker, but when it is necessary to play up to the Nationalists he can show a certain amount of simulated fervour.

The most signal proof of the success of Mr. Balfour's policy is the almost entire silence of the Nationalist party during the autumn and winter. Not for many years has a recess in Ireland been so free from agitation, from "monster" meetings, and violent speeches. For three months there has not been a big meeting in Ireland, and the gatherings on behalf of the Tenants' Defence Association have been small and spiritless. The administration of the Coercion Act is producing its effect. The Nationalists found that with perfect freedom of speech they would not be allowed to incite to intimidation or to violation of the law; and they are now learning to keep civil tongues in their heads. Not for many a year has there been so quiet an autumn in Ireland. Many of the resident magistrates have had nothing to do for months, and Dublin Castle is enjoying more repose than it has done since 1878.

Mr. W. O'Brien is sure to be disgusted with the caution and silence of his friends, and as soon as he is out of prison we may expect an outburst of patriotic fury from the editor of *United Ireland*.

There is reason to believe that the report of the Parnell Commission will not be presented until the end of January, possibly only a short time before the meeting of Parliament.

(From *Truth*.)

A paragraph is going round the papers which states that the Queen's ladies-in-waiting "have a grievance in dress, for, receiving only £300 a year, they are expected to appear in a new costume each time the dinner bell sounds." It would be more than "a little" hard if this were true, but it happens to be pure fiction. It cannot possibly concern the Queen whether the ladies-in-waiting wear new dresses, old dresses, or no dresses whatever at dinner, for they do not dine with her Majesty. There is always a dinner for the household, under the genial presidency of Sir John Cowell, at the same time as the Royal meal, but in another room, and only those persons dine with her Majesty who are specially invited to do so, and the members of the household are very rarely among the guests, with the exception of Sir Henry Ponsonby and certain favoured ladies.

Here is the translation of part of a Persian poem which was written to welcome Prince Albert Victor to Bombay, and which he was "graciously pleased to accept:"—A prince independent in dignity, high in beauty and grace, as lovely as the moon, the world boasts of the abilities of him descended from a royal line most exalted. Born to an heir apparent at whose feet the highest heavens do reverence, to whom the world far and wide pays homage, the confronting enemy yields readily to his sword. Descended from a line of emperors who are fit to occupy the very firmament of heaven as their throne, for the display of whose glory the world is not wide enough, Victoria, just and righteous, whose righteousness has made the world like Arzhang.

The Emperor William gave the garrison at Darmstadt the other evening one of those pleasant "surprises" to which he has become addicted. In the middle of a cold night, when snow was falling, an alarm was suddenly sounded, and after a hasty muster, all the regiments in the town were marched out to the drill ground and shooting range at Griesheim. The Grand Duke of Hesse, who was sleeping peacefully in his bed, must have execrated his autocratic nephew's exuberant love for these military fantasticalities; but, although suffering from a cold, of course he had to get up with everybody else, and accompany the troops on their country excursion, from which they returned shortly after daybreak.

The will of the late Lord Leven contains a remarkable codicil. As originally drawn, the will gives four-sixteenths of the residuary estate to the testator's half-brother, the Hon. Norman Leslie Melville. The will contemplated the son of this brother, Mr. G. Leslie Melville, being admitted as a partner into Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Company's bank. By a codicil, however, the testator revokes the bequest to his brother on the ground that the latter had sent his son to Downing College, Cambridge, "whereby the probability of his becoming fitted for business had decreased." At the same time, to save the son from suffering for the sin of his father, the testator leaves to his nephew two sums of £10,000, and £20,000, but in trust. Lord Leven had evidently been led by some process to the conclusion that a University education is not calculated to produce a practical man of business—a conclusion in which I heartily concur.

THE GARDEN.

[WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE."]

From a Colonial Correspondent.

I am exceedingly obliged to "S. D. S." (South Africa) for his interesting and kindly letter, and if quite convenient to him and it is not giving him too much trouble, I should be pleased to receive a few seeds of the beautiful plant he mentions. I have plenty of facilities for raising and growing them, and they will be doubly interesting to me, as I have a weakness for plants from the Cape, bulbous and others. I think few are aware of the real beauty of the Cape flora, and they may be cultivated for the most part in a cool greenhouse. They are useful plants for amateurs. The parents of all our beautiful geraniums came originally from the Cape. The heaths, which are among the most beautiful and lasting of cool greenhouse plants, grow wild there also, and the Cape flora is especially rich in bulbs, which grow well under cool treatment.

As Regards Cape Bulbs

many cultivators find a difficulty in flowering them, simply through treating them as hothouse plants. Many beautiful bulbs come from the neighbourhood of Table Mountain. Their proper treatment consists in keeping them well supplied with water during their season of growth, and when the growth is completed, gradually withhold water, and move them from the greenhouse to the cold frame, and let them get quite dry. After they have rested three months or so give water, and the flower spikes will soon appear. One of the drawbacks to the effectiveness of many of the Cape bulbs is the flowers come before the foliage. I am quite sure if treated as above there will be no more difficulty in flowering them regularly. They are not particular as to soil. Equal parts of loam and leaf mould, with a little sharp sand, will grow them to perfection. They will not require re-potting annually when the bulbs are large unless one wants to increase stock by the removal of the offsets. Advantage should be taken of open weather to push forward

Planting Operations,

especially of the deciduous or summer leafing trees and shrubs and fruit trees. There is, or should be, a peculiar pleasure to a well-ordered mind in planting trees and shrubs, and watching their progress from year to year. Among the errors of inexperienced planters may be mentioned the common one of planting trees too large for the situation, or placing them too near a road or building. A short time ago I was looking round a recently-planted villa garden, and noticed among other misplaced things a Deodara cedar planted within four feet of a main walk. Its elegant drooping growth is pretty and interesting now placed just under the eye, but in a few years time it will encroach upon the walk, and will either have to be moved further back or have its symmetry spoiled by pruning. The Douglass pine (Abies Douglassii) is a noble tree on the hill side, where it has room to strike out, but it is not adapted for the small villa garden. There are plenty of trees, both evergreen and deciduous, suitable for small lawns and gardens, and it is distressing to those who look into the future to see trees wrongly placed when others that would fit in so well are passed over through an error in judgment. Except for the purpose of forming a blind quickly, never plant a tree that must in the future be disfigured by pruning, except such slight assistance as may be required to preserve its symmetry. To this extent most trees will be benefited by pruning. From natural causes a tree may occasionally form dual leaders, and the moment this is perceived the robber should be removed. One of the handsomest trees for a moderate-sized lawn is the Spanish silver fir (Picea pinsapo). It does not often exceed thirty feet to forty feet in height, and its habit of growth, and the peculiarly elegant and regular arrangement of its branches, make it a beautiful tree when isolated on the lawn. The scarlet horse chestnut, Paul's double scarlet thorn, Magnolia acuminta, the snowy mespilus, the silver maple (Acer negundo variegata), are all calculated to make the garden interesting. Something more, I think, might be done with fruit trees when planting the shrubberies in the neighbourhood of villa or cottage residences. The red-cheeked apples are no mean ornament when hanging in clusters on the tree, and then blossoms, in spring, are always a charming feature. Prejudice has banished all useful fruit-producing trees from the ornamental grounds, and their places have been filled with less effective subjects. The monks of old were, in their day, excellent gardeners, and they took a common sense view of things and blended their flowers and fruits together; and, it judiciously done, there need be no sacrifice of the beautiful or ornamental. There is no prejudice against the tasteful blending of fruit and flowers on the table, and why not let them grow side by side in the garden and grounds, especially where the gardens are of only moderate extent. A Blenheim orange apple tree when in blossom or laden with fruit is an ornamental object anywhere. I saw a handsome specimen of this apple tree growing on a small lawn in front of a small villa residence towards the end of last summer that was very attractive, and its beauty was enhanced by a clematis that had been trained by some careful hand with sympathetic taste up the trunk to clothe its bare and rugged outline.

Utilitarian Thoughts

are never out of place, and even at this festive season the gardener who loves his work will be forming plans for the future, in fact, the approach of another year is a suitable time for taking stock, as it were, of our position, and beginning a fresh season with renewed energy and the courage and hope which should always animate us. Gardening, to the uninitiated, always presents some difficulties. There are foes on every side to be reckoned with, and the climatic changes are often as puzzling to the old practical hand as to the beginner. But there are many triumphs, many pleasures to compensate for any lack of perfect success. In this world good and evil are pretty much mixed, and gardening forms no exception to the rule. But there is nothing to be afraid of. In gardening especially it is necessary to work steadily on with a firm determination to do our level best and wait for results, and in the long run everybody will get as much success as they deserve. But it is foreign to my purpose to preach or moralise. My aim and object is to deal as plainly and practically as possible with the department entrusted to me, and one of the objects of this digression from what may be called my legitimate business is to urge all my readers who have had disappointments in their gardening experiences during the past year (and no one is altogether exempt from these) to gird up their loins afresh, profiting by the failures which are plentifully strewn over the pathway of even the most successful. With these few closing words I heartily wish all my readers a Happy New Year.

ADAM.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. WATCHFUL.

Officers Reprimanded.

The court-martial on the officers in charge of the gunboat Watchful, when she went ashore at Lowestoft, concluded at Sheerness on Saturday. For the defence it was contended that the compasses were sluggish and deviated, and that a strong eddy caused the ship not to answer her helm when breakers were reported ahead.—The court found the prisoners guilty of negligence, but, in consideration of the difficulty with the compasses, and the short time, three and a half days, Lieutenant Sharp had been in the ship, the court only reprimanded him.—Commander Furlonger was then reprimanded for taking the Watchful into Lowestoft Harbour on a dark night without sufficient cause.

TRAINING YOUNG THIEVES.

At the Guildhall Police Court, Henry Finley, 12, Charles Finley, 10, and Daniel Horton, 10, were charged on remand, before Mr. Alderman Davies, with being concerned together in stealing from the pocket of George Kirby, in the Central Meat Market, a pair of gloves. They were further charged with attempting to pick the pockets of several ladies in the same place.—Mr. Wills, School Board officer, said he had made inquiries concerning these boys. The Finleys attended school fairly well. Their father was out of work, their mother made bags, and these young boys were sent out to sell them. They had a very poor home. In fact, it was a case of overcrowding, as the whole family of eight were packed into one room. Charles Finley had been previously charged at Clerkenwell Police Court with stealing meat. He was remanded for a week, and then discharged, his mother receiving a severe reprimand.—Mrs. Finley was called, and said it was through mixing with other bad boys that her children had got into this trouble.—Mr. Wills: How they exist it is difficult to imagine. They live in Hoxton-square (once known as Hoxton Market). They are crowded together. It is a wretched neighbourhood, and there are a number of thieves there. —The Alderman: It is said the receiver is worse than the thief; surely the trainer is worse than the trained. Can't we get at those who have trained these children? —Detective Baker stated that he had made every inquiry, but was afraid it would be difficult to find out the trainer.—The alderman said it was a shame to punish little boys who had been trained by bigger ones to steal. He thought the Finleys should go to an industrial school.—Mrs. Finley begged that the children might be given up, assuring the alderman that they should not go out of her sight for the future.—The alderman, on that understanding, consented not to send the children to a school. Charles Finley, who had been previously charged, he should order to receive six strokes of the birch rod, and the others four strokes. He hoped this would have a salutary effect, for it was certain that if they continued in the course they had begun, they would, in a very short time, find themselves in the Central Criminal Court.

MR. W. H. SMITH'S OPINION

OF HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT AND TREATMENT.

HE writes as follows:—"Dear Sir,—In May last I commenced to wear one of your Electropathic Belts for a disorder of the liver and nervous dyspepsia, and my health has very much improved since. Dr. J. T. Neech, surgeon in this town, tells me he wants to get one of these belts for himself.—Yours truly, W. H. SMITH.

"Park Avenue, Oswestry."

If people feel weak and nervous they should wear Harness' Electropathic Belt. It is guaranteed to generate a mild, invigorating, continuous electric current, without producing any discomfort whatever. It will effectually restore impaired vitality, strengthen the nerves and muscles, and speedily promote the strength of the entire frame. It has restored thousands to health and vigour after all other remedies (so called) have failed. For particulars, book of testimonials, or advice, apply at once to the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Pamphlet and advice may be had, free of charge, either personally or by letter. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, the President of the Compan.

WORTH MAKING A NOTE OF.

The Largest Medico-Electric Institute in the World is at 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), where every form of Electropathic Belt, Battery, and other health appliance is kept in stock, for the treatment and cure of Nervous and Rheumatic Affections, Liver and Kidney Disorders, &c. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the sole proprietors of this palatial establishment, which is known as the Electropathic and Zander Institute (Mr. C. B. Harness, President). It is elegantly fitted with Electric Baths, Statical Machines, Electro-Massage Rooms, Electrolysis Rooms (where superfluous hairs are painlessly removed by electricity), and a large number of beautifully-furnished consulting rooms, where the Company's Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, Lady Superintendent, and other officers examine and advise patients daily free of charge. There is also a special room set apart for Rupture sufferers, another for the treatment of Corpulence, another for the cure of Throat and Chest Affections by Chemical Inhalation, and another for the treatment of Deafness by Electricity. One of the largest and best ventilated rooms in the building is fitted with over fifty of Dr. Zander's Swedish Mechanical Exercise Machines for assisting the cure of such diseases as Writer's Cramp, Curvature of the Spine, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, &c. The entire building is open to free inspection daily, and sceptics can see Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts scientifically tested any day between the hours of 9.0 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. (Saturday 4.0 p.m.). Those who are unable to call at 52, Oxford-street, London, W., are invited to make a note of the address, and write for pamphlet (free) before they forget it.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

The voluminous correspondence recently appearing on this important question in the "Daily Telegraph" shows how interesting the subject is to the general public, and as so much depends upon health in the "Battle of Life," we wish to draw attention to the fact (not generally known) that, besides the enormous sale of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts, the most perfect form of Electro-Massage treatment is successfully carried on under skilful medical supervision by experienced certificated Masseurs and Masseuses at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. This palatial building, which is situated at the corner of Rathbone-place, is the largest and most complete Medico-Electric Institute in the world, and contains the best electrical machines and appliances that science has produced for the cure of nervous and rheumatic affections, liver and kidney disorders, &c. A personal visit would astonish and delight all who are interested in the treatment of disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, Chemical Inhalation, &c. At this spacious medical establishment rupture, deafness, and corpulence have also been successfully treated for many years past. Consultation and advice may be had free of charge, either personally or by letter. Address, Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. All communications are treated as private and confidential. Note.—All in search of health should wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. Guaranteed. [illegible] Pamphlet free on application.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

The writer of the pantomime at Old Drury for over a quarter of a century, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, has, by his lamented demise, disappeared this year from the head of the playbill, and in its place read the names of Harry Nicholls and Augustus Harris. The change is not confined to the programme, but is plainly perceptible in the entertainment it sets forth, for, instead of sticking to their story, as Mr. Blanchard was wont to do in reciting anew one or other of the familiar nursery legends so dear to childhood, the authors, or, more truly to describe them, the compilers, of "Jack and the Beanstalk; or, Harlequin and the Midwinter Night's Dream," produced on Boxing Night, have used the youthful hero and the vegetable ladder by which he scales the giant Fee Fo Fum's castle as a means for the exploitation of a mingled variety show and spectacle in which the sumptuary magnificence of the pageant is only saved from monotony, caused by an embarras de richesses, by the humouristic scenes quite alien to the legend itself by which it is interlarded. The fair daughter of a royal pair, abducted by a giant, from whose thrall she is rescued by Jack, after clambering up the magic beanstalk, rounds off all the plot of the pantomime, which, however, serves as the vehicle for the infinite drolleries of the Brothers Griffiths as a highly comic cow and its dairyman, and of Mr. Dan Leno, as Jack's mother, a part made up and acted by him with ludicrous quaintness. The giant himself, re-named Gorgibuster, a triumph of illusive realism in his mechanical vastness, as embodied by Mr. G. Conquest, jun., is not the dreadful cannibal who "smells the blood of an Englishman and grinds his bones to make his bread," familiar to the nursery, but a monster in bulk and stature, but not in nature, whose invitation to dinner the King and Queen, with Jack and the Princess, ultimately accept. These regal parents, as presented by Messrs. Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, are a highly comic couple, with their ludicrous domestic wrangles, tempered by music hall parodies, used as a vehicle for topical songs and duets. In the spectacular scenes, interspersed and relieved by such jocosities as are here described, Mr. Harris has equalled, if not exceeded, his previous efforts. The view of Old Covent Garden Market, with its jostling crowd of seventeenth century beaux and belles, market women, and romping children, presents a charming living picture of the past, a fine contrast to which is seen in the groups of Shakspere's characters, illustrative of the most popular scenes in his plays, who processionally traverse the Giant's Library. But the crowning triumph as a visual feast of graceful forms combined with harmonious beauty of colour comes in the final procession of the gods and goddesses of classic mythology. Adown the winding steps of Love's Temple on Olympus stream the deities of Greece and Rome, with their celestial attendants, nymphs and fauns, child Cupids and woman warriors, arrayed in rich panoply of silk and sheen of gold and glittering gems as would daze the spectator by its blaze of colour but for the exquisite harmony of the contrasted tints. In this scene, as in the market, the children's ballet evoked the heartiest acknowledgments from the audience. The fault found with this raree show—one, however, easily remedied—was its inordinate length, the more apparent owing to the slightness of the dramatic interest availed of to give sequence and consistency to the medley. Of the chief male characters and their representatives not previously adverted to, the giant's servitors, as played by the Brothers Leopold, won special favour by their marvellous acrobatic agility. Jack found a lively exponent in Miss Harriett Vernon, while the Princess, with the Fairy King and Queen, had sprightly representatives in the Misses M. Duggan, Agnes Hewitt, and M. Faudelle. By her bold aerial flights Mdlle. Ænea, as heretofore, added a new grace to the scene. In the brief harlequinade, with which the pantomime concluded, Mr. Harry Payne, as Clown, re-asserted his ancient right to popular acknowledgment as the traditional lineal expositor of the humours of Grimaldi and Tom Mathews. It needs scarcely be said that Drury Lane was crowded, as it is likely to be nightly any time this side of Easter.

TOOLE'S.

Pleasure-seekers, wishing to see Mr. Toole again before his departure for a twelve months' professional sojourn in Australia, should make haste and visit his pretty little theatre at Charing Cross, to which the genial comedian returned for a seven weeks' stay on Christmas Eve, when, in his favourite serious impersonation of Caleb Plummer, in "Dot," he, as of old, won the sympathy and drew the hearts of his audience; soon, however, drying their eyes and wreathing their faces in smiles and laughter by his droll appearance "in the pigskin," in the farce of "The Steeplechase." It should be noted that "The Bungalow," withdrawn from the evening bill during Mr. Toole's stay, continues its run daily at afternoon performances.

AVENUE.

For the holiday entertainment of their visitors, the management of the Avenue have revived "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," one of the best of the burlesques written by the inimitable punster, Robert Brough. Interpolated into the text are topical songs and allusions, which, in the endeavour to shoot folly as it flies, bring the satire abreast of the present time. With Mr. George Capel as the sea-sick Henry VIII., Mr. Chevalier as his brother monarch, Francis I., and Mr. Julian Cross enacting Sir Guy the Cripple, the piece went briskly enough through the first act, but fell off in its exhilarating effect in the second, which, by compression, should be curtailed of half its length. The tournament scene, in which the rival kings, putting on the "gloves," satirise the hollowness of the late fistic contests, excited the audience to hearty laughter. And there was some excellent dancing seen in the piece, of a graceful kind, by the lithe and agile Miss Marie Linden and the pleasantly piquante Miss Minnie Byron, and in a grotesque way by Mr. Julian Cross. The music, too, was enlivening in the choruses and diverting in the comic solos; and the general presentation of the piece was rendered agreeable to the eye by tasteful and picturesque costumes, setting off the comeliness of the wearers.

SURREY.

"Dick Whittington and his Cat; or, The Merchant's Daughter and the Charity Brat," is the title given by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spry to the Surrey annual. The lines of the well-known story are pretty closely followed, the action extending over twelve scenes, two of which, one showing Highgate Hill with old London in the distance, and the other representing a tropical forest, are masterpieces of scenic art, the exhibition of which evoked a deserved call for the artist, Mr. Soames, and Mr. Conquest. What takes place in East Chepe is amusing, a Lord Mayor's procession is interesting, and the fun that takes place in the scenes representing the old London Docks and the oscillating bunks and hammocks of a merchant vessel will amuse adults as much as it will stir up and excite the appetite for active frolic in the juvenile disposition. Mr. W. Albert, who enacts the part of the Cat, has evidently studied Mrs. Cashel Hoey's book, and so, although "belled," the result, as regards the biped and quadrupedal rodents, is quite the opposite of that intended by the celebrated Archibald of history. The execution of a solo on bells attached to head, neck, feet, and the tip of the tail is clever, and in commendable contrast to the chestnut business of "that brat" by another member of the troupe; but the performance of the Albert and Edmonds company as a whole is highly commendable. Miss C. Moxon again plays the part of the hero, and, needless to say, her acting and vocalisation are all that could be desired. Miss L. Dyson makes a loveable Alice and the Sisters Preston accentuate in a clever manner the peculiarities of the characters they assume. Praise is also due to Mr. F. Conquest, Master A. Conquest, Miss Grace, Miss Griffiths, Miss A. Farrell, Miss C. Farrell, Mr Donne, Mr. T. Craven, Mr. W. Groves, Mr. Spry, Mr. Monti, Mr. F. Sims, Mr. B. Stevens, the Brothers Ormonde, and Mr. H. Collier, for their aid in making the annual a success. It deserves, and will no doubt have, a prosperous run.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Year by year the Yule entertainment at Sydenham has been improved in quality, and the pantomime of "Aladdin," produced on Christmas Eve, shows a distinct advance upon all previous efforts in this kind. With commendable respect for the memories of children learned in popular fairy lore, the author, Mr. Horace Lennard, has closely followed the familiar story in its main lines, while gaining freshness for his version by grafting on to the original stem such latter-day incidents as the schoolboy strikes and the late tour of the Shah through Europe. There are also sarcastic allusions to other topical subjects, such, for instance, as the late disgraceful boxing contests, which evoke applause for the following lines:—

> The genius of the "ring" seems out of date,
> Since draws and fouls are all we've had of late.

Miss Edith Bruce makes a capital Aladdin, full of go and spirit. By an innovation, which is justified by the result, the part of the deceiving magician, Abanazar, is enacted by Miss Susie Vaughan, who brings the full force of her humour to bear upon the assumption. As Aladdin's mother, the Widow Mustapha, Mr. Mat Robson presents a ludicrously funny figure, while Mr. John D'Auban as Kasrac, and Miss Emma D'Auban as the Genius of the Ring, illustrate the action of the story with agile and graceful dances. Miss Clara Ellison is pleasing as the Princess in an excellent cast, which otherwise includes the Misses Inch, B. Rignold, and A. Mori, with Messrs. W Hogarth, R. Inch, and M. Mills. The evening fête at Aladdin's Palace reflects, by its kaleidoscopic chromatic beauty, very high praise upon its designer, Mr. Oscar Barrett. By its clever combination of spectacle and fun the pantomime won such unqualified applause from the vast audience as augurs for it a long and prosperous run through and after the holidays.

ALHAMBRA.

Judging from the flattering reception given to "Asmodeus" at the Alhambra on Monday night, the new grand ballet is likely to be as popular as the book ("Le Diable Boiteaux"), from which it is evidently taken, a popularity so great that it is on record that two young men fought a duel in a bookseller's shop over the only remaining copy. The scenes in which the action takes place are superbly mounted, and the dresses of all who take part in it are as unique and pretty in design and as harmonious and brilliant in colour as could be wished. Needless to record that M. Jacobi's music is tuneful and spirited, or that the arrangement and groupings in Signor E. Casati's plot are clever, stirring, and interesting. Mr. T. E. Ryan also deserves praise for the breadth and beauty of his scenery. The principal dancers are Signor De Vicenti, Signora Bessone, Miss M. Thurgate, Mdlle. Marie, Mdlle. Saracco, and Signorina Spotti, all of whom are exceedingly clever exponents of the poetry of motion. The pantomimic action throughout is of a high class, and the movements of the corps de ballet as perfect as they are clever.

NIAGARA IN LONDON.

To mark the festive season Mr. J. Hollingshead has added several extra attractions to this exhibition, the chief of which has been arranged chiefly in the interest of young people. The spare rooms underneath the entrance hall have been utilised for the carrying out of a novel idea, viz., a picturesque fairy forest, composed of evergreens, principally Christmas trees, arranged in a singularly artistic manner, whilst a striking effect is created by mirrors so arranged as to give the forest greater dimensions than it really possesses. The trees are tastefully decorated with a splendid assortment of toys, &c., and it is intended to present every juvenile visitor with one of these articles. When the holidays are over the forest will be cleared, and a dioramic exhibition of notable places in America will take its place. The pictures for this are being prepared by M. Philippoteaux.

PANORAMA OF WATERLOO.

The lovers of pictorial art combined with ingenuity, have the satisfaction of knowing that a new resort, in every respect worthy of their attention, has just been opened at Ashley-place, Victoria-street, within a stone's-throw of Victoria Station. The subject matter of the picture is the battle of Waterloo, the artist being Chevalier Philip Fleischer, of Munich, a gentleman of unquestionable ability, who has previously displayed his talent in a similar way in several of the large provincial towns. The picture is 130 yards by 60 feet, and contains many hundreds of realistically painted figures, all of them engaged in the stirring conflict of war. Chevalier Fleischer has depicted with vivid and picturesque effect the crucial moment when the Duke of Wellington gave the signal for the advance of the allies, and when Napoleon was about to stake all upon the last desperate effort of the Imperial Guard. The whole scene bristles with colour and life, and the delicate and ingenious manner in which the constructed portion of the tableau and the canvas portion are combined, is worthy of all praise. It is a fine picture, in fact, and should prove a great attraction, not only during the Christmas holidays, but for a lengthy season subsequently. At a private view on Tuesday last the health of Mr. Augustus Harris, whose name is prominently associated with the undertaking, was cordially drunk, and the artist was warmly congratulated on the success of his work.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Once again the interior of the Agricultural Hall at Islington has been converted by Messrs. H. and T. Read and F. Bailey into a gorgeously arranged World's Fair. Nothing is wanting that is calculated to bring to mind recollections of old days, when the fat lady and the quarter of an hour melodrama with a pantomime thrown in were periodically on view in the streets under the protection of a canvas booth. There are exceptional attractions, however. The veteran Blondin is to be seen upon the high rope, the Sisters Ongar return to display their aerial flights, and there is a fine menagerie, with a lady wolf-trainer, performing elephants and lions, and other wonders of a similar kind. What are popularly known as "shows" are to be found by the score, with their usual accompaniments in the shape of shooting galleries, giants, and dwarfs, female boxers, switchback railways, and a somewhat novel form of "trapeze railway," by which the more venturesome portion of the audience may indulge in a flight through the air over a net, which is stretched out in case of accident. The World's Fair promises to be a source of considerable attraction.

How many of the audience present at the first performance of "A Midsummer's Night Dream," at the Globe last week, remembered that Miss Ellen Terry played "Puck" at Charles Kean's memorable production of the play at the old Princess's Theatre thirty-three years ago?——The Royal Dutch Company of Amsterdam have paid Mr. Willard and his fellow-actors in "The Middleman" the compliment of coming over expressly to see their performance of Mr. H. A. Jones's chef d'œuvre, prior to appearing in the piece, translated into their own language, in Amsterdam. The same noble play is also to be brought out in France, Australia, Germany, and New York, as well as in the English provinces, for which an efficient company will start on tour in February.——The Arundel Club will give a farewell supper to their fellow member, Mr. J. L. Toole, prior to the genial comedian's departure for Australia. Mr. J. Knight is to preside, supported by Mr. Irving and other leaders of the English stage.——Miss Agnes Huntington will play the chief part in the forthcoming comic opera of "Marjorie," to follow "Paul Jones" in January at the Prince of Wales's. The cast will otherwise include the Misses Camille D'Arville and Phyllis Broughton, with Messrs. Hayden Coffin, Henry Ashley, and H. Monkhouse.——On Tuesday next a new comedietta, entitled "In the Express," adapted by Mr. R. K. Hervey from "Le Wagon," will open the performances at the Avenue.——"Dr. Bill," the farcical comedy with which Mr. G. Alexander initiates his management of the Avenue, is to be played by an excellent company, including the Misses Gaston Murray, Fanny Brough, Marie Linden, and Robbins; with Messrs. Chevalier, F. Terry, B. Webster, and G. Capel.——Mr. Alec Marsh takes the place of Mr. Hayden Coffin in the opera of "The Red Hussar" at the Lyric at the beginning of the new year.——Mr. Penley, in view of going in for management directly he can secure an eligible theatre, has secured a new play, written by the late E. A. Sothern, the creator of "Lord Dundreary."

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY CHARGES.

There were thirty-two charges for disposal at Marlborough-street Police Court on Thursday. Eight prisoners surrendered for being drunk and incapable, eight were for being drunk and riotous, four were drunken drivers, and the remainder were charged with assaults, damage, begging, and acting in a suspicious manner in the streets.—Ann Lay, a laundress, Mortimer Market, was charged with using bad language at the Grafton Arms, Grafton-street, on Wednesday, and with refusing to quit when ordered to do so.—The manager said that on Christmas Eve the prisoner entered one of the bars and drank with several men. Seeing her condition he gave instructions to the barmen not to serve her, and with some difficulty she was got outside. On Christmas Day she came again and drank with other men, and on his (the manager's) requesting her to leave, she used the worst language that could escape from a female's lips, and tried to strike him with a quart pot. Not succeeding in her object she threw a quantity of beer all over him, and he had to send for the police to put her into the street. Her language was so bad that nearly all the customers left the house.—Prisoner (on Thursday morning): Oh, dear good sir, do let me go.

I'm a Poor Widder,

and am truly sorry I went into the gentleman's place. You know I never get drunk as a rule. (A laugh.) I hope you will look over it this time. I've got two little children at home.—Mr. Newton: I dare say you have, but you should have thought of them before you got drunk. You will have to pay 30s., or go to prison for fourteen days.——Thomas Connolly, Pollard-street, Bethnal Green, was charged with being drunk whilst in charge of a brewer's dray and a pair of horses, in Wardour-street on Tuesday night. Prisoner's dray and a van belonging to Messrs. Pickford and Co. came into collision, and as Connolly was under the influence of drink he was taken to the station. On Thursday his defence was laconic. He said: Christmas time, you know—the excuse the season—had a drop or two—first time ever been in a police court—express my sorrow—that's all. (A laugh.)—Mr. Newton: You were drunk in charge of a dray and pair of horses in the streets. That is a very serious offence. You might have knocked persons down and driven over them; 10s., or seven days.——Michael Lynch, a "snip," from Marshall-street, was charged with assaulting his wife, Elizabeth.—The woman said that when she asked her husband for money he became exasperated, and knocked her down and kicked her.—Prisoner (to his wife): Did not you give me a dab in the eye with the pudding-bag? (Laughter).—The Wife: No, I did not.—The Prisoner: Didn't you knock me under the table?—The Wife: Certainly not.—The Prisoner:

What did you do with the Goose?

(A laugh.)—The Wife: How do I know?—In defence, the tailor, said that his wife went out in the morning and drank three quarterns of whisky, and when she returned there was a flare-up, and she took up the pudding-bag and basin and after she had struck him with the former she threw the latter at him, and would have used the goose in the same manner if he had not prevented her.—The prisoner was remanded in order that a woman, who was present, might give evidence.——William Wormald, a newsvendor, in his shirtsleeves and hatless, of Tichfield-street, was charged with assaulting John Parker, a porter.—The prosecutor, whose head was bandaged, said on Wednesday he went to visit some of his friends, and they had a jollification together. On leaving, about half-past eleven, the prisoner rushed at him and "did something" to his eye which caused him to fall insensible to the ground. He was with a female to whom prisoner had paid attention, and jealousy seemed to overcome him at the time. At the hospital it was thought that the right eye had been injured by some instrument, probably a penknife, but that morning the police said they had made inquiries, and the hospital surgeon had expressed his opinion that the eye had been injured by a fall on a sharp piece of stone.—The prisoner said they had a fair stand-up fight. The prosecutor got the worst of it, and, falling, cut his eye.—He was ordered to pay 60s., or go to prison for a month.

Carol-singing and Drunkenness.

Amongst the ten night charges brought before Mr. Saunders, at Dalston Police Court, were eight of drunkenness. One wretched-looking woman, Catherine Riley, told the magistrate, in a raspy voice, that she and her children had been singing carols—a bundle of which she now hugged to her breast—and people gave her drink instead of money. She was discharged.——Sarah Kelly, who wore the habiliments of widowhood, was found drunk on a step in Brand-street, Holloway, her two children sitting, crying, by her side. She said she had been ill, and a half-pint overcame her. She was discharged.——Augusta Knatt and James Badham, charged respectively with being drunk in Holloway and Rushmere-roads, also got off with a caution; but Catherine Allen, an old offender, had to pay 2s. 6d. for drunkenness at Hackney.——An inmate of the City of London Union, named John Remington Smith, who got drunk and violently assaulted the superintendent of labour, was sent to prison for a month.——Two of the drunkards who had been on bail did not appear.

A Light List.

There were only sixteen charges before Mr. Sheil, at the Westminster Police Court on Thursday—a very light list indeed. There were several assaults, only one being of a serious character, and a charge against a drunken cabman of knocking down and running over a woman in Victoria-street, Westminster, at a quarter past twelve o'clock on Christmas morning.—Constable 80 A said the prisoner drove off as hard as he could after he had occasioned the injury, and when stopped professed to know nothing about it.—The prisoner was remanded, the woman knocked down being in the hospital with a broken nose.

The Thibetan bear, which was temporarily deposited in the Zoological Gardens by his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, has been killed by another bear which was placed beside it.

The jute industry of Bengal gives employment to about 45,000 hands, including men, women, and children. The aggregate working capital employed in this industry is about 28,000,000 rupees.

William Osborne Culliver, landlord of a house in Westminster, was summoned at the police court on Tuesday for levying an excessive distress on the goods of his lodger, a widow, who was left without any bedding or other effects. In adjourning the case the magistrate said it would be most searchingly investigated.

At the annual meeting of the National Security Savings Bank, Glasgow, the report presented showed that the increase of depositors during the year is 8,173, raising the total number to 151,434. No other bank of the kind in the kingdom has such a large number of depositors. The total funds of the bank were reported to amount to £5,189,230. The depositors belong chiefly to the working classes.

CHRISTMAS AND THE POOR.

Christmas treats innumerable were given to the poor on Christmas Day, hundreds of men and women leaving their own homes to minister to the comfort and happiness of those in whose lives there is too much that is cheerless and too little that is happy and cheerful. At the Field-lane Ragged Schools, near the Holborn Town Hall, 750 men and women were regaled with a substantial meal, the quantity of viands consumed by them including 4?6lb. of beef, 18cwt. of potatoes, 600lb. of pudding, 150 quartern loaves, and 700 oranges. The treat was heartily enjoyed by them all. Over 1,000 poor people who are tenants on the Columbia estate of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, received their annual gifts of beef and parcels of grocery, the distribution taking place under the direction of Mr. L. A. Harrison, her ladyship's agent. In all the workhouses of the metropolis the inmates were treated to extra fare at dinner, accompanied in most cases with beer. In some cases, however, no alcoholic or malt beverages were given, the poor people having, instead, an unlimited quantity of lemonade, ginger beer, tea, or cocoa. In the evening entertainments of various kinds were provided.

TRADE UNION FALLACIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

Sir,—Will your permit me, as a trade unionist, to point out to my fellow-workmen, be they handicraftsmen or unskilled labourers, a fallacy which is fatal to their success—a fallacy that the gas strike very opportunely illustrates. Labour, as distinguished from capital, has the right undoubtedly to combine to protect itself from unwarrantable advantage being taken by capitalists. Combination is sanctioned by two Acts of Parliament specially, and by the Masters and Servants' Acts incidentally. Trade unionism is therefore a legal institution; but whilst the old clumsy machinery, such as Broadhead initiated at Sheffield, set public opinion dead against it, and ultimately forced the Government to deal with it, in its more modern form it has sought more and more to subject its policy to the rules of political economy, and its votaries and leaders have shown a growing enlightenment, and often exhibited great qualities of organisation and thorough business-like administration of their finances and of their code of rules. There is still, however, as in all mundane matters, an amount of false reasoning and great inconsistency as to certain courses of action which militate against it being universally recognised by public opinion. Not only the trade unionists, on the one hand, but the outside public, inclusive of employers, on the other, do not understand the matter thoroughly to the core. Boycotting in some form or other is used as a weapon, instead of reliance on unalterable justice and public opinion. Intimidation, perhaps not quite within the meaning of the Act, is counted on largely; hence Mr. Gladstone's attempt to make people believe that the Irish "plan of campaign" is as legal as trade unions. The merest tyro will be able to point out that every trade union must first submit its rules, its constitution, and its first balance-sheet to the Board of Trade for sanction, and if these rules contain anything contrary to law they must be altered until they do conform to law, and their receipts and expenditure, under a heavy penalty, must be annually sent, in the form of balance-sheets, to the Board of Trade. When Irish leaguers agree to a code of rules and enrol as a trade union and obtain the sanction of the Board of Trade to legalise them, and undertake to account for all receipts and disbursements, Mr. Gladstone's statement would for once be true; till then it is only an insulting falsehood reflecting on trade unionists, who ought to know how to resent it.

The gas workers have fallen into a very common error when they suppose that a share of profits necessitates anything of an inimical nature to trade unionism. One has only to mention cooperation at any trade union meeting to spread a feeling that a heresy has been uttered, yet cooperation would cement not only a union amongst the men but amongst and with capitalists also. If capitalists could only combine and cohere as their men do, the men would benefit by it, although it seems a paradox, even more than their employers. But they cannot and will not—they cannot trust one another. Here is the whole question in a nutshell. Many trade unions hold that their members shall individually limit the output so as to give wider employment—employers, of course, say that while they pay for a day's work they ought to have it, and that their men do not give it them. The unionist's reason is, to do him justice, an idea—a mistaken idea—that he will be able to find work for more men; he sees nothing dishonest in his action; his motive is to benefit others; he seeks the greatest good of the greatest number. I maintain that it is dishonest not to work well and quickly for an employer who pays for it. I see no difference between giving three-fourth's of a day's work for a whole day's pay, than for a man to sell you 1lb. of apples for 2d. and cheat you by false scales in your weight. It is this very rock that will be the wreck of the hours of labour question. Every employer knows he gets "short weight" for his money now, and fears if he agreed to work fewer hours he would get still less, although he is open to be convinced that if he got fairly dealt by he would save in gas, coal, and wear and tear of machinery. But who is to judge and arbitrate? Every man varies in his capacity and also in his willingness to do a day's work, not only differs from others, but at times he differs from himself, especially if he is demoralised by much systematic overtime. Hence the employer becomes prejudiced against trade unions, which support and even incite their men to give "short weight."

Many a good and true man, who honestly strives to be just to his men, becomes irritated and annoyed by feeling that, whilst wages are fixed for him, the day's work performed is a very elastic quantity indeed. In the gas dispute the employers have sought to improve the position of the men at the same time that they obtained a better co-efficient of labour for their money; but their proposed scheme was instantly seen to savour of cooperation. While the bulk of the men swear hard and fast by free trade, they neutralise its principles because they cannot see that co-operation is free trade under another garment; for is it not free exchange of labour and capital, whereby, after a lapse of time, the labourer and capitalist fuse to some extent the labourer becoming a capitalist also? It is not within the power of any combination to limit an output in order to destroy or abrogate the laws of supply and demand; but it is possible, and ought to be the aim of all unions to increase the output, both in quantity and quality, which cheapens articles of consumption, and thereby widens the area of purchasing power. If pins cost a penny each, would it be possible to sell a hundredth part of the quantity now purchased? Nor would wages go down, nor employment become less constant, if pins were even cheaper still, because there would be more money set free for the purchase of other things. Trades unions, apart from errors in their reading of political economy, are in the main worthy of the greatest public respect. Their earnestness, their devotion of self to the good of others, and their power of procuring obedience to their rules—which no employer could ever enforce—they are capable of being a great boon to all employers who rightly judge them and choose to work mutually with them. They have made vast strides in the last decade, and are not deceived by Socialist snares and pitfalls. We have, therefore, high hopes that in the not far distant future, they will see the strength and beauty of co-operation in its true light as the most powerful weapon of the trade unions—not only vanquishing the capitalist, but converting him into a partner and a friend; making even a precarious employment less subject to frequent depressions, and rendering it much more steady and constant.—Yours, &c.,

A TRADE UNIONIST.

London, December, 1889.

Lord Faversham has returned 15 per cent. to all his agricultural tenants whose rents have not previously been lowered.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

A telegram from Sydney states that the sculler, Peter Kemp, who, having defeated Hanlan, held the championship of the world until, in his turn, he was beaten by the late Henry Searle, has written a letter to the *Herald*, in which he claims the championship now that Searle is no more. The recent statement which purported to be put forward by W. Beach, the ex-champion, that he accepted Hanlan's challenge to row him on the Paramatta, has not been confirmed by Beach himself.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Ere the New Year bells are ringing
Forth their joyous festive peal,
And the carollers are singing,
When we to our windows steal,
Listening to their voices blending
Sweetly in the midnight air,
Think, how many will be spending
Next day with a cupboard bare.

With their homesteads void of gladness,
Not, alas, one hopeful ray!
Hearts that are all filled with sadness,
Hunger's victims poor are they.
These, the thousands all around us
Who perchance may walk the streets,
Whilst there's every comfort found us
And we taste but pleasure's sweets.

Now we are our plans preparing
For the festive season near;
Think of those who'll not be sharing
In the happy New Year cheer,
Not enjoying loving meetings
With the friends beloved so well;
Nor the bright and happy greetings
Yule log stories hear and tell.

As we deck our rooms with holly
And with mistletoe for fun;
Reckoning on the games so jolly
Buying gifts for every one.
Let us think, and help those creatures
Who will comfort be denied;
This will be the best of features
And will bless our New Yeartide.

FRANK W. SMITH.

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GIVEN GRATIS.
GIVEN GRATIS.
GIVEN GRATIS.

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HEED THE NOTE OF WARNING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

LOOK OUT FOR THE DANGER SIGNAL.

IN Churches and Public Assemblies half the people are coughing, and where the constitution is weak, or there is an hereditary taint, the seeds of Consumption are sown. Stop it at once, or it may get beyond control. You need

SCOTT'S EMULSION.

ALMOST EVERYBODY NEEDS IT.

In the autumn, after the enervating months of the summer, the system requires just the heating and fatty properties of the Oil, combined with the bracing and tonic properties of the Hypophosphites.

IT IS A MARVELLOUS FOOD MEDICINE.

IT WILL CURE YOUR COUGH,

HEAL THE SORENESS OF THE LUNGS,

GIVE YOU STRENGTH AND FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM AGAINST FURTHER ATTACKS.

It is recognised by the Medical Profession in CONSUMPTION, EMACIATION, and WASTING in CHILDREN, as entirely superior to plain Cod Liver Oil or other remedies.

All Chemists can supply it at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Art Union of London enters the field as a Christmas present producer by issuing a handsome portfolio containing eight high class etchings by some of the ablest artists in England. Mr. Burgess gives "A Bit of Old York" and "A Lane near the New Forest." Mr. Holloway is responsible for "St Paul's from the Thames" and "Old Chelsea Church," to Mr. Morris belongs the credit of producing "The Silver Strand." "A Collier in Bristol Harbour," is associated with the name of Mr. Ridley; while "The Bridge" and "View on the Kenneth" owe their respective existences to Mr. Percy Robinson and Mr. Slocombe. Not only can this really beautiful collection be obtained for a guinea, but the purchaser also secures a chance of winning one of the valuable prizes of the Art Union lottery. And at the same time, he has the satisfaction of knowing that his small expenditure promotes British art. A guinea could not well be laid out to better purpose.

Lord Rosslyn had no need to claim kindly consideration for the handsome volume of "Sonnets and Poems" which Messrs. Remington have just published on his behalf. His muse has amply sufficient charms to come before the public with full assurance of a favourable reception. A true poet is Lord Rosslyn, and as tender as true. There is a sincerity in his verses not always met with nowadays; they read as if written, not to catch the applause of the world, but because the inner spirit of the gifted author would have it so. Her Majesty shows her appreciation of the book by permitting its dedication to herself. "Little Saint Elizabeth, and other Stories," is a beautifully mounted work, in which Mrs. Burnett shows that her hand has not lost a bit of the literary cunning which produced "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The illustrations by R. B. Birch, Alfred Brennan, and "O. A." have much artistic merit; a prettier New Year's gift than this charming book could not easily be found. There is much humour, of a somewhat rough sort, in "Curtis, Curtis, and Co., Crammers," by C. J. Hyne (Remington and Co.). A fair share of originality, too, but the style is decidedly commonplace and the characterisation poor.

Very solid fare comes next, in "Practical Notes for Electrical Students," by A. E. Kennedy and H. D. Wilkinson, published by the Electrician Company. Our knowledge of electrical science is, unfortunately, too limited to admit of our pretending to pass criticism on the contents, but we are in a position to state that they are highly approved by competent judges, who consider the book a valuable addition to the literature of their beloved science. Of an even more solid sort is "Woman Suffrage Wrong," an "essay" running to 350 pages (Remington and Co.). We wonder what Mr. J. McAllan, the author, would consider a book if he deems such a bulky volume merely an essay. The contents are marked by thoughtfulness and close reasoning; all, therefore, who have open minds on the question of woman suffrage should study the arguments before coming to a definite conclusion. A very seasonable book is "Tricks with Cards," by Professor Hoffman (Frederick Warne and Co.). The explanations are so lucid that even the novice in card-conjuring will scarcely require the diagrams that accompany the text. We have tried to perform several of the tricks, and although our efforts so far have provoked more derision than admiration among the younger generation, we feel perfectly confident of achieving success by, say, this time next year.

Always of high merit, "Beeton's Annual" (Ward, Lock, and Co.) comes well to the front on the present occasion with a sensational story, entitled "The Wave of Brain Power." Its author, Sir Gilbert Campbell, has steadily pushed his way through the ruck of novelists, and is now very little behind the leaders. The story shows great and sustained power throughout. Of "Misery Junction, and other Stage Stories," by Richard-Henry (Fuller), very little can be said in praise. One would need to be stage-struck in a very pronounced degree to appreciate such uninteresting stuff. "Bound by Love," by E. V. D. (Arrowsmith), is of higher quality, but here again the demon of dulness must have sat by the author's side. For a work of fiction, with an element of love woven into its plot, no funnier title than "Soapsuds" (Drane) could well have been chosen. We must give credit to the authoress, Mrs. Anne Finch-Hatton, for her ingenuity in that respect. Otherwise there is little to commend in her workmanship.

"The Entr'Acte Annual" for 1890 is excellent change for sixpence; the humorous portraits of leading actors are alone worth five times the money. Each reproduces some curious trait, trick, or affectation of the sitter, so that the likenesses are as characteristic as comic.

"Barnum and Jumbo's A. B. C." is a comic nursery book, full of gorgeously coloured illustrations, representing the leading performers at "the greatest show on earth," with considerable variations from the originals. There is a good deal of broad humour in some of the pictures.

"Whitaker's Almanack," which Lord Beaconsfield once quoted as an authoritative work of reference, contains more matter than ever in its issue for 1890. It is extraordinary how any people can manage to get on without this handy compendium of every day knowledge. We are, for instance, frequently asked to give the particulars of marriage by banns, by license, or at the registrar's. All necessary information on that head will be found in "Whitaker," while the statistics it gives would set up a Radical M.P. with a full stock of accurate figures for the rest of his Parliamentary career. In a word, a household treasure.

THE COMIC SIDE OF ART.

On Saturday, at the Victoria Gallery, Regent-street, Mr Gurney Benham delivered a lecture on "The Comic Side of Art." He said that from the earliest times grotesque representations of the various subjects which had engrossed the attention of the people in the age in which they lived had been made. It was a significant fact that when any nation had become prosperous comic art began to prevail. He contended that humour entered into the eye, and was then portrayed by the hand, and as the world had grown older and wiser the quality and quantity of pictorial humour had improved and increased. The lecturer dealt first with the works of the Egyptians, which existed probably 2,000 years B.C., and stated that they were the oldest on record with the exception of the Chinese. He gave diagrams of the different specimens which caused considerable amusement, and traced the gradual improvement that took place in the subjects portrayed and the manner in which they were executed. Most of their humorous sketches were engraved on vases. Mr. Benham then dealt with the Roman caricatures, which, he said, were similar in style to those of the Greek. A very old one which had been found in Rome was evidently an attack upon Christianity, and a few years ago some interesting relics of a similar description had been found at Colchester which was a well-known depository of Roman remains. He then passed on to the Middle Ages, showing the rude art of the Anglo-Saxons, and went on to describe the works and pointing out the differences in style of many well-known caricaturists of the present day, and concluded by drawing humorous sketches as portrayed by the artists of the comic papers. On the walls of the room in which the lecture was delivered specimens of the work of the most famous artists that had ever lived were exhibited.

The royal baron of beef intended for the Queen's Christmas table was exhibited on Saturday by Mr. [illegible]dborough, her Majesty's purveyor, on the Castle Hill at Windsor. The great joint, which was decorated with ribbon and evergreens, weighed 300lb.

The Best on Earth.—Ladies are the best judges of Tea, and in spite of allurements of low prices, and consequently low quality, will have the best Tea. This has for sixty years been shown by their always preferring Horniman's Tea. "Always Good, Purest, Strongest, Cheapest, and Best. Always Good alike." Sold only sealed in packets, by 400 Confectioners in London, and 4,000 Chemists in the Country.—[Advt.]

EXPLOSION OF AN ARTILLERY MAGAZINE.

Loss of Life.

On December the 19th a shell exploded in the Great Artillery Magazine at Baku. The explosion set fire to the building, and the flames spread with great rapidity from one section to the other, until the entire magazine was destroyed. When the fire reached the part where the shells and rockets were stored, there began a succession of terrific explosions, which suggested the idea of a fierce bombardment. One report followed another until the noise became deafening. The flames passed to the rifle cartridge department, where some 100,000 cartridges were kept, all of which were destroyed. When the first explosion occurred there were twelve artillerymen in the magazine, and of these four were killed and four injured. The remainder were able to make good their escape.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

Early on Saturday morning the shipyard belonging to Messrs. Harkess and Co., Middlesbrough, was destroyed by fire. The shipyard adjoining, the property of Messrs. Craggs, was also partially destroyed.——The yarn piece warehouse of Messrs. Mitchell and Shepherd, Spring Mill-street, Bradford, was also destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The loss, which is covered by insurance, will amount to about £3,000.—On Saturday a fire broke out in the drapery establishment of Mr. Barnet, Trelowarren-street, Camborne, and spread so rapidly that the whole place was destroyed in fifty minutes. The premises of Mr. Thomas, which are situated exactly opposite, were also damaged, as was also the hairdressing establishment of Mr. Russell.——At half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon a fire broke out in the extensive premises of Lee and Company, London-road, Forest Hill. The premises had been decorated for Christmas, and some gauze and ball dresses in one of the windows caught fire. It seemed as though the flames would soon envelop the entire premises, and as the place was full of customers and assistants at the time considerable excitement prevailed. Fortunately, however, a telephone to the Forest Hill Fire Station had been fixed that day, and a call brought such prompt assistance that the West Kent Volunteers were on the spot and at work in two and a half minutes. The fire was confined to the window in which it broke out, and the damage done was comparatively trifling.

A THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

A telegram from Pesth states that the German Theatre there has been destroyed by fire. Although the firemen were quickly on the spot the flames spread with great rapidity, and the two lower storeys were soon ablaze. In a very short time the ceiling of the auditorium fell in, and an hour later the whole building collapsed. Owing to the great heat it was impossible to save any of the properties. Nothing is now left of the theatre, except the bare walls. How the fire originated has not yet been ascertained, but the most likely theory is that it was caused by one of the air-heating appliances, placed on each side of the auditorium. Another theory, is that it originated in the box-office. It is considered a mercy that the fire did not break out in the evening during a performance, as, owing to the construction of the building, the consequences might have been disastrous. General sympathy is expressed for the staff of the theatre, numbering two hundred persons, who have been thrown out of employment, and an appeal will be made on their behalf.

CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING.

Mr. J. Abernethy, C.E., F.R.S.E. (past president of the Institute of Civil Engineers), distributed the certificates and awards on Saturday afternoon to the successful students of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering.—The bronze medal of the School of Art, Science, and Literature was awarded to Mr. E. C. R. Nelson, who had obtained, during his course through the school, the necessary nine certificates, none of which were below third in order of merit.—The examiners reported that the work executed by the pupils had been thoroughly and practically done; and the result of the examination in lectures bore evidence to the eminently practical and theoretical nature of the curriculum. The colonial section was likely to prove useful to young men going out as settlers in undeveloped countries, where they had to depend upon their own resources.—Mr. Abernethy, in making the distribution, said that twelve years had elapsed since he last distributed the prizes to the pupils of that institution. The instruction given was sound and practical for the exercise hereafter of the profession of civil and mechanical engineering. He hoped that the training and knowledge which the students received in that school would be afterwards supplemented by careful study, particularly in the progress of science. He had visited the school and its accessories, and found that considerable progress had been made since his last visit, which reflected great credit on the perseverance and ability of the principal, Mr. Wilson, and his staff. Engineering was a profession which required incessant study. After being a practical engineer for half-a-century he was bound to admit that he had still much to learn. The works which he regarded at the time of their completion—years ago—as perfect, were now found to be below the standard required at the present day. He congratulated the directors on the position of the school, and hoped that it might be as successful in the future as it had been in the past.—Mr. Rait moved a vote of thanks to the directors and examiners for the part they had taken in promoting the interests of the school. He hoped the students when they went forth into the world would look back with pleasure to the day they had spent in that school. He urged them not to forget the good old maxim:—"Never to be above learning." He spoke of the strides which engineering had made during the last few years, and stated that it would probably be the privilege of many of the pupils present to witness greater improvements than the world had yet seen. He thought that electrical engineering was now only in its infancy.—The motion having been seconded, was agreed to.—The proceedings then terminated.

A telegram from Sydney states that the Parliament was prorogued on Saturday by Lord Carrington, the governor.

On Saturday the death was announced of Mrs Bell, the widow of the late Mr. Alderman Bell, of Grimsby, at the age of 100.

Dr. Macdonald received information on Saturday of the death of Jacob Boffoski, aged 11 weeks, whose parents live at 11, Milk-street, Spitalfields, and who was found dead in bed the previous day.

On Saturday afternoon George Tyrrell, aged 40 years, railway porter, in the employ of the London and North-Western Railway Company, living at No. 4, Tyer's-terrace, Vauxhall-street, Lambeth, was admitted to St Thomas's Hospital with serious injuries received at Broad-street Station.

On Saturday the directors of the Metropolitan Railway, through Messrs. Garthside, at Westbourne-terrace, and Mr. William Gosden, at Edgware-road, made a Christmas present, value in accordance with their several positions, to every member of the staff at the several offices and stations.

On Saturday Mr. Wynne Baxter received information of the death of James Webster, aged 49, a sailmaker on board the sailing ship Lady Joslyn, now lying in the East India Dock. Deceased was at work on board, when a block fell from aloft and struck him on the head, causing injuries which resulted in his death.

Kay's Compound for Coughs and Colds (Linseed, Aniseed, Senega, Squills, &c., with Chlorodyne), 1s. 1½d. Linum Catharticum Pills, a pleasant aperient, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., &c. Kay's Tic Pills, a specific in neuralgia, face ache, &c. Coaguline, the best Cement for broken articles, 6d., 1s. Chloro-Linseed Cough Lozenges, a medicated linseed extract, 6d. Sold by all Chemists.—[Advt.]

THE ATHERTON MURDER.

After two days' hearing at Leigh (Lancashire) Police Court, William Chadwick was on Saturday committed for trial on the charge of murdering Walter Davis, a pawnbroker's assistant, at Atherton, on July 22nd, under circumstances previously reported. In reply to the formal charge, the prisoner said "I am innocent; I am not guilty."

ASSOCIATION OF PUBLIC SANITARY INSPECTORS.

On Saturday an important discussion, adjourned from the beginning of the month, on a paper read before this association on the 7th inst. by Mr. E. Robins, the eminent architect and sanitary reformer, was brought to a conclusion at the Carpenters' Hall, London Wall. Before the discussion was resumed a letter from the clerk of the London County Council was read in reply to a communication addressed to it by the council of the association, calling the attention of the county authorities to the desirability of a consolidation of the numerous sanitary Acts. The Sanitary Committee of the L.C.C. had, the letter said, considered from time to time the matter brought under its notice, and it would continue to make every effort the opportunity afforded to remedy the unsatisfactory state of the laws regulating sanitary matters. The discussion, which was resumed by Mr. Tidman, C.E., turned chiefly on two points raised in the earlier part of the discussion, one by Mr. Robins, who recommended the association to apply to the Royal Institute of British Architects to obtain an authoritative definition of the status of the public sanitary inspector and of his qualifications and the other by the chairman (Mr. Alexander), who contended that the absence of a test of practical knowledge from candidates competing for the certificates of the Sanitary Institute tended to lower and not to raise the status of the public sanitary inspector. Mr. Tidman, followed in succession by Messrs. Edwards, Rickards, Osborne, Fairchild, Legg (secretary), and other inspectors supported the views of their chairman, and most of them expressed doubts as to the utility and propriety of the association going to any outside body for a definition of their duties or their status. The chairman, in winding up the discussion, said he was satisfied with the course of the discussion, which could not but have been of great service. A younger association than theirs had demanded to have two of its members put on the board of examiners of the Sanitary Institute, a suggestion also made by the secretary, Mr. Legg. Mr. Robins, in his reply, pointed out that his chief object had been to obtain from the association some light as to how far a knowledge of building construction, among other practical matters, was a necessity in candidates for the certificates of the Sanitary Institute, but he had received but little leading from the discussion. It was precisely because he proposed to champion their cause in the Sanitary Institute that he required the information, and with the same object he had suggested a reference for a definition of status to the R.I.B.A. A resolution submitted by Mr. Robins in favour of a reference to the R.I.B.A., as suggested, was accepted for the consideration of the council. Mr. Robins was cordially thanked for his paper and the great interest he had always shown in the welfare of the association.

ROBBERY AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

A robbery of a kind which is becoming of a very common occurrence in the football world took place on Saturday afternoon at the "Pavilion," Wormwood Scrubbs. The Kensington and Old Merchant Taylors' teams had just left their dressing-room, and proceeded to the ground of the former, when a smartly-dressed man, carrying a black bag, presented himself at the bar and asked for the key of the dressing-room, saying that he had turned up rather late for the game, and wanted to dress. The key was handed to him, and having gained access to the room he proceeded to rifle the pockets of the players, and "collected" about £12 and a few other articles, which, from the history attached to them, were invaluable. One side of the room was fairly well cleared out, except that the thief had only got the silver and left the gold in a few pockets. The other side of the room, for some reason, had not been touched. It is supposed that he had been disturbed and made his escape through a back window. Three years ago the Kensingtons suffered in a similar way at the same place.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, passed peacefully away on Saturday afternoon at a quarter to four o'clock, at the Imperial Hotel, Bournemouth, where he had been residing since the 3rd inst. for the benefit of his health. On Wednesday he caught a chill, and he became worse on Thursday, after which time he gradually sank.

BRUTAL ASSAULT BY POACHERS.

At Glamorganshire Assizes on Saturday, four poachers, named Williams, Spicer, Brown, and Smith, were found guilty of brutally assaulting the gamekeepers of Lord Bute. The prisoners were part of a gang of nine, and when disturbed attacked the keepers and policemen. A police-constable named Berry was so badly handled that he laid in a precarious condition for nearly a month. Brown and Smith were sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and the others to fifteen months' imprisonment.

SUICIDE OF A SOLICITOR.

A distressing case of suicide occurred on Saturday at No. 15, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, the victim being Mr. T. R. Smith, a member of the firm of Smith and Son, solicitors. Mr. Smith was found lying on the floor of the ante-room to his office, having shot himself through the left eye with a revolver. A servant went into the room about seven o'clock to light the gas, and stumbled over the body of Mr. Smith upon the floor. Before committing the deed the deceased gentleman had written a statement, which he laid upon the table of his desk. The last person to see him alive was Mr. Peacock, the managing clerk. The cause of the act is unknown. There is no suggestion of financial embarrassment, and as Mr. Smith suffered very much from sleeplessness it is thought that this may have had something to do with his rash act. The deceased was a man about forty-five years of age and unmarried.

The Grand Duke of Hesse left Osborne on Saturday. The baggage waggon, through the stumbling of the horse, broke down just after starting, whereupon the crew of the yacht Vivid, in which his highness travelled, removed the horse and themselves dragged the van to the railway station, which was reached punctually to time.

A greengrocer, named Alfred Frank Cox, was fined £5 and costs at Luton on Saturday for dealing in plate without a license. The attention of the Excise was attracted by the defendant's numerous advertisements in the *Exchange and Mart*. The Luton officer, writing in the name of his sister, purchased two rings from the defendant. The defence was that the articles defendant advertised were exchanged for bicycles, dogs, &c.

Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil.—Its Unequalled Efficacy in Consumption.—Dr. Sinclair Coghill, Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor, writes:—"For many years I have, in private practice, exclusively prescribed the Cod Liver Oil of Dr. de Jongh, from a large and intimate experience of its superiority as a remedial agent in appropriate cases to other Cod Liver Oils, ignorantly lauded on account of their comparative tastelessness and lightness of colour. More recently I have had, in the Royal National Hospital for Consumption here, an opportunity of instituting a more extensive and systematic comparison, and I have convinced myself that in tubercular and the various forms of Strumous disease, Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted. It was especially noted in a large number of cases in which the patients protested they had never been able to retain or digest other Cod Liver Oil, that Dr. de Jongh's Oil was not only tolerated, but taken readily, and with marked benefit. Dr. de Jongh's Oil is now the only Cod Liver Oil used in the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest." Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is sold only in capsuled imperial half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s. 9d.; quarts, 9s., by all chemists. Sole Consignees, Ansar, Harford, and Co., 210, High Holborn, London.—[Advt.]

MR. O'BRIEN'S ACTION AGAINST LORD SALISBURY.

In the Queen's Bench Division on Saturday before Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Manisty, the application for a new trial on behalf of the plaintiff, the arguments in which were heard in November, came before the court for judgment. The action was brought by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., against the Marquis of Salisbury to recover damages for libel contained in a speech made by the Premier at Watford, in the course of which he commented upon a speech made by Mr. O'Brien at Ballyneale, and imputed, it was said, to that hon. gentleman, incitement to crime and outrage. Mr. Justice Field said the action was tried before Mr. Justice Stephen at the last summer assizes at Manchester, when a verdict was given for the defendant. A new trial was asked for on the ground of misdirection and that the verdict was not warranted by the evidence. Having referred to the position of the parties, the learned judge said that of course in that court political considerations had no place. Those who claimed or denied the right to compensate were relegated to the simple position of litigants, and were deprived of all social and political attributes except so far as the consideration of them was required for the elucidation of the questions at issue. Having dealt with the history of the National League, and the system of boycotting land-grabbers, the learned judge said on September 30th, 1888, Mr. O'Brien made a speech at Ballyneale to a meeting of some 4,000 or 5,000 persons, in which he made a strong appeal to the people of Tipperary in favour of boycotting, which Lord Salisbury in his speech at Watford considered would be understood by those who heard or read it as conveying the meaning that land-grabbers in the neighbourhood where the language was used should be treated in the future as they had been in the past. The plaintiff took the innuendo in the remarks of Lord Salisbury to be that he (Mr. O'Brien) had solicited and incited those who heard him to murder, rob, and commit other agrarian outrages upon men who took unlet farms. He (Mr. Justice Field) had come to the conclusion, after carefully considering the whole matter, that Mr. Justice Stephen directed the jury rightly, that the jury fully understood the question they had to decide, and there was no ground for disturbing the verdict. The plaintiff had a full and fair trial, with the assistance of able counsel, and the motion must be dismissed, with costs.—Mr. Justice Manisty concurred, and a new trial was refused.—Mr. Gully applied on behalf of the plaintiff for a stay of execution in view of an appeal.—Mr. Justice Field said the best course would be that the taxation should proceed, the defendant's solicitor undertaking to return the costs if the plaintiff was ultimately successful.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND.

On Saturday afternoon a special meeting of the board of delegates was held at the offices of the Hospital Saturday Fund, Mitre-court, Temple. Mr. H. N. Hamilton presided.—The report of the distribution committee was received and adopted. The amount set aside for distribution was £12,000, as against £10,000 last year, the number of participating institutions being 146 as against 137 last year. Among the institutions to participate for the first time are the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, Margate, and the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath, receiving £103 and £141 5s. In the list the following are the amounts to be received by the chief metropolitan institutions:—King's College Hospital, £186 5s.; London, £602 11s.; Charing Cross, £200 2s.; Middlesex, £305 11s.; Guy's, £536 11s.; North-west London, £105 3s.; Great Northern Central, £83 19s.; Royal Free, £188 9s.; St. George's £313 19s.; St. Mary's, £294 4s.; University College, £181 3s.; West London, £144 7s.; Westminster, £215 2s.; French, £58 17s.; German, £133 5s.; Italian, £50 14s.; Poplar, £88 9s.; Tottenham, £105 19s.; Seamen's, £126 15s.; Metropolitan Free, £45 9s.; Miller Memorial, £74 1s.; Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), £585 9s.; Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, £140 3s.; North London for Consumption, £140 7s.; City of London for Diseases of the Chest, £273 15s.; Royal National for Consumption, £131 5s. The latter five hospitals for consumption have already received preliminary grants of £50 each. The grant of the St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester-square, is for the present withheld, pending the report of the auditor appointed by the board, as resolved at the last board meeting.

THE PROPOSED LABOUR EXCHANGE.

A delegate meeting of the London Trade's Council was held on Saturday at the White Swan, Whitefriars, Mr. C. Freak (Boot Rivetters and Finishers Society) in the chair. Mr. McDonnelly (Tailors Society) introduced the subject of the proposed Labour Exchange for London. Mr. Buckland moved: "That this council gives its hearty approval to the establishment of a Labour Exchange in London, similar to the Bourse de Travail in Paris.—Mr. Spencer seconded the motion.—Mr. Morrison moved as an amendment: "That it be an instruction to the executive to interview the Charity Commissioners for an explanation of their scheme to see if room can be provided for the meetings of trades unionists."—Mr. Tom Mann seconded the amendment.—The secretary, Mr. Shipton, suggested that the subject should be adjourned for a month, and that in the meantime the executive should have an interview with Mr. Austin, the secretary of the Charity Commissioners.—This course was adopted, and then the council adjourned.

STOKE NEWINGTON CONCERT.

Miss Grace Reede's concert, at the Assembly Rooms, Defoe-road, N., was in every way successful, despite a somewhat meagre attendance occasioned by the wretched weather. The programme was a full one, protracted by long "waits," but the entertainment was brightened by some excellent singing and playing. Mr. Robert Jones, who has a fine bass voice, yet with production just a little faulty, sang "My Queen" (Pinsuti), and for an encore "Thy sentinel am I," while Miss Z. Monteith and Miss Agnes Valleris also contributed vocally. Mr. Val Marriott, with excellent technique, played violin solos which were warmly appreciated, and Miss Reede, who has a remarkably fine touch, rendered Scarletti's "Sonata in A" and Schubert's "Impromptu in E flat" in an intelligent manner.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife were present at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday.

Telegraphing from Berlin, a correspondent states that Herr von Zastrow, Under-secretary of State in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, died suddenly on Saturday at the age of 56.

Mr. W. F. Cribb died at his residence, 58, Southampton-road, Hampstead, on the 19th inst. The deceased, who was in his 69th year, was the second son of the late Tom Cribb, champion of England. He was in employ of the General Post Office for over thirty years. His remains will be interred at Finchley Cemetery.

Mr. Wynne E. Baxter was last week informed of the death of Edward Cushion, age 15, a van-boy, late of 6, Huntsley-street, Bethnal Green. Deceased was admitted to the London Hospital on Thursday, the 12th of this month, with injury to the neck, caused by being run over by a heavily-laden van, and he died on Saturday from the effects.

Forget Me Not.

Hudson's Soap
Reduces the Hours of Labour.

Though you Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour!

☞ Never wash, clean, or scour without using Hudson's Soap. A pure Dry Soap in fine powder. Rapid washing, foaming lather, leaves no smell.—[Advt.]

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ASSAULTING A DAUGHTER.

At the Central Criminal Court last week, John Bagshawe, 30, was indicted for feloniously assaulting his daughter, Elizabeth Bagshawe, a girl under 13 years of age. Mr. Hutton prosecuted for the Society for the Protection of Children.—It was stated that the prisoner was a married man, and resided with his two children, the girl Elizabeth and a younger child, a boy, at Holloway. According to the evidence of the girl, one Sunday morning, while her mother was absent, the prisoner got into the bed where she and her brother were lying and committed the offence alleged.—The prisoner, who appeared to have denied from the first that there was any foundation for the charge that was made against him, put several questions to the child, and in reply to one of them she replied that her mother had told her to tell the story she had done, but she still persisted in her statement that the prisoner had acted as she had stated.—The prisoner, in reply to the charge, declared that he was entirely innocent, and that it had been made against him by his wife and his mother-in-law, and he expressed his readiness to go into the witness-box and give evidence on oath.—He was accordingly sworn, and he repeated substantially what he had before stated in the dock, and declared that he was entirely innocent of the offence that was imputed to him.—The jury, after some deliberation, found the prisoner not guilty, and he was ordered to be discharged.

Shortly before six on Saturday morning, a carpenter, named Frederick Braine, aged 31 years, residing at No. 105, Stockwell-road, was found down an area suffering from shocking injuries. He was immediately removed to St. Thomas's Hospital.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SMALL SIZE. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
For Torpid Liver and Headache.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Regulate Liver and Bowels.
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SMALL SIZE. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.
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VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.
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VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.
VIOLENT COUGH EXHAUSTED ME.

"94, Commercial-road, Peckham, July 12, 1888.
"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your lozenges have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of tracheotomy (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) and getting on well, performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for abductor paralysis of the vocal chords no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; indeed, it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, "J. HILL.
"Mr. T. Keating."

MEDICAL NOTE.
The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the relief from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a really severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

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"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better cough medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief. If you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest drugs skilfully combined.
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HAIR DARKENER.
GOLDEN, LIGHT BROWN,
DARK BROWN AND BLACK.
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Pot. Simple to apply and most effective.
AN EMINENT LONDON PHYSICIAN says—
"I have no hesitation in recommending Morphy's Walnut Pomade as a very effective Hair Darkener and a perfectly harmless preparation. The ingredients employed in its manufacture are conducive to the natural growth of the hair.
"Gilbert Lynn, M.A., M.D., &c. &c."
MORPHY'S ORIENTAL DEPILATORY POWDER.
The Safest, Best, and Most Successful
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Removes easily and effectually Hair disfiguring the Lips, Hands, and Cheeks.
Guaranteed harmless. 1s. per Packet.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
(THE PREMIER THEATRE OF LONDON).
Lessees, The OPERA COMPANY (Limited).
Managing Director, HENRY J. LESLIE.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, a Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled CINDERELLA, written by Richard Henry. The lyrics by Clement Scott. Scenery and Costumes by Charles Harris. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon, Miss MINNIE PALMER (specially engaged for the part of Cinderella) and the Most Powerful Company ever seen in Pantomime.—Doors open at 7.0. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5.0.—Morning Performances of CINDERELLA, Wednesday and Saturday next, and Daily after January 6th.—No early doors. First come first served. Doors open at 1.0, commence at 1.30. Seats may now be secured.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LYCEUM.
THE DEAD HEART.
A Story of the French Revolution.
EVERY EVENING at 8.0 o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. HENRY IRVING, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Haviland, Miss Phillips and Miss ELLEN TERRY.—Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5.0; seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

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A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.
EVERY EVENING at 8.0, the New and Original Drama, by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, entitled LONDON DAY BY DAY. Characters by Mr. George Alexander, Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, Lionel Rignold, W. L. Abingdon, Theo Balfour, M. Rolle, Howard Russell, F. Northcote, W. Northcote, and the following: Miss Olga Brandon, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Kate James, Miss Charlotte Elliot, Miss Mary Rorke, &c.—Doors open 7.30. FOLLY'S VENTURE at 7.15.—Box-office open 10.0 to 5.0. The Theatre Lighted Entirely by Electricity.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, Henry Pettitt and George R. Sims' Powerful Play, MASTER AND MAN, in which the following popular artists will appear:—Messrs. Henry Neville, J. H. Barnes, Robert Pateman, E. W. Gardiner, Sidney Howard, Charles Dalton, Sam Sothern, Fred Shepherd, George Dalziel, E. Mayeur, E. Webster Lawson; Miss Fanny Brough, Mrs. Frank Huntley, and Miss Bella Pateman.
Doors open 7.15, commence 7.45.—Box-office (Mr. A. Frye), open daily from 10.0 till 5.0. Seats at all the Libraries.
SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE, THIS DAY (Saturday), December 28th, At 2.30; doors open at 2.0 o'clock.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, GEORGE EDWARDES.
EVERY EVENING at 8.0 punctually, the New Burlesque, RUY BLAS AND THE BLASE ROUE. By A. C. Torr and Herbert Clark. Music by Herr Meyer Lutz. In which Miss Nellie Farren, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Letty Lind, Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. Dalton Somers, and Mr. Fred Storey will appear. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Herr Meyer Lutz.—MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, January 4th, at 2.0.—Box-office open daily from 10.0 to 5.0.

STRAND THEATRE.
CHILDREN must see OUR FLAT, the Funniest Farcical Comedy in London. Every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30. Every Evening at 8.40. Preceded at 8.0, by BOYS WILL BE BOYS.—Secure your seats a month in advance to avoid disappointment.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.40,
CASTE.
Hon. George D'Alroy ... Mr. Leonard Boyne.
Captain Hawtree ... Mr. Arthur Elwood.
Eccles ... Mr. David James.
Sam Gerridge ... Mr. Charles Brookfield.
Marquise de St. Maur... Mrs. Charles Poole.
Esther Eccles ... Miss Olga Brandon.
Polly Eccles ... Miss Lottie Venne.
Preceded by, at 8.0, SUNSHINE.
—Doors open 7.45. Box-office open from 10 a.m. till 10.0 p.m. Telephone 3,844.—Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Hastings.
N.B.—MATINEE of CASTE Every Saturday, at 2.30.

SAVOY THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30, THE GONDOLIERS; or, The King of Barataria, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Frank Wyatt, W. H. Denny, Wallace Brownlow, Metcalf, Rose, De Pledge, Wilbraham, Gilbert, and Courtice Pounds: Mesdames Geraldine Ulmar, Rosina Brandram, Decima Moore, Bernard, Lawrence, Cole, Phillis, and Jessie Bond. Musical Director, Mr. F. Cellier.—Doors open 8.0.
SAVOY THEATRE.—Morning Performance of THE GONDOLIERS Every Saturday at 2.30. Doors open at 2.0.—Box-office open daily from 9.0 a.m. till 11.0 p.m.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
RETURN of Mr. J. L. TOOLE for Series of Seven Weeks' Farewell Performances prior to his departure for Australia.—For Five Nights only, at 7.45, BESTON SPEEGE, At 8.15, DOT (Caleb Plummer, Mr. J. L. Toole). THE STEEPLECHASE; or, Toole in the Pigskin. Doors open at 7.0; commence at 7.30.—Last Morning Performance of DOT on Saturday, January 4th. Doors open 2.0.—Saturday Night, January 4th, for Six Nights only, PAUL PRY and DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Box-office open daily 10.0 to 5.0.
THE BUNGALOW, the greatest success of modern times. Received with Roars of Laughter and Thunders of Applause.—Every Afternoon, at 3.0 (except Saturday), THE BUNGALOW, a New Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts, by Fred Horner. Preceded at 2.15, by ON TOAST. Doors open at 2.0. Seats may now be booked at all Box-offices. The Evening Performances will be resumed on February 12th. Box-office open daily from 10.0 till 5.0.—Author, Mr. Fred Horner. Acting-manager, J. E. Hollingshead.—TOOLE'S.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
EVERY EVENING, the successful Comedy - drama, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART, by Robert Buchanan (28th time). Messrs. Thomas Thorne, Cyril Maude, Wheatman, F. Grove, C. Harbury, J. S. Blythe, Stanley Hope and Fred Thorne; Miss Ella Banister, Sylvia Hodson, Coraline Owen, L. Rivers, Dot Mayne, and Kate Phillips.—Box-office open daily, 10.0 to 5.30.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON.
MR. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPEREAN COMPANY Every Evening, at 8.0, in Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Doors open 7.30. Overture 7.45.—Box-office open 10.0 to 5.0.—Acting-manager, Mr. H. Jalland. Electric light. No Fees.—MATINEES of MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Saturday, December 28th; and every following Saturday, until further notice.—Doors open at 2.0, Commence 2.30.—Children Half-price to Stalls and Dress Circle to Matinees.

PRINCE OF WALES'.
Mr. HORACE SEDGER, Lessee and Manager.
THE CARL ROSA LIGHT OPERA COMPANY Every Evening at 8.15, in PAUL JONES (Last Weeks), by Planquette, with the following Cast:—Misses Phyllis Broughton, Esmé Lee, and Camille D'Arville; Messrs. Harry Monkhouse, Templer Saxe, Albert James, W. Cheesman, George Preston, A. T. Hendon, and Henry Ashley. Preceded at 7.30, by JOHN SMITH. Musical Director, Mr. T. Stanislaus. Admission as usual. Doors open at 7.0.—MORNING PERFORMANCE Every Saturday, at 2.30.—Box-office open continuously from 10.0 a.m. to 10.0 p.m.

LYRIC THEATRE,
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, HENRY J. LESLIE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a New Comedy Opera, in Three Acts, entitled THE RED HUSSAR, by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. Preceded at 7.45, by WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.—Doors open at 7.30.—MATINEE Every Saturday, at 2.30.—Box-office open from 9.0 a.m. till 11.0 p.m.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Mr. WILLARD and Mr. JOHN LART, Lessees and Managers.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. JOHN LANCASTER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, a New and Original Four-Act Play, by Henry Arthur Jones, called THE MIDDLEMAN. Mr. Willard, Messrs. Mackintosh, E. W. Garden, H. V. Esmond, Royce Carleton, Ivan Watson, Cecil Crofton, Wm. Marsh; Miss Maude Millett, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Agnes Verity, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss St. Ange, Miss Eva Moore.—Doors open 7.30, carriages 11.0. Box-office 10.0 to 5.0. Telephone 3,800.—Acting-manager, Mr. W. H. Griffiths; Treasurer, Mr. Gilbert Tate.

GARRICK THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HARE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, LA TOSCA, a Play in Five Acts, by Victorien Sardou, adapted into English by F. H. Grove and Henry Hamilton. Messrs. John Hare, Forbes Robertson, B. Hatton; Messrs. L. Waller, H. Waring, B. Gould, C. Farquhar, L. D'Orsay, C. Dodsworth, C. Hudson, F. H. Knight, F. Powell, R. Power, S. Pringle, R. Harding, and J. Forbes Robertson.—Address applications for seats to Box-office open from 10.0 a.m. to 5.0 p.m. Doors open at 7.30 p.m.—Acting-manager, Mr. C. G. Compton.

ROYALTY THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.45, ARTHUR ROBERTS in the Christmas CORSICAN BROTHERS, by Cecil Raleigh and Walter Slaughter. Messrs. Deane Brand, John Clulow, Joseph Wilson, Augustus Wheatman, G. B. Prior; Mesdames Kate Cutler, Amy Liddon, Edith Kenward, Mimi St. Cyr, &c. Preceded at 7.45, by THE OPERA CLOAK. Doors open 7.30.—Box-office open daily from 10.0 to 5.0. Telephone No. 3354.
ROYALTY.—TRA LA LA TOSCA, a Per-Version of La TOSCA, by F. C. Burnand. Music by Florian Pascal, will shortly be produced. Messrs. Margaret Ayrtoun, Miss Agnes Delaporte, and Mr. Arthur Roberts.—Full particulars will be shortly announced.

NOVELTY THEATRE,
GREAT QUEEN-STREET, W.C.
EVERY EVENING,
At 8.0,
BEATRICE STRAFFORD,
The Great Emotional Actress,
in
EAST LYNNE.
Popular Prices.
Box-office daily 10.0 to 5.0

ROYAL MARYLEBONE THEATRE.
Sole Lessee, Mr. ENRIQUE COLCHESTER.
Manager, Mr. GEORGE CLAREMONT.
ON Monday, 30th, New Year's Day, January 1st, and every following Monday at 1.30, and Evenings at 7.30, the Grand Christmas Pantomime of ALADDIN; or, The Wonderful Lamp, written by Fred Locke. Gorgeous Scenery by Mr. Charles Brew. Characters by Misses Lizzie Boone, Ida Rosella, Alice Melville, Marie Crichton, Marion Wilson, Cherry Dancers, and Therese Waldon; Messrs. Fred Owen, Tom Wallace, George Hillier, Frank Royston, Fred Wills, Hellis, and Muky, Miss Emilie Scott and Troupe.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 precisely, a New Drama, in Four Acts, entitled
A MAN'S SHADOW.
Adapted from "Roger la Honte," by Robert Buchanan. Messrs. Tree, Fernandez, Kemble, C. Collette, E. M. Robson, Allan, Hargreaves, Tapping, Gurney, Harwood; Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Norreys, Miss Minnie Terry, and Mrs. Tree. At 7.45, GOOD FOR NOTHING. Doors open 7.30.—Box-office open 10.0 till 5.0 (Mr. Leverton), where seats, from 2s. upwards, may be booked by letter or telegram. Pit Circle (unreserved), 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.
MORNING PERFORMANCES on Saturday Next and following Saturday, at 2.30.

AVENUE THEATRE.
NOTICE.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.
EVERY EVENING, at 9.0 o'clock, the favourite Burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD, with new and popular music arranged by John Crook. Preceded, at 8.15, by LA ROSE D'AUVERGNE, by Offenbach; and a One-Act Comedietta, at 7.45, IN THE EXPRESS. Messrs. Albert Chevalier, Alec Marsh, Joseph Tapley, George Sinclair, George Capel, H. V. Shone, Harry Grattan, Willie Warde, and Arthur Roberts; Mesdames Marie Linden, Minnie Byron, Henrietta Polak, Violet Evelyn, Isabel Ellison, Amelia Grahn, Maria Davis, &c. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Incidental Dances arranged by W. Warde. Conductor, Mr. John Crook. Produced by Mons. Marius. Doors open at 7.15.—Box-plan now open.—R. D'Albertson, Business-manager.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Manager, Mons. C. D. MARIUS.
EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, the LONDON JUVENILE OPERA COMPANY (Fifty Performers) in the Christmas Edition of THE BELLES OF THE VILLAGE, with New Songs, New Dances, and New Effects, introducing an Old-Fashioned Harlequinade. Scenes, Hartington, Pantaloon, F. Mitrop; Harlequin, M. Macewin; Columbine, Rose Killer. Grand Fairy Ballet. Principal Dancers, Rose Kilner and Rose Begarnie. The Christmas Fairy, Goodwill, Miss Violet Lloyd.—Doors open 2.0 o'clock.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS,
ARGYLE-STREET, REGENT-STREET.
OPENS January 2nd, at 7.30.—Prettiest Sight in London, TE-OCEAN WAVE (Regates Hoch a Que), from the Paris Exhibition. The famous Roumanian Band, Vocal and Instrumental. First time in London. Diploma of Honour and Gold Medal Paris, 1889. Admission, One Shilling to Seven, except Private Boxes, entitling to One Sail. Children half-price. Open daily, 2.0 and 7.30. Band twice daily.

GEORGE SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE,
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD.
THE only establishment in the world where the Circus and Pantomime proper is given.—The Large Circus Ring and the Grand Stage, combined, with a staff of Professional Artists and Equestrians of the highest standing in the profession. This magnificent building has been entirely redecorated, the circus ring now forming a part of the stage for the spectacular pageant of the great pantomime.

GEORGE SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, at considerable outlay, has received all the modern comforts for the public and improvements, and will be found to present an appearance and cheerfulness unsurpassed by any similar establishment, and the joint Entertainment, Pantomime and Circus, will eclipse what has been advertised as the greatest show on earth, or any unresearched else.

GEORGE SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—New Company in Every Department will Produce Twice Daily, at 2.0 and 7.30, an Entertainment for Variety and Talent that stands alone far in advance of any place of Public Entertainment, and now witnessed the lavish expenditure upon the Production, the Prices of admission will be those of Former Years:—Grand Circle, 4s.; Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Circle Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; The Great Pit 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office open 10.0 to 5.0. Seats at all Libraries. Children under 10 Half-price to all parts except Gallery. No Fees. No Charge for Booking.

GEORGE SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Twice Daily, at 2.0 and 7.30, with 12 Numbers in the Great Circus Ring and Fifty Performers, followed by the Grand Comic Spectacular Pantomime, by W. Muskerry, entitled LADY GODIVA, HARLEQUIN ST. GEORGE, THE DRAGON, AND SEVEN CHAMPIONS. Lady Godiva, Miss Helen Capel; St. George, Miss Maud Haigh.

GRAND THEATRE, Islington.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. C. WILMOT.
NIGHTLY at 7.0, the Grand Christmas Pantomime ALADDIN, written by Geoffrey Thorn. New and Gorgeous Scenery. Bright and tuneful Music. Handsome New Costumes. Powerful Combination of Pantomime Celebrities, Messrs. J. Cheevers, C. Seel, A. Rivers, W. Sims, F. Walton, W. Curtis, H. Moore; & Almonti Troupe, Leopos, Three Princes, &c.; Mesdames Belle Black, Sara Beryl, Ritta Waton, F. Morrison, L. Wilmot, Mdlle. Elise, G. Leslie, &c. Harlequinade by the Almonti Troupe.—Morning Performances every Monday and Wednesday at 1.30. Children under 10 Half-price at Mornings only.—Business-manager, Mr. H. A. Freeman.

STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, A. MELVILLE.
EVERY NIGHT, at 7.15, Christmas Pantomime, SINBAD THE SAILOR. Misses Fanny Leslie, and Powerful Company, including Miss Maude Branscombe. Magnificent Scenery and Effects. Also an Pantomime. Day Performances Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1.15, till further notice.—Box-office open from 11.0 till 4.0.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.
Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.0, the Brilliantly Successful Grand Pantomime, YE BOLD BAD BARON, by J. Addison. Magnificent Scenery and Effects. Superb Transformation Scene. Mr. Walter Munroe, Mrs. S. Lane, and Mr. Willie Crackles; Misses Millie Howes, Edith French, Massey, Floretta; Messrs. Walter Gardiner, G. Bigwood, Paragon Quartette, and Brilliant Company. Good Old-fashioned Harlequinade by Dutch Brothers and Troupe.—Morning Performances Every Monday and Thursday at 1.0.

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Freehold Proprietor, Mr. D'ESTERRE.
A West-end Theatre in the South.
The Most Handsome and Commodious Theatre in London.
The Theatre has been Newly decorated throughout by Messrs. J. Jones and Co., 115, High Holborn.
EVERY EVENING at 7.0, will be Produced an Entirely New and Original Pantomime, entitled
SWEET CINDERELLA AND PRINCE TO-BE-LOVED;
or, Three Jolly Butcher Boys all of a Row.
Written expressly for this Theatre by Head G. French.

SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
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SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET
SWEET	CINDERELLA	SWEET

Company Unprecedented:
Miss NELLIE BROWN
Miss Norrie Brandon, Mr. Frank Poynton, Sisters Lincoln, Mr. Fred Harrington, Miss Jessie Noir, Mr. J. G. Johnson, Miss Rose Crawford, Mr. James Wieland, Miss Lottie Bassett, Mr. James Durham, Clara Graham, Miss Charlie Graham, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. Julian Fleuret, Miss Florrie Vincent, Adele de Loura, Mr. Julian Fleuret, Miss Florrie Vincent, Messrs. RICE and MELROSE.
Mr. George Skinner, Miss Marie Stuart, Mr. Fred Carlos. Beautiful Scenery, including the Magnificent TRANSFORMATION.
Specially designed and painted by Mr. Charles Grimani. Mechanical Effects and Properties by Mr. Walter Lea; Gas Arrangements by G. Jarrett; Gorgeous Dresses, by Miss Baldwin; Limelight Effects by Mr. Joseph Wells; Music composed, selected, and arranged by Mr. Hunt G. French. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. George Skinner. Morning performances daily at 1.30. Box-office open from 11.0 till 5.0.—Acting-manager, Mr. T. Crawford.

PAVILION THEATRE, Mile End, E.
MORNING PERFORMANCES of the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, every Monday and Saturday, at 2.0; Evenings, at 7.15. Magnificent Scenery, splendid Dresses, powerful and attractive Cast. Brothers Polaski, Lay, English, McCulloch, Grovini Troupe, Reeves, Herbert, Rose, and Herbert, Mesdames Gilbert, Melnotte, Reeve, Sisters Lovell, Bishop, Chester, and E. Vane. Children under 10 half-price to mornings only.—Stage-manager, Isaac Cohen.

THEATRE ROYAL, Stratford, E.
Proprietor, Mr. ALBERT FREDERICKS.
A West-end Theatre in the East.
EVERY EVENING at 7.30, the Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, by Robert Overton, Esq. The Overture and Incidental Music composed by Mr. G. Stirling Forbes, The Original Music composed by Mr. G. Stirling Forbes. The Scenery by Messrs. Holland and Fredericks. The Best Pantomime Company in London, including the following Artistes:—The Sisters Archer, Miss Amy Elian, Miss Florrie Florence, Sisters Western, the Abrys, and Miss Rose Fredericks; Messrs. Harry Thydora, E. Ward Fawcett, George Kine, Edward Connolly, George Lake-Grange, Fred Thomas, and Fred Fredericks.
Pantomime produced by Mr. Charles Bennett.
MORNING PERFORMANCES Every Monday and Wednesday, at 1.30.

MORTON'S THEATRE, Greenwich.
WHITTINGTON AT THE MODEL HOUSE.
IF you miss all others, see THE GREENWICH DICK.—Twice daily, at 2 and 7.30. Fun, Talent, Scenery, and Real Pantomime this show will not be missed. Dresses, Seats, and Orchestra Stalls, 3s., and Private Boxes, 5s., booked in advance, without extra charge.—W. Morton, Box-office.

QUEEN'S, Poplar.
Managers, F. and M. ABRAHAMS.
EVERY EVENING until further notice, SANTA CLAUS, Christmas Story, by the Herberts Combination. BEWARE OF WIDOWS. Arthur Lloyd, Katie King, and Company. The Foy Gerton, Revene and Athea, Henri Clark, George Beauchamp, Nelly Lingard, Sisters Leonora, Joe Lawrence, Annie Dunbar, Michael Nolan, and Arthur Lloyd. Comic Vocalist.—Visitors coming by rail allowed 2d. in the gallery, 3d. in the pit, and 6d. in the boxes off advertised price of admission.

NEW STAR MUSIC HALL, Bermondsey.
GREAT SUCCESS of the HOLIDAY COMPANY.—On Monday NEXT and every Evening, Calder's Combination in Military Sketch, THE OUTPOST. New Scenery and Effects, each Evening at 7.30. Tom Callaghan, Florrie St. Clair, Herbert Campbell, Brothers Sisters, &c. Supported by Neville and Owen, Amy Belmore, Kello, F. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, Daventry and Howard, Kate Kello, Michael Nolan, Charles Osborne, Austin, Harry Lee, Seagrove Brothers, and Miss Kate Harvey, Nellie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, Brothers Newman, Onzello and Loo, and others. The Hall to be Let for Benefits.—Open at 7.0; Saturdays, 6.30.

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"THE HOME OF BALLET."
OPEN EVERY EVENING at 7.30.
ASMODEUS at 8.0 and OUR ARMY AND NAVY at 10.30. Signorina Bessone and Madame Rosiny, Mdlles. Spotti, Marie, Thurgate, Millie Sansoni, and Signor de Vincenti. Varieties by Mons. Trewey, Rosinsky and Avolio, Mr. Buckley's Performing Dogs, the Wonderful Yorikake Troupe, Bibb and Bobb, Harry Freeman, Miss Jennie Williams, the Almonti Troupe, Marie Freeman, Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.

ALHAMBRA.—HERR SANDOW and PROFESSOR ATTILA.—The DAILY TELEGRAPH says:—"Great was the enthusiasm with which was performed, a more splendid specimen of muscular development has seldom been seen. He is a veritable young Hercules. Sandow and Attila will draw all London."

THE EMPIRE.
LEICESTER-SQUARE.
TWO BALLETS.—DREAM OF WEALTH at 9.15; at 10.45, THE PARIS EXHIBITION, in which Ballets Signorina Palladino, Bettina De Sortis, Signor Albertieri, and Signorina Malvina Cavallazzi appear. VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, comprising Annie Dunbar, George Beauchamp, Quinzette Troupe, Sisters Watson, Sam Torr, Brewster Combination, Marinelli, the marvellous Female Clarinet Players, the Beautiful Geraldine, T. W. Barrett, the Craggs, Lydia Yeamans, Curtis D'Alton.—Grand Orchestra, Conductor, M. Leopold Wenzel.—Commence at 8.0. No free list.

LONDON PAVILION.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Change of Programme.—Signor Rapoli, in his Sensational Act of Balancing at the Top of an Unsupported Perpendicular Ladder, 25ft. in height. The Beautiful and Novel Dancing Quartette in the "Andalusian" Dance.

LONDON PAVILION.—The Best and Most Entertaining Company of Variety Artists in London.—Signor Rapoli, Herr Wallenda's Pack of Enormous Boarhounds, Miss Bessie Bellwood, La Belle Amoros, Charles Coborn, Lieutenant Cole, Chalet Troupe, G. W. Hunter, Madame Bianchi, G. H. Macdermott, Marie Lloyd, Stewart and Francis, Brothers Horne, stella Lucia, Revere & d'Athas, the Larsen Troupe, Jenny Varner, and the "Andalusian" Dance by Miss Floretti, Misses Milton, and Miss C. Hornsby.

TROCADERO MUSIC HALL,
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.
Mr. SAM ADAMS, Sole Responsible Manager.
GRAND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY COMPANY.
EVERY EVENING.
EXCLUSIVE Engagement of MADAME VICTORINA, the STRONGEST WOMAN ON EARTH. THE MOST ASTOUNDING AND STUPENDOUS FEATS EVER PERFORMED. ECLIPSING SAMSON, SANDOW, and CYCLOPS. Messrs. Harry Moore, Dan Paulton, Medley, Fryna and Maud, Arthur Tinsley, Marriott, Arthur Corney, Griffin and Marks, Arthur Combes, and Leon Provost. Messrs. Mina Lind, Don Clifford, Mat Selby, Little Lizzie, Queenie Lawrence, Ancelina Fillis, Lena Jebb, Nellie Lingard, and La Petite Amoros. Open 7.0, commence at 7.30. Prices 6d to £1 1s.—MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY. ADDITIONAL ROWS OF STALLS HAVE BEEN PROVIDED. Programme and Prices same as Evening. Doors open 2.30, commence at 3.0. Carriages 11.30.

OXFORD.
CHRISTMAS COMPANY.—Monday, December 30th.—FEYDIN, French Hercules; Mdlle. Leplea, Daring Trapeze Artist; Arthur Coulson, Fanny Garton, Cyrus and Manda, with Donkey Bess; Florrie Leybourne, George Medley, the Mimic; Bella and Bijou, the Two Armstrongs, Marie Collins, Ryan and Richfield, Professor Newton, Ventriloquist; Annie Lyster, Brothers Horne, Boxing Entertainment; Arthur Corney, Charles Coborne, and others.—Open Every Evening at 7.30; Morning Performance every Saturday, at 2.0.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.—Grand Attractions.—Every Evening, Paul Martinetti's Renowned American Pantomime and Ballet Troupe, in his new and original Comedy Pantomime, entitled FAIRY NIGHT BY NIGHT, written and invented by P. Martinetti. Music composed by Mr. Desormes, of the Folies Bergère, Paris, and supported by Alfred Martinetti, Miss Josephine Martinetti, G. W. Craig, J. Heard, J. Deconta, A. Selby, and the inimitable Paul Martinetti, and sponsored by Auxiliaries, Lieutenant Walter Cole, Miss Lydia Yeamans, the Wondrous Masonas, the Brothers Horne and Miss Lydia Tyndale, the Marvellous Flying Weeds, Miss Lizzie Howard, Alf Chester, the Pridea, Harry Anderson, Miss Lizzie Howard, Alf Chester, the Frew Troupe, Marriott, Miss Fanny Gayton, Miss Kate Ray, Fred Weight, Walter Wynn, Joe Leybourne, Alf Gibbons, &c. The New Heavy-Weight Champion, and Jem Haines, Lancashire Champion, Middle-Weight, A new Nautical Sketch, by Messrs. Symes and Steventon, entitled THE DOOMED SHIP, in which will appear Messrs. Algernon Syms and Walter Steadman, of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton; and Mrs. Bennett, of the Surrey Theatre. New Scenery and Effects.—Doors open at 7.0, commence at 7.30.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

ROYAL, Holborn.
GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME, commenced December 23rd.—Special Engagement of Lockhart's Performing Elephants. G. H. Macdermott, the Popular Actor-Vocalist; Lydia Yeamans, Queen of Song; Bibb and Bobb, the Funny Comedians; Chowy, the Mascot, in a Novel Musical Absurdity; Yositaro, the Wonderful Jap; Marie Lloyd, Serio and Dancer; the Brantfords, American Variety Artists; Ottaway and Pepper; La Petite Bertoto, the Charming Trapeze Artiste; Nelly Navette, Charming Serio and Dancer; Bessie Bonehill, Singer and Vocalist; Jenny Valmore, Walsh, Melise, Veste Victoria, Characteristic Serio; Lieutenant Travis, the Premier Ventriloquist of the World; and others.—Evenings, 7.30; Saturday Matinees, 2.30.—Prices of admission from 6d. to £2 2s.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL,
MOGUL TAVERN, 167, DRURY-LANE.
MONDAY, and Every Evening.—Ryan and Richfield, Henry Hampton and A. C. Lilly, in THE HINGARIAR BROTHERS, Harry Anderson, the Bovanis, Mrs. Gertie Lloyd, Walsh and Langton, Brewster's Royal Banjo Band, Agnes Hazel, Kennedy and Allen, Amy Lyster, Maud Hilton, J. C. Heffron, Sisters De Castro, Michael Nolan, Earle, the Marvellous; Brothers Holmes, Lulu Maple.

ROYAL FORESTERS' PALACE OF VARIETIES,
CAMBRIDGE-ROAD, MILE END, E.
Proprietor, Mr. WILLIAM LUSBY.
GREAT SUCCESS of the Grand Naval Spectacle, TRAFALGAR, introducing 100 Artistes. New Scenery and Mechanical Effects, Waldron, Watson, and Naylor, Alf Chester, Harry Freeman, Bonny Kate Harvey, Agnes Hazel, Lottie Rowley, Sisters Rive, Tom Bass.—Prices 6d. to £1 1s. Half-price at 9.0 o'clock.—Manager, Wilton Friend.

GREAT CENTRAL HALL, Holborn.
Proprietor, Mr. W. T. FURLISS.
OPEN Every Evening with the popular PROMENADE SMOKING CONCERTS.—The Celebrated L'Orchestre Militaire, Conductor, Mr. Jas. A. Hamilton, Vocalists; Miss Waldeck Hall, Miss Grace Harlington, Mr. Dowell Balfe, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, supported by an Efficient Chorus; with other attractions. The Finest Hall in England; Carpeted, Warmed, and Ventilated. Popular Prices. Promenade, 6d.; Balcony, 1s. Doors open Every Evening at 7.30, commencing at 8.0.

SOUTH LONDON PALACE,
LONDON-ROAD, S.E.
Sole Proprietress, Mrs. J. J. POOLE.
DECEMBER 30th and Every Evening, New Sensational Sketch, HOMEWARD BOUND, introducing the Great Actor-Vocalist, Charles Godfrey, and Miss Cissy and Miss Florence Bennett. Passengers, Sailors, &c. Written and composed by E. W. Rogers and George Le Brunn. Splendid Scenery and Effects by Nicholas Hinchey, eclipsing all previous productions. Bessie Bellwood, Katy Lalkasas, T. W. Barrett, Brady and Johnson, George Beauchamp, Bonnie Kate Harvey, Harry Freeman, Marie Lloyd, George Bignell, Stewart and Francis, George Fearburn, Queenie Laurence, George Byford, Nellie Napier, and others.—Open at 7.0. Commence 7.30.—Manager, Mr. F. W. Law.

ROYAL CAMBRIDGE HALL OF VARIETIES,
COMMERCIAL-STREET, BISHOPSGATE, E.
Proprietor, Mr. W. RILEY.
GREAT SUCCESS of the Star Christmas Company.—G. H. Macdermott, Bessie Bellwood, G. W. Hunter, the Craggs Troupe, Tommy Barrett, Mason and Kivin, Lieutenant Travis, the Brantfords, Ryan and Richfield, Sisters De Castro, Harry Anderson, La Petite Bertoto, Brady and Johnson, Revene and Athea, Harry Freeman, Lily Napier.—General-manager, Mr. E. V. Page.

COLLINS'S MUSIC HALL,
ISLINGTON GREEN, N.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. HERBERT SPRAKE.
STUPENDOUS VARIETY COMPANY.—James Fawn, the Funny Comedian; the Brantfords, Arthur Combes, in a New Musical Monologue Entertainment, entitled THE CONVICT, Lotto and Lilo, Leon Provost, Ada Lundberg, Versatile Comedy; Arthur Le Clercq, Marsello and Millay, Leo Dryden, Minnie Clark, Poole's Minstrels, G. W. Hunter, Jessie Mandeville, Amy Lyster.—Assistant-manager, Mr. E. S. Barnes.

BEDFORD THEATRE OF VARIETIES,
HIGH-STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Grand New Programme.—Nelly Richards, Violet Harley, Sisters Grant, Kate Kello, Sisters De Laue, Florence Hoare, Austin Rudd, Tom Bassett, Young Trevethick, Daisy Lottie Angle, Trapeze Artiste, Sketch, CHRISTMAS EVE by 20 Artistes. Daventry and Howard, "Lifeboat"; Harry Freeman and Daughters, Forman Combination Troupe, in Sketch, DREADFUL ACCIDENT. Master Herbert, Lizzie Howard, Pat Carey.—Director, Captain Haynes.

HAMMERSMITH THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
GREAT SUCCESS of Grand Christmas Company.—GIBSON'S PERFORMING FISH, introduced by Madame Minnie Lowther. George Bolton, the Funny Comedian, Edwin Brown, Kate Kelly, Albert Johnson, and Nana. Bess, Performing Donkey; Cyrus and Manda, Fanny Gayton, Signor Borelli, Leo Dryden, Sisters Lorne and Ionesco, Edwin Penbagaley, Eva and May, the Performing Dogs, and Monkeys, Ellis and Mayne's Quintette, Joe Lawrence, the Two-Headed Nondescript; Arthur Tinsley, Paul Pelham, Sisters Lorne, Maddy, H. Fowler, Miss Durago, Will Bint, and Brown. Wait and Wee, the Two Chiug Coffs, the Marvels and Nelson, &c. Matinee every Saturday at 2.30. Doors open 7.0. Twice Daily. Extra Attractions on Saturday.

ROYAL STANDARD THEATRE OF VARIETIES
(OPPOSITE VICTORIA STATION, PIMLICO).
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. R. WAKE.
THE Mannons' Great Sketch, UNCLE YANK. J. P. Boston, Watson, Brothers Borani, Sam Torr, Brothers Ovesen, Sisters Loftus, Hill, Sisters Dwier, Sisters Coote, Sisters Brown, and Co.'s Great Sketch, MY WIFE'S FIRST BABY.

MARLOW'S NEW PALACE OF VARIETIES
(Late BOW MUSIC HALL), BOW-ROAD, E.
Sole Proprietor (the People's Comedian), Mr. F. MARLOW.
GRAND SUCCESS of the Star Christmas Company.—Monday, December 30th, and during the Week, J. P. Fanny Gayton, Signor Borelli, Leo Dryden, Sisters Captain Pike and his Marvellous Performing Fish, Nelly Napier, Yondo, the Two Chiug Goffs, the Marvels and others.—Open at 7.0; commence at 7.30. Prices of Admission: Reserved Stalls, 2s.; Stalls, 6d.; Balcony, 6d.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, 1889–90.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
NEWLY AND BEAUTIFULLY REDECORATED by Mr. Herbert Hessing, the eminent Decorator, of 175, Regent-street.
INSTALLATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
By the Acme Electric Works Company, of Ferdinand-st., N.W., and lighted from the new works of the Pall Mall Company.
THESE IMPORTANT ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS
Will render
THE MOORE AND BURGESS HALL
One of the
MOST ELEGANT AND ALSO THE COOLEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.
THE GRAND RE-OPENING PERFORMANCES
Will be given by the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
TO-MORROW (Monday), December 30th,
When their
NEW AND DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT
Produced on Boxing Day, will be given, in the
AFTERNOON AT THREE,
And again in the
EVENING AT EIGHT,
And repeated, until the 29th of January,
EVERY DAY AT THREE,
And
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
Tickets and places can be secured at Basil Tree's Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance. No booking fees. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area (Raised Seats), 2s.; Gallery (equal to the best seats at the West-end Theatres), 1s. The abolition of illuminating the Hall with gas has rendered the Gallery delightfully cool.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
NEWLY AND ELEGANTLY REDECORATED
And
ILLUMINED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL ENTERTAINMENT
CROWNED WITH THE GREATEST AND MOST GRATIFYING SUCCESS FROM OVERTURE TO FINALE.
Vide Notices in every one of the principal Newspapers.
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAYS,
EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE,
And
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30; and for the Evening Performances at 7.30.
There are no fees of any kind.
Programmes free.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY,
NOW ILLUMINED BY ELECTRIC LIGHT AND ELEGANTLY REDECORATED.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' Twenty-fifth Annual New Year's Entertainment,
EVERY DAY at THREE,
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
Re-engagement of the greatest Banjo Performer in the world Mr. E. M. HALL,
Who will appear at Every Performance.
Screams of laughter at the Two New Farces,
THE FOUR PROPHETS AND THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK,
in which those great popular favourites,
Mr. Eugene Stratton, Sam Raeburn, John Kemble, Tom Birchmore, Peter Brophy will all appear.
THE NEW MILITARY DRILL,
Arranged by Mr. W. G. Moore. The following and entirely new songs will be performed in the First Part:—"Madeline," "Down on the Farm," "With All Her Faults," "Writing on the Wall," "The Dutch Girl," "Sleep, My Babe," "My Nita," "The Old Settee," "Dreaming as She Slumbers," "In My Dreams I Hear Those Bells," &c., &c. Grand Operatic Finale, arranged by Mons. Chodon, in which the marvellous Male Soprano, Mr. Francis, by a large strength of the Magnificent Choir and Orchestra will appear. That universally renowned and Popular Comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE, will appear in an entirely new comic song, entitled "In My Dreams I Hear Those Bells," at every performance; and also present his latest Budget of side-splitting Stories.
ALTOGETHER THE BEST AND MOST CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON.

MOHAWKS.	ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.	CHRISTMAS
MOHAWKS.	Grand Success.	HOLIDAYS.
MOHAWKS.	Novelty all Through.	CHRISTMAS
MOHAWKS.	Everything Fresh.	HOLIDAYS.
MOHAWKS.	"Everything Good."	CHRISTMAS
MOHAWKS.	"The Christmas Tree."	HOLIDAYS.
MOHAWKS.	"In the Golden Groove."	CHRISTMAS
MOHAWKS.	New Songs and Jokes.	HOLIDAYS.
MOHAWKS.	New Ballads and Sketches.	CHRISTMAS
MOHAWKS.	Francis and Hunter, Proprietors.	HOLIDAYS.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL,
ISLINGTON.
Lessees, Messrs. H. and T. READ and F. BAILEY.
WORLD'S FAIR. THIS highly popular resort is now OPEN FOR SIX WEEKS, at 10.0 noon. The attendance during Boxing Day last year, at which a great counter-attraction, over 5,000 more persons passed the turnstile on the same day of last year, certainly a convincing proof of its increasing popularity.

WORLD'S FAIR. BLONDIN, Hero of Niagara, will appear in his intrepid performances every evening at 10.0 o'clock, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 4.0 o'clock. Every Wednesday Afternoon Blondin's funny and amusing performance as a French Chef, cooking omelets on his High Rope, causing roars of laughter.—"Watched with breathless silence, and accompanied by the cheers of the spectators."—Daily Chronicle. "Walking as young as ever."—Daily Telegraph.
The greatest 6d. worth in the world.

WORLD'S FAIR. THE BRILLIANT SISTERS ONGAR. These highly talented and clever sisters will appear every afternoon and evening.—"These artistes are very clever; their performances being graceful, intrepid, and novel."—Morning Advertiser. "They are very graceful and clever, and secured well-deserved applause."—Daily News.
The greatest 6d. worth in the world.

WORLD'S FAIR. GRAND STAR MENAGERIE. First appearance in London. "It is a very fine collection."—Daily Telegraph. SARGANO, the Lion King, at intervals daily. "He was literally the king of beasts, in the den of the kingly beasts to the wonderment of all."—Morning Advertiser. TELZERO, Queen of the Menagerie, with her Performing Elephants and Den of Performing Wolves, will also frequently appear during the afternoon and evening. "Most exciting performances."—Daily Chronicle.
The greatest 6d. worth in the world.

WORLD'S FAIR. A GRAND CIRCUS, Richardson's Show, Dogs and Monkeys, Assault-at-Arms Exhibition, and Grand Show, the Grand Opening parades, The Great Circular Switchback; the Favourite Channel Tunnel Railway (trips over and under Calais); Steam Galloping Horses, Trapeze Railway, New Patent Swings, Electric Light, Building property's ground, &c. Shooting Galleries, &c., Cocoanut Throwing, and all the Fun of the Fair.

WORLD'S FAIR. The Little Folks' Speciality, the Gigantic Xmas Tree laden with Toys, Dolls, Bon-bons, Trinkets, &c., and the base a realistic representation of the "Babes in the Wood."

WORLD'S FAIR. "If you wish to see a good entertainment and plenty of it, your destination should certainly be the Agricultural Hall, Islington."—Morning Advertiser.—"The most popular resort in London, easily accessible by rail, 'bus, or tram."—Daily Telegraph.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Under the Management of Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED and Mr. CORNEY GRAIN.
THE VERGER, by Walter Frith, music by King Hall; and Mr. Corney Grain's entirely New Holiday Sketch, A FAMILY PARTY. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8.0; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.0. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, W.

NIAGARA IN LONDON. 2nd YEAR. Nearly One Million Visitors.	COLOSSAL PICTURE OF THE GREAT FALLS. Original Effects by Philippoteaux. Pleasant Lounge, Music, Niagara Improved Sweetmeat Stores. Cheap Luncheons and Teas. Electric Light. Building properly warmed. Open from 10.0 a.m. No Fees. 10.0 to 10.0. YORK-STREET, WESTMINSTER (St. James's Park Station). NOTICE.—SUBTERRANEAN FAIRY PALACE of CHRISTMA TREES. Free Gifts to Children. No Extra Charge.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS'
EXHIBITION.
(Adjoining Baker-street Station.)
MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS' EXHIBITION.—Portrait Models of George Augustus Sala, F. T. Barnum, John Burns (and taken from life).
MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS' EXHIBITION (Adjoining Baker-street Station).—Over 400 Portrait Models of Celebrities of all Ages and Nations. Priceless Collection of Napoleonic Relics. Masterpieces of Eminent Painters. Superb Orchestral Performances and Organ Recitals throughout the day. Refreshments at Popular Prices. New and spacious smoking and Reading-rooms, Luxuriously Furnished, will be Opened for the use of Visitors.
MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS.—Unique Relics of the French Revolution of 1789. Models taken from the Heads of Revolutionists by Madame Tussaud's own hands. Mr. Marwick now added. Richard Pigott, the Forger.—CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

THE HANOVER ROOMS,
7, ARGYLL-STREET, REGENT-STREET.
NEW YEAR'S EVE,
PETITBAL.
Pupils' Ball, Twelfth Night. Tickets, 5s.
Assemblies Nightly at 8.0. Tuesdays and Thursdays. Lesson and Practice, 1s. Three Private, 10s. 6d. Waltz Class and Practice at 11.0 and 8.0 Daily. Special Classes for Juveniles.

BARNUM'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
FULLY AND SUCCESSFULLY INAUGURATED AT OLYMPIA
NOVEL and BRILLIANT CHANGES, IN THE STUPENDOUS PROGRAMME,
Including most Costly, Expensive, Magnificent, and Varied Additions to
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Unparalleled, Imperial, Triumphant
NERO; or, THE DESTRUCTION OF ROME.
Universally Pronounced by Hundreds of Thousands of Captivated and Enraptured Spectators utterly the Most Tremendous and Glorious Dramatic, Pantomimic, Terpsichorean, Musical, Classic, and Scenic Spectacle Ever Produced on Earth.

THE TWELVE UNITED GREATEST SHOWS ON EARTH.—A Holiday Realm of Delight for Children, a Grand Jungle of Wild Savage Beasts, The Comic College of the Funniest Quadrupeds, The Mid Air Realm of Most Intrepid Acts, The Hippodrome of Every Thrilling Race, Realistic Illusions of most Bewildering Fascination. Performing Lions, Tigers, Bears, Wolves, Panthers, Pumas, and Leopards. Hundreds of Beasts in Hundreds of Odd Tricks. The Biggest Herds of Wisest Elephants. The Family Resort for Every Class. Where every Child Should Spend a Happy Day. The One Show Every One Should Visit Here and Now, Because it will Exhibit Nowhere Else, and its Great London Season Will be Brief.

DAILY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT EXHIBITIONS. Doors open at 12.0 noon and 6.0 p.m. Performances begin at 1.45 and 7.45 p.m. 12,000 seats in Amphitheatre, at 1s.; 1,800 in Balcony, at 2s.; 2,160 in Balcony, at 3s.; 474 in Upper Dress Circle, at 4s.; 1,467 Stalls, at 5s.; 518 Stalls, at 6s.; 35 Boxes (six seats) at £3 3s.; 50 Boxes (four seats) at £2; and 86 Boxes (six seats) at £3 3s., or single seats in them at 10s. 6d. With every ticket a numbered reserved seat coupon is given, all without extra charge of any kind. Seats may be reserved to its purchaser during entire performance.
Only as many tickets sold as there are seats. No standing room. By booking in advance, purchasers of seats are absolutely guaranteed. No booking fee charged at Olympia Box Office, Piccadilly, and seats may be secured and paid for one week in advance at Principal Booking Offices, and at our Official Offices at Olympia and at Basil Tree's, St. James's Hall. Children between 4 and 10 years will be admitted to all parts of the house at half-price except in Amphitheatre. Comfortable Retiring Rooms and Attendants for Ladies and Children, as they are equally complete and less crowded.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.
MONDAY, December 30th, a CHEAP EXCURSION, for FOUR or EIGHT DAYS, to NEWCASTLE, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW will leave Victoria (L.C. and D.), 4.5 p.m.; Ludgate Hill, 5.53; Moorgate-street, 5.0; Aldersgate, 5.52; Farringdon, 5.44; King's Cross (G.N.), 9.10, and Finsbury Park, 9.15.
By this Excursion, TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, available for return on any day up to Monday, January 6th, inclusive.
For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's Town Parcels Receiving Offices and Stations, and of Messrs. Swan and Leach, 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus.
HENRY OAKLEY, General-manager.
King's Cross, December, 1889.

V.5.
FOURTH MIDDLESEX WEST LONDON RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.
SMART RECRUITS REQUIRED AT ONCE to complete the Establishment of this well-known Battalion of the South London (Grey) Brigade.
NO SUBSCRIPTION. ENTRANCE FEE 5s. ONLY.
UNIFORM AND COMPLETE EQUIPMENT FREE.
Further particulars, Apply any Evening, except Saturday, at the Headquarters of the Regiment, Drill Hall, Adam and Eve Yard, High-street, Kensington, W.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

GYMNASIUM AND SCHOOL OF ARMS of the WEST LONDON RIFLES.
Honorary Members admitted on Payment of 5s. Subscription per Term of Two Months, including Instruction.
Apply, Headquarters, Adam and Eve Yard, High-street, Kensington, W.

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-XMAS PRESENTS.
WHEN IN DOUBT
BUY A WATERBURY!
LADIES' SHORT WIND, STEM SET. Jewelled, 17s. 6d.
GENTS' SHORT WIND, Seconds Hand, 17s. 6d.
THEN YOU CAN'T BE WRONG. EVERYBODY'S WATERBURY, 10s. 6d.
The New SHORT WINDERS, in English Hall-marked SILVER CASES, 25s.
Holborn Viaduct; 68, Fleet-street; 131, Regent-street.

COOK'S ANTISEPTIC SOAP. (Thomson's Patent.)
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1889.
Tested in a Physiological Laboratory as a Germ Destroyer, and proved to be more efficient than any other Soap.
Recommended by THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES for ECZEMA, RINGWORM, and all SKIN DISORDERS.
"Lancet," May 19th, 1883, says:—"The importance of such a Soap in Medical and Sanitary Science is very obvious."
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.
Manufacturers—EDWARD COOK and CO., Household and Toilet Soap Makers, London, E.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Improved and Economic Cookery.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. As Stock for Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. As Stock for Sauces (Game, Fish, &c.) Aspic, or Meat Jelly.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Keeps for any length of time.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Is cheaper and of finer flavour than any other Stock.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Forty Pounds of prime lean beef are used to make One Pound of Extract of Beef.
COOKERY BOOKS (INDISPENSABLE FOR LADIES) sent free on application to
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY (Limited), 9, FENCHURCH AVENUE, E.C.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
Greatly facilitates the process of Teething; reduces inflammation, allays all pain, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.
Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is partly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World. 2s. 6d. per bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put up in glass jars. Price 1s.

The People.

Offices: MILFORD-LANE, STRAND, W.C.

"IN THE MIDDLE ORDER OF MANKIND ARE GENERALLY TO BE FOUND ALL THE ARTS, WISDOM, AND VIRTUE OF SOCIETY. THIS ORDER ALONE IS KNOWN TO BE THE TRUE PRESERVER OF FREEDOM, AND MAY BE CALLED 'THE PEOPLE.'"—*Vicar of Wakefield, chap. 19.*

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The last few days of every year are generally, and justly, regarded as a suitable season for looking back and for looking forward—for taking stock of our forces for the future as well as for endeavouring to learn such lessons as we may from the experiences of the past twelve months. While every individual is able to perform that seasonable duty out of his own knowledge of himself and his surroundings much better than any preacher of sermons, clerical or lay, can do it for him, it is within the province of the press to do the same service to its readers with regard to public affairs and the corporate life of the nation at large. Looking back and looking forward, what signs should an intelligent Englishman observe in the political, social, and economical sky? What lesson should he derive from his observations? Politically all is well (as we have recently pointed out) abroad, or, at least, the chances of international disturbance are slender and remote. At home things could hardly be going better in the world of politics. The Government, which for three years and a half has been steadily gaining the confidence of the English people, sits more firmly in the seat of power than it has ever done before. Its past record of legislation is good; its promises for the future are worthy of its past. Socially and economically the nation has at the present time considerable cause for thankfulness. We do not, in saying that, forget the unhappy disputes between capital and labour which have, to some extent, saddened the latter months of 1889. But, on the other hand, we are able to congratulate our readers upon the advent, during the past year, of that revival of trade, that awakening to something like the financial prosperity of the earlier seventies, for which the working classes of this country had long looked, and, until recently, had looked in vain. In almost every department of industry trade has been steadily improving, and there is, we rejoice to be able to say, every prospect that the improvement will continue. Provided this upward movement only goes on a little longer we may hope to rival, before long, the palmy days of 1874. In a word, things look likely to better themselves "by leaps and bounds."

While, therefore, trade is improving (the last monthly return issued was the best, we may remark, of the whole year), while employment is plentiful, the wage rate high, and the statistics both of the labour market and of pauperism all tell the same tale of prosperity with one voice, it is time that the *People* should address a word of friendly advice and warning to its readers. Those who remember what happened during our last period of exceptional prosperity, that which prevailed, roughly speaking, from 1874 to 1877, will guess what we mean without difficulty. We would earnestly beg the working classes to remember that a good time is a time not for extravagant spending, but rather for careful saving and husbanding of resources against the reaction which will inevitably set in sooner or later. Such a period as that to which we have referred invariably leads to over-stocking, over-production, and, in consequence, an after-time of shrinkage and depression. The law of action and re-action rules supreme in matters of trade and industry, and woe to the working man who forgets that truth. Such a one will find himself, after the good time has gone by, alone with his regrets, with nothing to show except the recollection of better things which will only make his latter state the harder to bear. That many will utterly disregard all warning of this sort is, unfortunately, only too certain. Human nature is answerable for that, and we do not desire to judge the working man too hardly if his head is turned by present prosperity coming after a previous bad time. Nevertheless, we hope and believe that there are many to whom we shall not speak in vain. However irksome it may seem to put away a portion of one's earnings, instead of enjoying the present and shutting one's eyes to the future, the working man who steadily sets himself to save what he can will not fail to experience the growing satisfaction of the sense of independence which arises from the possession of some means, at least, beyond the current week's wage, however ample that may be. The ability to save will differ infinitely, of course, in different cases; but at a time like the present there can be no doubt that the sum total which the working men of this country might put by, if they would, is very considerable. We can only express the hope that every one of our readers may begin the new year with the firm resolve so to use the flood tide of present prosperity that the inevitable ebb, when it comes, shall not leave him stranded upon the rocks of destitution.

Two recent attacks upon postmen while delivering letters have called public attention to the danger to which these hard-working servants of the public are exposed in the daily discharge of their duty. Crime is always imitative, and therefore it is not surprising that the successful robbery in Hatton Garden should have been followed by another attack on a postman in North London. Thanks to the courage and strength of the victim, this second attempt failed; but that is no reason why something should not be done to protect the mail bags, which are often precious, and the lives of their bearers, which are of still greater importance. We are averse to the idea of arming postmen with revolvers, as calculated to increase the general familiarity with a dangerous and already too prevalent practice. But we do not see why postmen should not be sent about their work in couples, at all events during the hours of darkness and in unfrequented places. We are aware, of course, that this would entail a certain amount of extra expense, but the thing has been done in the case of the police, and a postman's life is as valuable as a policeman's, to say nothing of the need of protecting the correspondence of the public.

Now that it seems pretty certain that England will not be brought to consent to the Channel Tunnel scheme, the advocates of a Channel bridge are becoming exceedingly active. The Channel Bridge Company have just laid their project before the French Government. These sanguine people will not hear of difficulty or danger. They give all sorts of reasons to prove that neither wind nor wave could overthrow the proposed structure. As to any English fears of a possible attempt at invasion, they were equally scornful about that. But the one point which they cannot possibly get over is the matter of expense. A matter of thirty-five millions sterling is wanted to float the concern. Supposing the money could be obtained, is it likely that the bridge would ever pay a dividend? We are very much afraid that the "practical character" of the English people in general, and of English capitalists in particular, of which the would-be promoters, speak will prevent them from perceiving any very distinct advantage to be gained by the erection of a Channel bridge.

HEIRESS AND NUN.

Miss Kate Drexel, the heiress to millions of dollars, has received the white veil of the humble Sisters of Mercy in the beautiful little chapel of their convent on Webster Avenue, Pittsburg. The ceremonies were of the most impressive character, and but few were present. The altar was beautifully decorated, and the fern and palm leaves lent splendour to the scene. About 60 sisters from the Mother House in this vicinity occupied the seats on either side of the middle aisle, while the family and friends of Miss Drexel occupied the rear seats. All was silent when Miss Drexel entered the chapel at 10.15. The candidate was dressed in a white satin dress, trimmed with crêpe and decorated with orange blossoms. Around her neck was a magnificent diamond necklace, while her fingers on both hands were adorned with beautiful diamond rings. After Miss Drexel came eight little girls dressed in white satin, and wearing white silk veils. The procession proceeded to the altar, where Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Bishop Phelan, of the Pittsburg diocese, Bishop Blondell, of the Indian Territory, and Bishop Gloriaeux, of Helena, Montana, were seated. A score or more of priests occupied chairs round the altar. The ceremonies were then begun, and until they were finished not a sound could be heard in the room except the echoes of the bishop's words, which made the heiress a novice in the Order of Sisters of Mercy. After the ceremony the novice departed to an ante-room and discarded her beautiful robes of white satin and again entered the chapel, dressed in a far different manner. Where a few minutes before she marched up the aisle in a bridal robe with eight attendants, now she marched up the same aisle dressed in a black serge habit and a white muslin veil. The remainder of the ceremony was then performed, and Archbishop Ryan began his discourse, which was most eloquent and at times so pathetic that his hearers were moved to tears. Immediately after the ceremony those present filed down the stairway two by two, and entered the large dining-room, where there was prepared an excellent repast. Miss Drexel will hereafter be known as "Sister Catherine." She will remain in Pittsburg some time. She will be a novice two years, when she will be made a full Sister of Mercy. During the banquet Miss Drexel was the principal figure, and she was admired by all. She is a pleasant little lady with a sweet countenance, and wears glasses. She did not participate in the banquet, but assisted her friends at the table. Sister Catherine is 27 years old, and was formerly a prominent leader in Philadelphia society.

A CONVICT'S DEATH.

Dr. G. Danford Thomas held an inquest at Pentonville Prison on the body of Edward Payne, 25, who, on the 10th of July, 1888, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for robbery with violence, and who was also required to fulfil an unexpired period of fifteen months of a term of five years' penal servitude for a like offence. He was at liberty upon a ticket-of-leave at the time of his commission of the second crime.—The evidence showed that the deceased, who was described as "healthy" on his admission to the prison, but only fit for the second or lighter kind of labour, was employed in tailoring and oakum picking. After various ailments at different times, described by Dr. E. Cowen, the assistant-surgeon, as "slight," the deceased, on the 7th of September last, was admitted into the hospital, where he remained until his death. His death was, according to Dr. Cowen, due to tubercular disease of the intestines, or, as it is commonly called, "consumption of the bowels." The immediate cause of death was inanition, consequent upon his inability to absorb food; "and that," said Dr. Cowen, "accounts for his being so very thin."—Thomas M'Carthy, a costermonger, and Elizabeth Benjamin, a young woman, who stated she had "kept company" with Payne, both described him as a strong, healthy man before he entered the prison, and his weight on admission was recorded as being 137lb. M'Carthy and Benjamin visited the deceased frequently in the hospital and never heard him complain.—Replying to a juror, Captain H. Conor, deputy-governor, said prisoners were instructed to make any complaints they might have to make as soon as their cell doors were opened in the morning; and if they complained of illness they were subsequently seen by the doctor. Moreover, either the governor or himself daily visited every cell and every prisoner. If a prisoner desired to write to the Home Secretary he was supplied with a form, and the governor was bound to forward his communication to the Home Office, but he might accompany it with any remarks he had to make.—Dr. Cowen, answering other questions, said the cells were warmed to a uniform heat, as far as possible, of 60 degrees, and the hospital temperature, of course, exceeded this.—A Juror: I hear that this prison has an unenviable notoriety for pneumonia.—Dr. Cowen: That is not so. This is one of the healthiest of prisons.—The Coroner: How many deaths have occurred in Pentonville Prison this year?—Witness: Eight.—The Coroner: And, of course, an inquest, as the law requires, was held in each case.—It was stated that, on the average, there were 1,100 prisoners in the gaol.—The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

"Native journalism in India," according to an oracle of British journalism in India, "is conducted on charmingly free-and-easy lines." And in evidence of the sin of "native journalism in India," the following editorial note is quoted from a late issue of the *Behar Herald and Indian Chronicle*:—"We claim our usual Dessera holidays from to-day. There will be no issue of the paper for the next two weeks."

THE WEST-END SCANDALS.
The Charges of Conspiracy.
Extraordinary Allegations.

At the Bow-street Police Court, Arthur Newton, solicitor, of Great Marlborough-street, Frederick Taylor, articled clerk to the said Arthur Newton, and Adolphus de Galla, an interpreter, were summoned before Mr. Vaughan, for having on September 25th and divers other times between that and December 12th, 1889, unlawfully conspired, combined, confederated, and agreed together and with divers other persons to obstruct, pervert, and defeat the due course of law and justice in certain proceedings then pending at the Marlborough-street Police Court and at the Central Criminal Court in respect of offences alleged to have been committed by divers persons at 19, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, in the county of London, and to pervert and defeat the due course of law and justice in respect to the said offences.—Mr. Horace Avory, barrister, appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Treasury, instructed by Sir A. K. Stephenson, solicitor to the Treasury; Mr. C. F. Gill, barrister, represented the defendant Newton; Mr. St. John Wontner appeared for the other two defendants; Mr. Minton Slater, solicitor, watched the proceedings on behalf of Mr. Ernest Parke, editor of the *North London Press*, who is awaiting trial at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of libelling the Earl of Euston; and Mr. Bernard Abrahams, solicitor, also watched the case for parties interested. Great interest was taken in the case, and the court was crowded.

The Opening Statement.

—Mr. Avory, in opening the case, said he appeared to prosecute the defendants under the terms of the summons, the circumstances being as follows:—On the 4th of July of this year a boy named Swinscow, in the employ of the Post Office, was questioned by a police-constable attached to the Post Office as to some money he had in his possession. The boy accounted for his possession of that money by stating that he had obtained it at the house, 19, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square. He intimated why he had received it. Other boys were indicated. Statements were then taken of two other boys, named Wright and Thickbroom. They indicated another boy, named Newlove, as the person who had taken them to the house. They were thereupon all suspended, and the matter was reported and placed in the hands of the police. Upon the 6th of July warrants were applied for and obtained at the Marlborough-street Police Court against Newlove and a man named Hammond, who was alleged to be the person keeping the house. These prisoners were charged with the commission of a criminal offence. On the 7th of July, after Newlove was arrested on a warrant, it was found that Hammond had disappeared. It appeared from a statement made by Newlove when he was arrested that he had, immediately on his suspension, communicated with Hammond, and so enabled him to escape before the warrant could be executed. The house in Cleveland-street was then found to be closed. Thereupon Newlove was brought before the magistrate, and remanded from time to time to enable the police, if possible, to arrest Hammond before July 25th. The matter up to that time being in the hands of the police, was placed in the hands of the director of public prosecutions by the Home Office, and inquiries were then made and various statements taken for the purpose of ascertaining how far, if at all, the statements of the boys could be corroborated with regard to any persons visiting the house, it being obvious to any right-minded person that no charge should be made unless satisfactory corroborative evidence could be obtained against persons indicated by those boys. On the 19th of August, the boy Newlove, having been remanded from time to time for consideration of the whole facts of the case, information was sworn at the Marlborough-street Police Court against a man named Veck, who, it was ascertained, could be identified by independent witnesses as being a person who had assisted in the management and conduct of this house. On the 20th of August, the day after, this man Veck was arrested. He was a man who was identified as a person

Dressing as a Clergyman

who was in the habit of going in and out of this house. Documents were found on him which directed the attention of the police to a boy named Allies. Having ascertained the address of this boy, the police, on the 23rd August, went to Sudbury, in Suffolk, in order to see him and take his statement. When they arrived there they found that on the day before the boy had received an anonymous letter, in consequence of which he had destroyed a number of letters, which might have afforded valuable corroborative evidence against persons who, it was suspected, had visited this house. On the 24th of August the boy was brought up to the Treasury office for his statement to be taken there. On that same day a person who, he (Mr. Avory) was instructed, could be identified as the defendant De Galla, visited Mr. and Mrs. Allies, the parents of this boy, at Sudbury. He asked where Algernon—the boy's name was Algernon—was, and was told he had gone to London with the police. He then asked if there were any letters left behind, and was told that there were none. He said he wished he had called earlier, and went away. The case proceeded at the police court, and this boy Allies and the boys Wright, Swinscoe, and others were called as witnesses. They gave evidence against Hammond, against whom a warrant had been issued, and also against persons who they said had visited the house, and whose descriptions they were able to give without knowing who the individuals were. On the 11th of September the two defendants, Newlove and Veck, were committed for trial, and on September 18th an indictment was found, and in that Hammond was included by leave of the Recorder. That indictment having been before the grand jury, Newlove and Veck were brought up in the usual way. They pleaded guilty to the greater part of the charges in the indictment, and they were sentenced for those offences which they had pleaded guilty to. Throughout the whole of the proceedings the defendant Newton acted as the solicitor for the defence.

Inducements to go to America.

The indictment having been disposed of so far as Newlove and Veck were concerned, on the 18th of September, on the 24th a person, who would be identified as the defendant Taylor, a clerk to Mr. Newton, visited Allies' parents at Sudbury. He said he came from Mr. Newton, the solicitor, and tried to obtain information as to where the boy Algernon then was. He did obtain his address from the boy's mother, to whom he said his object was to see the boy and provide him with money to go away or go abroad. The mother said she objected to his doing anything of the kind, as they (the mother and father) were both very old, and would not like their son to go away. On the following day the defendant Taylor called on this boy and had an interview with him alone. He told him he had come to persuade him to go to America. If he would go, clothing and everything he wanted would be provided for him. At Liverpool a sum of £15 would be handed to him, and on his arrival in America £1 a week would be allowed him if he failed to get work. He added, "The reason we want to get you away is that you should not give evidence against you know who." The boy accepted, or pretended to accept, the conditions, and it was arranged that they should meet at a public-house at the corner of the Tottenham Court-road, in order that the boy might go to Liverpool that same night and start for America the next day.

Informing the Police.

Directly Taylor went away the boy informed Inspector Abberline, the police officer who had had the conduct of the case throughout, and under whose observation the boy was then living, in order that he might be available as a witness in the event of proceedings being taken against other persons, or in the event of the man Hammond being found. Inspector Abberline received instructions, according to which the boy was allowed to meet Taylor. The boy and Taylor were followed from Tottenham Court-road to a public-house just opposite Marlborough-street Police Court and the offices of the defendant Newton. As they went into the public-house the officer, following them, saw Mr. Newton standing with another person on the steps of a house two or three doors off, and the defendant De Galla was standing at the door of the public-house. Both seemed to recognise the officer as he followed up, and they walked off in different directions. Inspector Abberline went in and asked Taylor who he was. He said his name was Taylor, and that he was clerk to Mr. Newton. The inspector asked, "What are you doing with this lad here?" to which Taylor replied, "I will answer no questions." The boy was then given over to a constable to be taken back to his lodgings, and Taylor left the public-house. That all happened on the 25th.

Letter to the Treasury.

On the 27th, two days after, a letter was received by the Treasury, and it was important, because he (Mr. Avory) gathered from it that it would probably be set up as the defence in substance to this charge. The letter was dated from 24, Great Marlborough-street. It referred to the boy Algernon Allies, who, it was stated, had given evidence in a case which had been finally disposed of, and complained that since the trial the boy had been kept by the police in a small coffee-house in Houndsditch, in a state of duress. The police, it was alleged, had even threatened him, and had told him what to write in letters to his father. "Acting on instructions from the boy's father," the letter said, "Mr. Newton's managing clerk called on him, and told him it was his father's wish to remove him from the surroundings into which he had unfortunately fallen. The boy said he was in a state of terror and fright, owing to the threats of the police." The letter went on to state that the boy met the managing clerk, and that they were followed by Inspector Abberline, "who had the audacity" to take the boy away. Counsel's opinion had been taken, and it was to the effect that the action of the police was entirely illegal. An appointment, consequently, was asked for, when Mr. Allies, the father, could see and obtain possession of his son. The letter said Mr. Allies was coming to Mr. Newton's office, the next morning, and suggested that the boy should be produced there at that time. It was not, however, true that the boy, as stated, was most anxious to get away, or that he had complained that he was overawed by the police. The boy's father had given no such instructions as those stated to have been received by him. In fact, this letter was written either as a cloak to cover up the proceedings of two days before, or else in furtherance of the design, attributed to the defendants to get this boy away. To this letter an answer was sent that in the first instance the case was not finally disposed of, the indictment against Hammond still standing; that it might be necessary at any moment for Allies to be called to give evidence on a further indictment; that he was 19 years of age, and that, so far from his being in "duress," he had expressed his willingness to remain in Abberline's charge, and that the necessary arrangements had been made with his consent. Mr. Newton was further reminded that any persons who were parties to sending the lad out of the country, with the view of preventing him from giving evidence, would render themselves

Liable to Criminal Proceedings.

Matters remained in this position for a few days, and then information came to the authorities which led them to suppose that Mr. Newton's efforts were being made, not for the boy's father, but really in the interest of another person, Lord Arthur Somerset, whose name had come to light during the investigation of the case, and against whom a warrant had been obtained at the Marlborough-street Police Court for having committed offences at the house in Cleveland-street. Almost immediately after the warrant had been issued against Lord Arthur Somerset, negotiations were resumed by Mr. Newton with the Treasury, with a view to obtaining an interview with the boy Allies, and on November 19th an interview was arranged to take place between him and his father. The father replied that he was a poor man, and could not afford the expense. Upon that the defendant Newton sent him a postal order for £1 to enable him to come, and again on November 19th, when this interview was arranged with the father, Newton sent the money to enable him to come. Upon the boy being brought to the Treasury, he not only expressed his unwillingness to see his father, but ultimately declined, and the result was that the father was informed of that and went away. So far as he (Mr. Avory) knew, that was the only foundation for the statement made over and over again that Newton was acting on the instructions of this boy's father in doing what he did and in trying to find out the boy's address and arrange an interview with him.

The Warrants against Hammond and Lord Arthur Somerset.

At this time the warrants were still out both against Hammond and Lord Arthur Somerset, the warrant against Lord Arthur not having been executed in consequence of his having left the country. On December 6th the boys Wright, Perkins, Swinscow, and Thickbroom were finally dismissed from the Post Office, they having hitherto been only suspended. Their dismissal seemed somehow to have come to the knowledge of the defendant Newton, because either the same day or the following day a communication was made to the boys, in consequence of which two of them, Perkins and Thickbroom, went on December 9th to the corner of Poland-street, near Oxford-street, and there met Newton. He entered into conversation with them, first reminding them that he was the person who cross-examined them at the police court.

Offers to Go to Australia.

Then he proceeded to tell them he knew some one who was prepared to help them and do them a considerable amount of good, and that if they were prepared to go to Australia they should have a complete outfit and £20 down, and £1 a week for three years when they were there. He added, "two or three have gone away, and they are doing very well," apparently referring to two or three other boys who had, or might have, given evidence in this case. He went on to ask whether they could get the other boys—Wright and Swinscow, and another boy named Barber—to come again on the following day. In the course of that interview he also mentioned Allies, who, he said, had made a great fool of himself, no doubt meaning in not going away. The boys at that time did not know the address of Wright, but Newton promised to give it them, and also money for their fares to Wright's house. He left them, and presently sent by his clerk an envelope with the address of Wright, and 10s. to pay their fares to go and fetch the other boys. Perkins and Thickbroom communicated with the other boys, and on the following day Wright, Swinscow, and Perkins went to the same place. Thickbroom did not go, and Barber could not be found. The defendant De Galla met them on this occasion, and

Took the Boys to a Public-house

to talk quietly to them. He told them they were to start that very night for Dover in order to proceed to Calais and Marseilles. They would, he said, see somebody whom they knew on board the boat. One of the boys asked if it would be Mr. Newton, to which De Galla replied, "Never mind; you'll know him when you see him." De Galla also suggested that each should write home saying they had gone away and would not be back, and Wright, Perkins, and Swinscow accordingly wrote letters to that effect. Subsequently De Galla told them that he found that that night's boat was full, and he accordingly took them to a coffee-house in the Edgware-road, where he engaged beds for them, and gave them a sovereign to pay for their beds and refreshment, and told them to wait in that evening till half-past nine to see if Thickbroom would arrive. He also suggested to them, and they carried out his suggestion, that they should give false names, no doubt with the object of defeating attempts at tracing them. But Mrs. Swinscow upon receiving the letter from her son communicated with the police, and apparently the fact that the police had been communicated with came to the knowledge of De Galla, and he advised the boys to return home, perhaps for that reason, and perhaps because, as he could not pack all five out of the country together, it was not much use to send three. He told them also that there was some difficulty about their going without their parents' consent.

The Alleged Object of the Defendants.

This (continued Mr. Avory) is a bare statement of the facts which I am prepared to prove, and upon proof of these facts I shall ask you to come to the conclusion that you find here three persons, acting, it is true, independently of each other on the occasions to which I have alluded, but all acting apparently with one object, to get these boys out of the jurisdiction. The object which we suggest they had in doing that was to prevent them from giving evidence either against Hammond or against Lord Arthur Somerset, or against other persons who might be proceeded against in connection with this matter. If you find the three defendants acting by the same methods, apparently with the same object, then we shall ask you to draw an inference, which, in a certain event, we shall ask a jury also to draw—that they were engaged in a combination and conspiracy, as alleged in this summons, to defeat the ends of justice by getting these witnesses out of the way. There can be no doubt, I think, about the law having been correctly stated by the solicitor to the Treasury in the letter in which he warned the defendant Newton that persons attempting to get witnesses out of the jurisdiction, and to prevent them giving evidence against persons already charged or who might be charged, is a criminal offence.

"Excess of Zeal."

In regard to the defendant Newton, I regret to find a member of the profession whose name is becoming, and is, in fact, well known in the metropolis, especially in the Marlborough-street Police Court, included in this charge, and I trust it may turn out that nothing but an excess of zeal on the part of some clients—we can only conjecture who they are—has led him into what he must have known, as a solicitor, was a serious transgression of the law. We of course have nothing to do with instructions that he may have received, or which may have induced him to take part in this matter. We find him, in common with others, taking part in steps to remove these boys out of the jurisdiction, and it is obvious that there was in such circumstances only one course open to the authorities, which was to apply for the summons in answer to which the defendants now appear.—Mr. Gill said he was prepared on behalf of his client to meet the case line by line, but asked for an adjournment, a request in which Mr. St. John Wontner, who said he had only just been instructed, joined.—The case was then adjourned until the 6th of January.

An Appeal to the Press.

—Mr. Gill: I would ask your worship's permission to say one word. As the case is to be adjourned, I trust the press will refrain from commenting upon it until it is known what is the sworn evidence in support of it.—Mr. Vaughan: That is a matter in which I have no voice.—Mr. Gill: Of course not; and I am quite aware that no respectable newspaper would do it; but in one paper it was said that my client aided and abetted Hammond to escape. No such charge has ever been made against my client; Hammond, in fact, was out of the country before he was instructed. It is on this account that I am asking the press to wait until the evidence has been produced before commenting on the case.—The parties then left the court.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CLERGYMAN.

At the Marlborough-street Police Court, John Reed, 38, a hawker, giving an address at a common lodging-house, and James Long, 24, a labourer, who gave a false address, were charged on remand with attempting to steal from the person of the Rev. Patrick MacGreevy.—The evidence given last week was that Police-constable Tierney, 173 C, and Police-constable Duke, 246 C, when on duty in plain clothes at half-past eight on the evening of the 17th December, saw Reed and Long supporting the Rev. Patrick MacGreevy in Davies-street, Berkeley-square. They led him into a public-house at the corner of Davies-mews, and when the officers followed them in were drinking at the rev. gentleman's expense. After a few minutes they came out again, and resumed their way towards Oxford-street, the prisoners being as before, one on each side of Mr. MacGreevy. A little further on they stopped, and Reed threw his arms round the gentleman and kissed him, while Long "set to work" on his pockets. Some passers-by, happening to look at them, the defendants once more took hold of the rev. gentleman's arms and continued on their way, eventually turning into Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. Halting in an obscure corner near the Duke of York public-house, each of the prisoners in turn took Mr. MacGreevy in his arms and kissed him in a most affectionate manner. With the object of approaching the party without arousing suspicion

The Police-constable Assumed Drunkenness,

and staggered by them. As he did so he heard Long say, "We don't want any more beer or cigars. We would rather have some money." While making this remark Long had his hand in the gentleman's pocket. Mr. MacGreevy, however, pulled it out and said, "If you will come home with me I will give you some money." Reed and Long then pushed him into the private bar of the Duke of York. Tierney left his companion to watch them, while he went to the constable on point duty close by. When he returned he heard the prisoners call for drinks, and saw them served. Before they disposed of the liquor, however, a dispute arose about payment, and the landlord took it away. The three then turned to leave. As Long came out Tierney took him into custody, while Duke took charge of Reed on his appearance, and Police-constable 91 D attached himself to the Rev. Mr. MacGreevy. At the station Long and Reed were charged with attempting to steal, and the reverend gentleman with being incapable of taking care of himself. Mr. MacGreevy, on becoming sober, was let out on his own recognisances, but failed to appear in court the following morning.—The version that Long gave of the story was that he was walking along Piccadilly when the gentleman asked him if he could direct him to a neighbourhood where he could find respectable lodgings, explaining that he was a stranger in London. Knowing there were several private hotels in Clarges-street he took him there. While passing up the street they met Reed, when Mr. MacGreevy exclaimed, "Here's another old tramp.

Come on, Old Boy, and have a Drink.

Where's a public-house?" They remarked that money would be of more use to them than drink, but the rev. gentleman declared that they should not proceed in the search for lodgings until they had drunk with him. He then took them into the public-house in Davies-street, and ordered drinks and cigars for them. Long denied that any demonstrations of affection for the rev. gentleman were made by them.—Police-constable Tierney now informed the magistrate that he had traced Mr. MacGreevy to the residence of some friends he had in the East-end. From what he could ascertain, the rev. gentleman had given these friends some trouble before. On the morning of the 19th inst. he witnessed his departure, in company with another gentleman, for the continent.—Inspector Shannon stated that he forwarded a summons to Pulborough, and received a reply that Mr. MacGreevy had shortly before left that town, and was then believed to be in a village some distance away. A copy of the summons had been sent to that place, but no answer had up till then been received.—Police-constable 213 C informed his worship that Long was accused of a similar offence in July, 1888. On account of the prosecutor failing to appear he was discharged.—Mr. Hannay said that there appeared to be no possibility of getting at Mr. MacGreevy. He would, therefore, take into consideration the fact that the prisoners had been in goal for a week, and would now discharge them.

LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

Mansion House.

ALLEGED DARING ROBBERIES.—James Dover, a well-dressed man, was brought before Alderman Sir W. Ellis, charged with a daring robbery at the Bengal tavern, White Lion-court, Birchin-lane.—On Friday afternoon the prisoner was observed by a man named Blackman, in the employ of the landlord of the tavern, to walk deliberately upstairs, and go to the place where the plate-box was kept, take out several articles, and put them in a bag he was carrying. On leaving the house the prisoner commenced running, but he was pursued and taken into custody.—The prisoner was remanded.—Patrick Day, a rough-looking young fellow, was charged with stealing a gold watch, value £15, the property of a gentleman named Moss.—The prosecutor was proceeding over London Bridge about half-past ten o'clock on Friday night when he was hustled by several men, one of whom was stated to be the prisoner, and he snatched the prosecutor's watch, breaking the chain, and ran off. He was pursued, and as he was going along he threw away the watch, and when he was stopped he said he supposed he should have an opportunity of explaining the matter when he got before the magistrate. He gave a correct name and address.—The prisoner was remanded.

Thames.

SEAMEN AND TRADE UNIONISM.—A seaman entered the witness-box with a bundle of papers in his hand, and applied to Mr. Lushington for advice. He alleged that he had been to the shipping office with his papers of discharge, but the captains declined to engage him unless he belonged to the union, and he was not in a position to pay the 7s. 6d. required.—In answer to the magistrate, the applicant said he believed the union started in March or April.—Mr. Lushington looked at the papers handed in, and said the applicant appeared to have gone on not belonging to the union for forty years, and he inquired whether what the applicant had stated was true or not.—Mr. Williams, the second clerk, said he had heard it rumoured that it was so.—Mr. Lushington said he could only say it was a perfectly monstrous thing that no captain would take on men because they did not belong to what might be termed a secret society. He could not assist the applicant, and directed inquiries to be made at the shipping office.

LOCKED UP ON HIS WEDDING DAY.—A respectable looking man, named Lynn, was fined for being drunk and disorderly. He was married on Friday, and the same night was discovered by a policeman striking his wife. The man was very drunk, and the policeman was obliged to lock him up. The wife, a good-looking young woman, was in court, but said that she had no complaint to make against her husband.

Bow-street.

A MAGISTRATE ON TEMPERANCE HOTELS AND PRIVATE INQUIRY OFFICERS.—Clarence Leslie, described as a private inquiry agent, and Minnie Lee, an unfortunate, were charged with having committed an assault on J. Burcham, landlord of a temperance hotel, 41, Argyle-street, King's Cross. Mr. Ricketts prosecuted; Mr. Wilson defended.—Mr. Ricketts stated that the prisoners went to the prosecutor's house on Friday night, and the male prisoner described the female as his wife. He asked for the best room in the house. They had no luggage with them, but said they had lost the train at King's Cross. They ordered a fire to be lighted, and the prosecutor proceeded to light one. While he was doing so the male prisoner produced a bottle of port from his pocket, and asked him to have a drink. The prosecutor accepted, and the male prisoner, apparently fancying he was being carefully scrutinised, said, "You need not look at my clothes as I have plenty of money." He at the same time produced a roll of bank notes from his pocket. The prosecutor, having had his drink, retired to his own room. About half an hour afterwards he heard a violent knocking in the prisoner's room, and went to see what was the matter. The male prisoner invited him inside, and then told him he had been robbed. At the same time he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. The prosecutor said it was impossible any one could have robbed him, as he (prosecutor) himself had locked the street door, and no one could have entered the house without his knowledge. The prisoner maintained that he had been robbed, and seized the prosecutor by the throat and threw him to the ground. In the struggle that ensued the prisoner got the prosecutor's thumb in his mouth, and bit it severely. He said, "I have done one twelve months, and don't mind doing another for you." The female prisoner in the meanwhile was busy. She threw the contents of two water jugs over the prosecutor, and struck him over the head with the second jug. The furniture in the room was broken, and damage to the extent of £5 was done. The prosecutor called for assistance, and his wife hearing him, called out of window to the neighbours, who fetched the police. They had to enter the house from next door, and had to burst open the bed-room door to get to where the prisoners and the prosecutor were. After the prisoners were charged at Hunter-street Police Station the prosecutor went back and found the bank notes referred to by the prisoner as having been stolen under the bed. The prisoner, Mr. Ricketts believed, was lawfully in possession of the money (about £100), he having, it appeared, been employed as a private inquiry officer in some divorce proceedings which had terminated in a compromise.—The prosecutor, having given evidence bearing out this statement, denied in cross-examination that he had supplied the prisoner with a bottle of champagne, for which half a guinea was charged.—A sergeant of the City police said he knew the male prisoner, and was present on Friday at the Bank of England, when a gentleman named Roberts and a solicitor came there with the prisoner, and the gentleman paid the prisoner £100. The prisoner used to be a commercial traveller, but witness did not know what he was doing now. He had been out of prison two months. The witness believed the money was paid to the prisoner for some inquiries he had been making in connection with a divorce case.—In the course of his remarks in dealing with the case, Mr. Bridge said that money that was badly earned was usually very badly spent. The light which this case threw upon the way in which divorce cases were got up by the evidence of witnesses of this kind was also worthy of note. It was quite clear that no solicitor of any character ought to employ a man of the male prisoner's sort, as his evidence must be simply worthless. Referring to the nature of the "hotel" in which this scene took place, he said that temperance hotels meant generally hotels for which a man could not obtain a license to sell intoxicating drinks, and though sometimes those who frequented them were temperate in drink they were very intemperate in morals. The male prisoner was fined £5 and £5 damage; the female prisoner was remanded for a week, in order that a home might, if possible, be found for her.

Marylebone.

ALLEGED FRAUD.—George Neggie, 58, described as an artist, living at 36, Viaduct-road, Brighton, was charged on a warrant with obtaining goods, valued at £55, from William Ellis, the proprietor of a fine art gallery, at 12 and 14, Queen's-road, Bayswater.—The prosecutor said that he had known the prisoner for about a year, and had occasionally employed him as an agent to sell pictures for him. The prisoner came to him and said he should be able to dispose of some pictures, as he knew a good buyer who was coming to town. On the 14th October he came and selected some pictures which he thought would be suitable. On the 16th he called again, and the witness told him that the pictures he had chosen were some of the most saleable he had, and therefore he had better make an appointment for the buyer to see them. He left ostensibly for the purpose of doing so. In the afternoon he returned, and said that he had seen the gentleman, and an appointment had been made for five o'clock, and he would either bring back the pictures or the money that evening. The witness then had the pictures packed and gave him the list of them with the price, and he took them away. There were four pictures. The witness never saw him again until that morning.—Evidence of the arrest having been given, the prisoner was remanded.

Southwark.

THE BARMAN AND THE BABY.—John Torrance Mather, a barman, living at 23, Florence-road, New Cross, appeared to a summons to show cause why he should not be ordered to contribute towards the support of a female child of Alice Chapman, of which she alleged he was the father. Mr. Randall Moore, solicitor, appeared for the complainant; and Mr. Charles Hope for the defendant.—Mr. Moore said the complainant was a married woman, but her husband was convicted in 1885 and sentenced to a term of penal servitude, and was still in prison. She first made the acquaintance of the defendant whilst he was employed at the Pied Bull, Liverpool-road, about four years ago. The defendant was in the habit of meeting the complainant, and when he discovered her to be pregnant, he went to live with her. The child was born on the 30th October, 1887, and the defendant had continued to cohabit with her until three weeks ago. Mr. Moore said his client was a very excitable woman, and when examined by him in the witness-box she behaved in a highly excitable manner.—When cross-examined, the complainant worked herself into such a state that the officers of the court were compelled to lead her outside, and it was some time before they were able to bring her back again.—Mr. Hope: You are quite sure, then, that the defendant is the father of your child? Complainant: Yes. (To the defendant): Jack, what do you mean by this; do you mean to stand there and tell me that you are not my girl's father?—Mr. Hope: But the certificate of the birth says that the child's name is Elliott; how do you explain that?—Complainant: Why, he told me to do it; and, what's more, he said I was to say that the child was born on the 2nd of November, 1887, telling me that if I did not, he would get into trouble.—Mr. Hope: Do you know a man named Elliott? Yes.—Have you married him? No. Oh, my goodness! fancy that now. Jack, I'll give it to you. (Laughter.) No; I was married in 1882 to Chapman, but have had a child by Elliott.—Mr. Hope: Yes, I know all about that.—Complainant: Oh, Jack, fancy you doing that. I have not seen Elliott for four years. Does he say this is Elliott's child?—Mr. Hope: Yes.—Complainant: Well now, Jack, can you look me in the face and say that?—Mr. Moore: I understand that the defendant has recently come into a large fortune, and this no doubt accounts for the breaking off of the connection with the complainant.—Mr. Hope: I have no instructions with regard to this.—Mr. Slade: I shall make an order for 3s. 6d. a week and costs.—Complainant (rushing up to her solicitor): Oh, I want 10s. a week. Let it be paid into court; let it be paid here. I don't want to take it. Oh, Jack, fancy 3s. 6d.—It was stated that the defendant had recently come into a fortune of £10,000.

ALLEGED MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY A PUBLICAN.—William Meek, 52, the proprietor of the Three Compasses public house, Salisbury-street, Bermondsey, was charged with violently assaulting Samuel Griffin by striking him on the head with a mallet.—Police-constable Dutton, 214 M, stated that about three a.m. that morning he was on duty in Salisbury-street when a man ran up to him, and informed him that a man was lying in the road outside the Three Compasses. Witness ran quickly to the spot, and found Griffin, who only had a shirt and pants on lying on the kerb bleeding profusely from a wound in the head. Griffin was rapidly becoming insensible, and after procuring assistance, he was taken to Rotherhithe Police Station, where the divisional surgeon was called, and dressed his wounds. When recovered sufficiently, the injured man made a statement to the effect that he had been struck two blows on the head with a mallet by the prisoner. Witness went back and saw the accused, who said, "Yes, that's right; I struck him twice with that mallet while he was asleep in bed." Witness then took him to the station. Griffin afterwards said: "About one o'clock this morning I went to bed. I went to sleep, and I remember nothing more until I was woke up by receiving two terrible blows on the head. I got up and found my head going round, and the prisoner standing by the side of the bed with a mallet in his hand. I pushed him away and rushed downstairs and opened the door, but I was so exhausted that I fell on the pavement. The cold air seemed to revive me, and I laid there until the policeman came up." The prisoner said, "Yes, and if I had killed you I should not have been sorry. I hit him whilst he was in bed, and I did not mean to let him wake up again."—Inspector Piper said that the prosecutor had advanced the prisoner money to carry on the business, and there was a dispute as to whom the house really belonged.—Mr. Slade: The prisoner will be remanded for a week.—Prisoner: Right.

Lambeth.

THE DOG MUZZLING ORDER.—HEAVY PENALTIES.—William Biggs, 87 Elm Park, was summoned under the order in council for allowing, on the 2nd November, a dog to be at large without being properly muzzled. Mr. Inman (Messrs. Wontner) appeared to prosecute.—A female was called, who stated that the defendant's dog flew at her and bit her on the leg as she was passing along the public road. The dog was without a muzzle.—There was a second summons against the defendant for breach of the regulations in another way. In this case Police-constable 308 W said the dog had on a so-called leather muzzle, the lower straps having been cut so as to allow of the dog freely using his mouth.—The defendant said, with regard to the first summons his servant had, against his orders, let the dog out.—Mr. Partridge said he would adjourn that summons, but with regard to the other, fined him £5 and costs.—Defendant: Not £5?—Mr. Partridge: I could fine you £20. Its an evasion of the order by cutting these leather muzzles.—William Oakley, living at Vauxhall, was also summoned for a similar offence. When cautioned by a constable, he said he did not care about regulations.—The defendant, who did not appear, was fined £5 and costs.—Edward Price, Darrell-road, was summoned for a like offence, and fined £3 and costs; and Eli Bennett, of Linden-grove, was also ordered to pay 20s. and costs for having a dog at large unmuzzled.

SERIOUS CHARGE OF STABBING.—Mary Beasley, 19, was charged with assaulting Joseph Brett, by stabbing him in the left breast with an oyster knife.—The prosecutor stated that early that morning he was near Beresford-street, Walworth, when the prisoner suddenly ran up to him. She made a blow at him, and he felt a pain in his left breast. He then found that he had been stabbed, and he bled profusely. He gave information to the police. The weapon had penetrated through two coats and his underclothing.—Mr. Partridge ordered a remand.

Westminster.

ANOTHER GOVERNESS CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.—Emma Funker, 34, a German governess, well dressed, who gave an address at Finchley, was charged with stealing a number of umbrellas from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria-street, and the possession of a quantity of other property supposed to be stolen, found at a house in Wilton-crescent, S.W., where she was employed.—Mr. Henry Mealing, an assistant in the drapery department, said he first noticed the prisoner early on Friday afternoon. She looked about as if watching the assistants, and he noticed that she placed an old, nearly-worn out umbrella in a stand, and took a new one, with which she walked off. He followed her, but lost her in the crowd.—Witness received instructions from Mr. Allchurch, of the managers' department, and on Saturday forenoon he again saw the prisoner in the department with a common old umbrella. She repeated the tactics she performed the previous afternoon, viz., took a twenty-five shilling umbrella, and left the one she brought in its place. This had a plated ball handle, and the one she purloined was something like it, but it was mounted with silver.—Detective sergeant Waldeck said the prisoner gave an address at Finchley. When he told her he should have to go there and make inquiries, she said that she was engaged at a gentleman's house in Wilton-crescent, Belgravia. Witness found that she was German governess there, and in her room discovered two more very expensive new umbrellas from the stores, a quantity of other property, consisting of fancy articles, new furs, &c.—Prisoner, who said nothing, was remanded in custody for a week.

Worship-street.

HEAVY FINES UNDER THE FACTORY ACT.—Messrs. Zeegen and Co., cigar manufacturers, of Steward street, Spitalfields, appeared to answer summonses charging them with employing several young persons in their factory after the hour of four p.m. on Sunday, the 1st December.—Mr. Bushby said if the Act was not strictly enforced it would become a dead letter. He therefore inflicted the full penalty of £3 for each "young person" in respect of whom the defendants were summoned, making a fine of £36, and allowed £2 8s. costs.—The defendants were allowed fourteen days to pay the money.

West London.

RECOVERY OF A DIAMOND RING.—James Pollicutt, a cab-washer, living in Hilmer-street, Fulham, surrendered to his bail to answer the charge of being in the possession of a valuable diamond ring, and not giving a satisfactory account of it.—The ring was stopped by a pawnbroker, to whom the prisoner offered it in pledge for 10s. According to his statement, he purchased the ring of a stranger in a public-house in Hammersmith, and pledged it at another pawnbroker's shop in Fulham and redeemed it.—Inspector Pearson, of the T Division, now informed the magistrate that an owner had been found for the ring.—Mr. Joseph Charles Tasker, residing in Maresfield Gardens, Fitzjohn Avenue, West Hampstead, said he lost it off his finger about two months ago upon an omnibus in Piccadilly, while removing his glove to pay the fare. The ring, which he bought for his wife, was worth about £40. He offered a reward of £20 for the recovery of it.—Mr. Curtis Bennett said the ring ought to have been stopped by the first pawnbroker, who must have known that it did not belong to the prisoner. He discharged the prisoner, as it might be true that he bought the ring, and ordered it to be given up to the owner.

INQUESTS.

BURNED TO DEATH AT CROYDON.—Yesterday afternoon Dr. Thomas Jackson held an inquiry at the Croydon General Hospital concerning the death of Rosa Emma Coles, aged three years and 6 months, the daughter of a hammerman, residing at 5, Salisbury-road, Woodside, who died on Friday morning.—It appeared that on the night of the 18th inst. the child was put to bed in a back room, and as she slept alone a small paraffin lamp was left burning on the mantelpiece. At half-past eight on the following morning the mother was awoke by hearing screams, and was horrified at seeing the deceased standing before her with her night-gown in flames. She extinguished the fire by rolling the child in a hearthrug, and called in Dr. Green, who ordered her removal to the hospital. No doubt the little one had been playing with the lamp, and threw it on the bed in consequence of her night dress catching fire. A part of the bedding was burnt, and both Mrs. Cole's hands were severely injured.—The medical evidence showed that death ensued on the 20th inst., from shock to the system, consequent upon extensive burns on the lower extremities.—A verdict of accidental death was returned.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A GIRL.—Dr. Macdonald, M.P., held an inquiry at the Coroner's Court, St. Luke's, into the circumstances attending the death of Annie Goodyear, aged 12 years, the daughter of a general dealer living at 12, Red Lion Market, St. Luke's.—Elizabeth Nicholls, the mother, deposed that on Thursday she left the deceased in the kitchen. Soon after her son ran to her, and said, "My God, Annie's dead!" Witness ran down to the room and found deceased lying with her neck on the fender. She was quite dead. There was no fire in the room at the time.—Dr. Dawson, of 83, Chiswell-street, deposed that he was called to the house, but life was then extinct. The post mortem examination showed that a large piece of orange had stuck in the throat. The stomach was full of lumps of orange and bacon, and this, acting on the nervous system, produced paralysis of the heart.—The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

SHOCKING FATALITY AT EAST GREENWICH.—Mr. Carttar held an inquest on Saturday afternoon at the Admiral Hardy, Greenwich, on the body of William Elbourn, aged 13, of 15, Blakeley's-cottages, Blackwall-lane, East Greenwich, an errand boy employed by the South Metropolitan Gas Company, at the East Greenwich Works. William Henry Everest, engine driver, said that on Wednesday afternoon, about five o'clock, he was in charge of a train of trucks going, loaded with coke and breeze, from the retort-house to the wharf. As the train was going up an incline he saw the deceased running as if to cross the line in front of the engine, which he had time to do. At the top of the incline he saw the deceased, who had hold of the hand-rail of the engine, as if trying to get on the footplate. He appeared to stumble, and witness stopped the train within seventeen yards. He then went back and found the deceased lying with his legs under the wheels of the third truck. He said, "Oh, Mr. Everest, mind my legs." The train was sent on a little and the boy was extricated and taken to the Seamen's Hospital.—Dr. Ri[illegible]son said the deceased had a compound comminuted fracture of the right leg, a simple fracture of the right thigh, and a compound fracture of the left thigh. He died at 9.25 the same night from shock.—A verdict of accidental death was returned.

SHE WOULD NOT SEE A DOCTOR.—Dr. Macdonald, the North-east London coroner, held an inquest at the King's Arms, Bow, on the body of Laura Butcher, aged 26 years, the wife of a carman, of 93, Usher-road, Bow.—From the evidence it appeared that the deceased had been suffering from diabetes for some time, but although her friends pressed her to have advice, she declined. On Wednesday she was taken suddenly ill, and expired before the doctor arrived.—Dr. Hamlin, of Tredegar-road, deposed that death was due to uræmic poisoning. He stated that deceased ought to have had medical advice, as he had ascertained that she had been suffering for some time.—The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

A WOMAN BURNT TO DEATH IN BERMONDSEY.—On Saturday afternoon Mr. S. F. Langham held an inquest at Guy's Hospital, touching the death of Sarah Holmes, aged 70, the wife of a zinc-worker, of 150, Snows Fields, Bermondsey.—Jane Wallace, 151, Snows Fields, stated that on Friday night, shortly after 10 o'clock she heard loud screams emanating from next door, and on entering the house found Mrs. Holmes lying on the fire-place with her clothes in flames. Witness was so frightened herself at the sight that she was unable to render the deceased any assistance, and ran and fetched the son, who lived a few doors off. He immediately went to his mother's house, and after some difficulty put out the flames, being burnt about the hands and face himself.—Charles Holmes, the son, deposed that he found his mother lying insensible in the fire-place. Her clothes were on fire and he extinguished the flames as best he could with a cloth cap, and then took her to the hospital in a cart.—Dr. Mears said that the deceased was severely burnt about the lower portions of her body, and he died on Friday morning. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

Where is the man who felt for us?
He wrote "The Song of the Shirt."
He is dead, but his song lives on,
With poverty, rags, and dirt.
Ay, to-day it rings in my ears,
While my eyes are blinded by work and tears,
And my brain is hot and heavy as lead,
And all the hope in my heart lies dead.

This is not life, the life I lead,
But a race with the "Dance of Death;"
Sometimes I curse my fate that I
Outrun him with every breath.
"Work, work, work." And what is the pay?
A fight with death. Shut out from day,
In a rotten room, with a reeking floor,
With never a window and never a door.

If death walked in, would any one care?
Not one, there isn't one would mind;
People like us haven't time to spare,
We can't even wait to be kind.
One of a thousand or two lies dead
Who work with groans for their daily bread;
One of a thousand or two of cries
Is hushed for ever as there she lies.

That would be all; my grave would close,
And her woman would steep
This room with tears, born of her woes,
And with her tears my memory keep.
'Tis living death! for life is bare
Of joy, and full of thorns of care,
But he who wrote "The Song of the Shirt"
Felt for our poverty, famine, and dirt.

So, if hearts live that feel like his,
Let them read "The Song of a Shirt,"
And I can tell them all it means—
Poverty, famine, and dirt.
Let them hear, and help to still the groans
That ring o'er the kingdom with weary moans,
That those weary voices may blend in prayer
For a blessing to rest on those who care.

ANNIE PRESTON.

THE SENTRY.

Where'er the British flag's unfurled,
Upon the land or sea,
Where'er Britannia's bugles sound
Their war notes loud and free,
Upon Gib's rock-bound ramparts,
And Egypt's desert sand,
To challenge all our enemies
A sentinel I stand.
CHORUS—When the stormy night winds blow,
Watchful pacing to and fro.
Who comes there? friend or foe,
I take my turn of sentry go.

I pace the troopship's deck at night,
When dark and threatening clouds,
Let loose the howling tempest sprites,
To sing amidst the shrouds.
Upon the grim old battlements,
In silent thought I tramp,
And in the gloomy Afghan pass
I guard the sleeping camp.

And as my lonely post I guard
Beneath the starlit skies,
A vision of my native land
Flits past my glist'ning eyes;
I see old faces round the fire,
While gently falls the snow,
And hear my bonnie lassie sing
A carol soft and low.

In many climes I've mounted guard
And seen the savage crawl
Towards my post to meet his fate,
His fate, a rifle ball.
But hark footsteps. "Who comes there?"
"Rounds."
"What rounds?" "Grand rounds" they tell.
"Advance one, and give the countersign,
"Pass, grand rounds. All's well!"

ALFRED H. MARSHALL.

THE POVERTY THAT'S HIDDEN.

Contrasted lights and shadows dense
A populous city ever shows,
Toilers who work for scanty pence,
With ill-fed frames and ragged clothes,
And those who trifle life away,
Till health and energies are undone,
Half what they spend in waste each day
Would largely help the lost of London.

There are who nobly act their parts,
Complaining not through bitter hours,
Sweet words of hope fall on their hearts,
Like morning dews on thirsty flowers;
More eloquent than the sermons preached
By men of light, like Canon Liddon,
Are kindly timely deeds that cheer
The homes where poverty is hidden.

In secret falls the burning tear,
In secret patient sorrow sighs,
Hungry and cold the parents hear
Their little children's ravenous cries;
Oh! 'twere a Christ-like work to seek
And save the poor by wrong o'erridden,
How many do not choose to speak,
But die in poverty that's hidden.

Not in the full view of the world
Are grandest heroes ever seen,
Nor where the standard is unfurled,
And soldiers march before the Queen,
But oft in darkest slums where love
Would almost seem a guest forbidden,
Where faith unconquered looks above
And bears the poverty that's hidden.

HUGH P. MAXWELL.

THE MONARCH OF MISRULE.

Our fathers had in olden days
A custom now grown rare,
Wherein mad pranks and noisy ways
Made tumult ev'rywhere.
All peace disturbed, and things upset,
With revels held at Yule,
Compelled the folks to ne'er forget
The Monarch of Misrule.

He nowadays is typified
By one with talents rare,
Who by his folk is deified,
And thought beyond compare.
But we can see with mind [illegible] seen,
Our judgment calm and cool,
That he is now and e'er has been
A Monarch of Misrule.

Just think of all the dire disgrace
He brought upon our land,
Through all the years when last in place,
With pow'r at his command,
Our land, most honour'd and renown'd,
He brought to ridicule,
For shameful blunders clung around
This Monarch of Misrule.

He strives to separate our land
By foolish Home Rule schemes,
And vainly struggles to command
Our trust in such mad dreams;
He never trusts us with his game
(In that he's not a fool),
'Twould surely overwhelm in shame
This Monarch of Misrule.

He madly hinders all he can
The passing of good law,
And cares not for his fellow-man,
Nor for his country's cause,
But for his ends he often lauds
The Socialistic school,
Then counts the votes their help affords
This Monarch of Misrule.

G. PESCUD.

How doth a little "Petrolite"
Improve the washing hour;
It gathers praises all the day
From all who try its power.
How skilfully it does its work, &c.
MAZEY'S PETROLITE SOAP POWDER, a spontaneous cleanser, saves rubbing and scrubbing. Sold everywhere in 1lb. Pats, or Four Pats, in Case, 3d.—Works, Ambrose-st., S.W.—[Advt.]

COURTING MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

An Elopement, and what Came of It.

At the Sheerness Police Court, Charles Hadler, aged 23, and Sarah Hannah Randall, aged 39, were charged with stealing £18 and a quantity of clothing, the property of William James Randall, husband of the female prisoner.—Early this year the male prisoner, who was in business at Sheerness as a baker, was courting the prosecutor's daughter. In July he transferred his attentions to her mother, and the attachment that sprang up between them culminated in their leaving the town on October 30th. Nothing was heard of them until a fortnight ago, when they were discovered living together as man and wife at Landport under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Watson. After their departure the prosecutor missed £18 and a quantity of clothing.—For the defence it was contended that Mrs. Randall took away £13 in money, which she considered she was justly entitled to as her own under the Married Women's Property Act, she having saved the sum from her housekeeping allowances. Hadler had had none of the money, nor did he know anything of the clothing, most of the articles of which had been kept in her box, of which she held the key.—The magistrate committed the prisoners for trial.

POLICE GRIEVANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

SIR,—Your columns are eagerly scanned weekly by a very large majority of us policeman, who, I can assure you, sir, highly appreciate the readiness with which you place them at our disposal for the ventilation of our (I venture to say) just complaints. Kindly, therefore, allow me, sir, on behalf of my "brothers in blue," to call the attention of your numerous readers to some facts. Our chief commissioner has recently announced in our "police orders" that superintendents are to receive an addition of fourteen days to their annual leave, thus giving them a leave yearly of forty-two days, in lieu of twenty-eight days as heretofore, while other ranks are not mentioned. Now, sir, I submit that the constable's seven days' leave, is not a just comparison with the forty-two days of his superintendent (with all due respect to the rank), and I think it a reasonable and fair suggestion, which all ranks should support, that the following additions should be at once sanctioned:—Inspectors, seven days, making a total of twenty-one days; sergeants, four days, making a total of fourteen days; and constables, three days, making a total of ten days. Secondly, there has recently been a memorandum issued proposing to make some slight improvements in the pension scale, but as promulgated to us, it will only benefit a man who has served over twenty-two years in the service, also affording a claim for pensions at twenty-five years' service. Now, sir, I think it would be reasonable for us to demand that the pension scale should be improved in the manner suggested, but to take effect from fifteen years and upwards, together with an option of claiming such pension at twenty-one years' service, and so do away with the present farce of forcing a man to go on the sick list in order to get his pension, for which he has not only weathered the exposure of twenty-one winters, and borne the scorching heat of twenty-one summers, but towards which he has subscribed weekly during the whole of his service. I mention these two facts only out of many others, that will, I have no doubt, be brought to the public notice before long, as we are fully confident that in view of the services rendered by us during the past, and in the present strike crisis, we have their entire sympathy and support.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE BLUE.

At the Croydon Petty Sessions on Saturday, David Copper, landlord of the Temperance Hotel, Smitham Bottom, Coulsdon, was fined 20s. and 9s. costs, for selling coffee adulterated with 45 per cent. of chicory.

PEARS' SOAP.

PEARS' SOAP For the HANDS.
PEARS' SOAP For the FACE.
PEARS' SOAP For the NECK.
PEARS' SOAP For the ARMS.
PEARS' SOAP For the FEET.
PEARS' SOAP For the BATH.
PEARS' SOAP FAIR WHITE HANDS.
PEARS' SOAP BRIGHT, CLEAR COMPLEXION.
PEARS' SOAP SOFT HEALTHFUL SKIN.
PEARS' SOAP Prevents ROUGHNESS.
PEARS' SOAP Prevents REDNESS.
PEARS' SOAP Prevents CHAPPING.
PEARS' SOAP ALWAYS AGREEABLE.
PEARS' SOAP ALWAYS SAFE.
PEARS' SOAP ALWAYS PURE.
PEARS' SOAP ALWAYS FRAGRANT.
PEARS' SOAP ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

From Professor Sir ERASMUS WILSON, Professor of Dermatology, Royal College of Surgeons of England (in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine.") "The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant;' and Pears' Transparent Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

Dr. TILBURY-FOX, late Physician to the Skin Department, University College Hospital, London. "PEARS' SOAP is the best Soap made."—Vide Tilbury-Fox on the "SKIN," p. 509

Mr. JOHN L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London. From the "Hygiene of the Skin." "From time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and I have now, after fifteen years' careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in Hospital and Private Practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP."

From "The Bath in Health and Disease," by the same Author. "PEARS' SOAP is unrivalled for purity and is really the most economical of Soaps, as it contains scarcely any water, as Professor Attfield's analysis incontestibly demonstrates."

TESTIMONY OF POPULAR FAVOURITES.

ADELINA PATTI writes:—"I have found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the hands and complexion.
(Signed)
"ADELINA PATTI."

Mrs. LANGTRY writes:—"I have much pleasure in stating I have used PEARS' SOAP for some time, and prefer it to any other.
(Signed)
"LILLIE LANGTRY."

Miss MARY ANDERSON writes:—"I have used it two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I find it the very best.
(Signed)
"MARY ANDERSON."

Madame MARIE ROZE MAPLESON writes:—"For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest soap in the world.
(Signed)
"MARIE ROZE."

PEARS' SOAP is sold everywhere in Tablets, 1s. each. Larger sizes 1s 6d, and 2s. 6d. (The 2s. 6d Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses. A smaller Tablet, unscented, is sold at 6d.) Insist on having PEARS', as vilely injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain, even by dealers who would be thought "respectable," some of whom attract the public into their shops or stores by marking PEARS' SOAP at less than cost price, and then recommend some rubbish on which they get a large profit.

JACK ALLROUND.

"I have tried once or twice to make macaroni cheese, but failed to make it as it should be. Kindly tell me how," writes "Wood L." The first thing is to boil the macaroni properly. Break it into lengths, but not too short, put a good sized saucepan on the fire, with plenty of water and a little salt, and when it comes to the boil throw in your macaroni, and stir it frequently; according to the size it will be boiled in from twenty to thirty minutes; over-boiling does not serve it. When it is done pour in a jugful of cold water, then strain the macaroni free of all water. Butter a square dish and pile it up with alternate layers of macaroni and grated cheese, adding plenty of butter, mustard, salt, pepper, and cayenne. Let the last layer be a good covering of grated cheese, then bake it to a yellowish brown, and serve very hot. I should advise you to use a a dry, highly flavoured cheese.

"A. J. H." wishes to "mount, oil, or varnish the two pictures of the *Illustrated London News* for framing." You must have a board a little larger every way than the picture you wish to mount, and some canvas, linen, or calico also larger than the picture; this must be stretched by tacking it tightly on to the board. You need not drive in the tacks far, but use plenty of them, so that the linen may be evenly and well stretched. Have also a halfpenny worth of common size, to be got at an oil shop, put this in a small jug or jam crock with about a tablespoonful of water, and put the crock into a saucepan with some warm water and set it on the fire to melt the size, stir it and let the water boil; now brush on a good coating of the hot size over the stretched linen and allow it to get nearly dry. Have the picture to be mounted face down on a clean sheet of paper and coat the wrong side with a strong smooth coat of flour paste, leave it a minute or two, and then coat it a second time—avoid lumps in the paste above all things. Now lay the picture on the stretched linen and with a soft, clean linen rag dab it all over, beginning in the centre of the picture and working out to the sides; see that every atom of the surface gets due pressure but do not rub it when it is well stuck all over. Leave it to dry thoroughly; I should leave it for a couple of days at least. The next proceeding will be to make thinner size by putting in more water when melting it. When this is hot it ought to be strained through fine muslin and returned to the crock and slightly heated, and with a soft flat brush lightly brushed over the face of the picture and allowed to dry for one day at least, and then with the same brush washed well in warm water and allowed to dry, varnish your picture with mastic or any other good colourless varnish, lay on the varnish very thin, let the picture lie flat, and while the varnish is drying carefully keep it from dust. When dry take out the tacks, and with a pair of scissors trim off the edge of linen, and it is ready for framing, with or without glass.

Your informant, "E. S.," is quite correct; carrot jam is a favourite preserve with many, and may be flavoured in various ways. When you have thoroughly washed and scraped the carrots, cutting off any discoloured spots, cut the roots down the middle in halves and take out the yellow centre, only retaining the red flesh for preserving. Cut that in pieces, and put it in the pan with water just sufficient to cover; let it boil until soft enough to be rubbed through a hair sieve. Say you have four pounds of carrot pulp; to this allow four pounds of loaf sugar, boil these together, and after they have come well to the boil let them simmer for fifteen minutes, stirring all the time and skimming carefully. Let them get cold, then add a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds chopped very fine, or chopped and then pounded in a mortar, the grated rind of four lemons, and the strained juice of the same, and six tablespoonsful of brandy, which is needed to keep the jam. Stir these ingredients well through the whole and put the jam in crocks, carefully tying down to exclude the air.

I am much obliged, and I am sure so will my readers be, to "J. T." for a very simple method for preparing a wood floor for dancing. He has tried many plans, and considers no wood except oak takes the wax well, and pronounces the following as the best of all methods:—"I have often danced on it," he says, "and each time it was delightful." Get at any chemist's shop a few pennyworth of boracic acid, sprinkle finely over the whole surface, and let the dancing begin. The floor will be beautiful in five minutes, quite as slippery and much lighter to dance on than wax. Of course the colour will not be the same, but will be as before the application. There is no labour and no stickiness as with wax or candles if not properly rubbed in, and no dusting is required. The floor must be clean and dry before the boracic acid is sprinkled over it.

In reply to "Margery," who asks for a recipe for stuffing a turkey with chestnuts, take off the outer skin from any number of chestnuts and put them to boil in a saucepan of well-salted water with a couple of bay leaves and two or three tablespoonsful of coriander seeds. When nearly boiled, drain off the water and remove the inner skins; let the chestnuts get cold, then cut up into small pieces half a pound of butter, and finely mince up an onion with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all with the chestnuts, and stuff your turkey well with the mixture.

"Annie T. F." has a circular tweed waterproof cloak. It had become faded looking. She washed it, let it dry, and then dipped it twice in one of the black coat revivers she got from this column. She says "the appearance is now all right, but it lets in the wet; can you tell me how to re-waterproof it?" I have heard of excellent results obtained from the following process:—Take equal quantities of alum, isinglass, and soap, and dissolve each separately, using just sufficient water for the purpose. When the ingredients are dissolved mix them together; spread your cloak over a clean table and imbue every portion of it on the wrong side with the mixed solution. Let it dry, then proceed to brush the cloth well, first using a dry brush, and then lightly going over it with a brush dipped in water.

"Sweet Tooth" writes:—"Will you kindly give me a prescription for making chocolate, chocolate almonds," &c. It will save you much time and trouble if in place of grinding up the nuts, you purchase the prepared chocolate, which can be obtained either sweetened or unsweetened. Warm some sweet chocolate by pounding it in a hot iron mortar; when reduced to a smooth paste, take up a little and wrap it round a blanched almond, and roll it in the hand till you have it in the shape of an olive, and lay down on sheets of paper. When cold they will become sufficiently hardened. To make chocolate drops covered with the tiny pure white or many coloured comfits called nonpareils, you warm the chocolate as before by pounding it in a hot mortar, then roll it in the hands to the size of small marbles, place them on a square sheet of paper about an inch apart; when the paper is filled take it carefully up by the corners and lift it up and down, letting it touch the table each time, this will flatten the lower end of the ball; now completely cover the surface of the balls by plentifully shaking the nonpareils over them, and then gently shaking off the surplus ones. When the drops have got quite cold they will be firm, and can be easily moved from the sheets of paper.

In reply to "Gipsey," I have not by me at this moment a recipe for "white oils," which my correspondent thinks is the name "of a very excellent home-made remedy for rheumatism, pains in the limbs, stiffness," &c., but I send her a capital home-made embrocation for rheumatic pains, sprains, bruises, and bites of insects. Well beat up one egg, add half a pint of vinegar, and beat the two well together, add one ounce spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce spirits of wine, a little more than a quarter of an ounce of camphor; as you add each ingredient beat it up well with what went before, then beat all together, put the mixture in a bottle and shake it well for ten minutes, after which cork it down tightly to exclude the air; it will be fit to use in half an hour. Rub the mixture well into the part affected two or three times a day; if used for rheumatism in the head, rub it in at the back of the neck and behind the ears. I thought the housewife was sure to approve of the hint I gave to which you allude.

"Freezer" is anxious to know how to make water ices, such as lemon or pineapple ice. "Minnie T." also asks for a recipe for "home-made lemon-water ice." You will require a rather deep tube to hold the freezing mixture, which is composed of ice broken up small and a little more than one-fourth of its weight of common salt. You must also have a proper covered ice pot, which, containing the lemon or other ice, is to be plunged into the freezing mixture, and a long-handled wooden spoon. To make the lemon-water ice, first prepare a syrup by putting three pounds and a half of lump sugar into two pints of water and the white of one egg well beaten up, mix them together and boil gently for five or six minutes, carefully removing the scum as it rises; set the syrup to cool. When cold, bottle it for use. If you do not need so much at one time, half the above quantity will be sufficient for the following proportions:—Rub the rind of two lemons on sugar to extract all the lemon flavouring stuff. Drop the lumps of sugar as they are saturated with the rind juice into a pint of cold water, add one pint of the syrup given above, the juice of one orange, and the juice of six lemons. Strain this through a sieve or through muslin into the freezer or ice pot, which plunge into the tub of ice, turn it round and pack it well down in the ice, take off the lid of the ice pot and with your wooden spoon scrape from the sides any ice already frozen and mix it well with the liquid in the centre. Cover it up to freeze, but soon again take off the lid and work down what freezes on the sides to secure that all is at last frozen into a firm smooth mass, then cover it up and it is ready for use.

For pineapple ice, pare and squeeze a small pine, lay by the juice, cut up the pulp very fine, and put it into a pudding pot with sifted sugar between the layers, set it in a slow oven until dissolved, then pulp it through an hair sieve, add the pine juice to it, and a little sugar to taste, and as much water as will make it a well-flavoured rich mixture, then freeze as for lemon ice. Some persons add a little saffron water to give a good colour to this ice.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

Christmas decorations, both in church and home, have become so much a matter of course that their origin and significance are alike forgotten. Year after year the workers of a parish congregate and take counsel how they may best, with a fair amount of evergreen, cotton wool, red flannel, sealing wax, and a few greenhouse flowers, decorate the church to advantage. Home decorations vary with the taste and time of individuals, yet there is scarcely a house at Christmas time but sports a few sprigs of holly and a mistletoe bough. Superstition on this occasion has disappeared in custom. Our forefathers decorated their houses at Christmas that the fairies might enter and shelter those kindly elves who, so long as the leaves are on the trees, inhabit the woods, and do kind offices for men. Once a year mortals have the opportunity of repaying them, when the branches are bare and the earth frostbound; for they can make their houses into green bowers where the fairies can linger. Only they must not stay too long. On Candlemas Day all the evergreens must come down, or else—

Look how many leaves there be
Neglected there—maids, trust to me,
So many goblins shall you see.

Holly, undoubtedly pre-eminent amongst Christmas evergreens, has been a sacred plant from time immemorial. The fire worshippers venerated it, seeing in its glittering leaves and berries an emblem of their sacred element. It defended the house from lightning, warded off witches, and froze water. The Romans, during Saturnalia, sent branches of it from house to house, and, the oaks being bare, the priests bade the people bring holly to the temple. Since the use of holly was a heathen custom, the Christian priests tried to forbid their congregations decorating with it. Finding, however, that their remonstrances were vain, they made a virtue of necessity, and took the plant under their own patronage, twisting its name into the holy tree, and discovering a multitude of sacred emblems in berry and bough. In Northumberland the holly that has very prickly leaves is the "he holly," and that which is smooth the "she holly." With the latter divinations may be practised on Christmas Eve. The leaves should be picked on the preceding Friday, in the evening, the gatherer taking care to preserve silence till dawn. The leaves should have been put in a three-cornered handkerchief, nine of them selected and tied with nine knots. Place them under the pillow on Christmas Eve, and all dreams that night will be reliable and full of significance. Another charm is for a maiden to put three pails of water in her room on Christmas Eve, and go to bed with three holly leaves pinned upon her night-dress over her heart. She will be aroused from sleep by three terrible cries, followed by three laughs, then the form of her future husband will appear. If he loves her very fondly he will alter the position of the three water pails; if not, he will glide away, leaving them untouched.

A PROTEST AGAINST GAMBLING.

The following protest against gambling has been issued by the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations:—Having been informed from various sources of the alarming extent to which the practice of gambling prevails amongst young men, and recognising the great importance which attaches to a vigorous and healthy public opinion being created and fostered among young men themselves upon the subject, and the value to this end of the several pronouncements already made by different religious bodies in relation thereto, this National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations recommends:—"That active steps be taken by associations throughout the union, through their meetings and other agencies, through the district conferences of Y.M.C.A.'s, through Y.M.C.A. journals and the public press, to awaken young men to a sense of the many and grave evils and the dangers to which the practice of betting exposes them, that careful supervision be exercised in regard to agencies that may prove a source of temptation thereto, and that the earnest efforts of the young manhood represented by the membership of the associations be enlisted in the endeavour by personal example and influence to combat a practice which has proved, and is proving itself, baneful to industry, ruinous to character, and destructive alike of the moral and material wellbeing of the young men of the community."

MURDER AND ROBBERY IN BERLIN.

Cases of murder for the sake of robbery have been unusually frequent of late in and near Berlin. A fresh crime of this kind is announced, making the fifteenth case within a very short time. In this last instance, one farm servant stabbed another for the sake of robbing him of some £20 which the deceased possessed in ready cash. The murderer was, however, immediately detected and arrested.

The clergy of Derby have, it is said, set on foot a proposal for free marriages. Should the movement succeed locally, it is thought probable it may extend throughout the country. The object of dispensing with the fee is to counteract the increasing tendency to civil marriages indicated in the returns recently issued by the registrar-general, which show that the proportion of marriages solemnised according to the rites of the Church of England was only seventy per cent., the smallest in any year except one since the institution of civil marriages.

VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

[Communications intended for this column should be delivered at the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursdays.]

It is very evident the Government are alive to the fact that private effort will never be able to deal with the important question of Volunteer rifle ranges. At last the War Office has called for a return and a complete list of all ranges used by Volunteers on which volley and independent firing with ball cartridge can be carried out with safety at distances between 400 and 1,000 yards. The immediate object of the return may be that there are likely to be important changes in the Volunteer musketry course; but no change can take place until it is first ascertained whether there is throughout the country sufficient range accommodation for practice under altered conditions. The targets need not necessarily be volley targets, and they may be second or third class, or even miniature ones. Another return is to be sent in showing the number of existing ranges which are not suitable for this purpose.

Writing on the subject of local effort, reminds me that at last several regimental commanders are gradually awakening to the consideration of providing their corps with similar equipment to that of the metropolitan Volunteers. Time is on the wing, and the necessary articles must be provided before the next annual inspection. Many provincial battalions are now heavily in debt, and cannot increase the weight of their existing burdens. Hence it comes about that in several counties it has been resolved to make an appeal to the residents for funds. It was pretty clearly foreseen that this would be the result if the Mansion House Fund proved a success. Mr. Stanhope and our "only general" were fully alive to it, and must have known full well that, by giving the light of their official sanction to the voluntary system, they would not have to appeal for aid to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Full publicity has not yet been given to the existing relationship between the War Office and the N.R.A. with regard to the land at and adjacent to Bisley Common. It is reported that steps are being taken by the Government for the acquisition of a considerable portion of land, other than that required by the association, for the purpose of field firing and practice with the new magazine rifle. The tract of ground required lies somewhat to the westward of Bisley and close to Pirbright. As several existing rights of way will have to be closed in the event of the land being taken over by the Government, a special Act of Parliament will have to be passed before the War Office can take it over.

Two well-known Volunteers are about leaving the Volunteers after a period of long and valuable service. The first of these is Major John Campbell of the 7th Middlesex (London Scottish), who was one of the first members of this distinguished regiment, and who obtained his company in May 1868, and the other Quartermaster Arrowsmith, of the Bristol Engineers. Captain Arrowsmith had something more than a local reputation, as he was always well to the front in all the big events at Wimbledon, and was recently captain of the Gloucestershire Twenty.

More complaints have reached me concerning the difficulty there is in obtaining officers, particularly in the Home District. The number of resignations from metropolitan regiments shows a great increase during the last two months. Altogether about fifty officers have left the force quite recently, among them being many gentlemen who were specially qualified for the posts they held. The question of how to supply their places is assuming a very serious aspect. Commanding officers appear to be either unable or unwilling to cope with the present state of affairs. It is time a War Office committee was appointed to investigate the matter.

Some strange correspondence has recently been published in a few papers with respect to the alleged cooking of incorrect returns. One gentleman goes as far as to say "Army Reserve" men have been fitted out in suits of old uniform and sent to the annual camp. Nothing could be more absurd than such a suggestion, which under no circumstances could possibly be carried out. It is not shown that in any one regiment there has been, on the part of either the commanding officer or the adjutant, any intention to send in false returns, but it would be strange, indeed, if in a force constituted like the Volunteers, and which until within the last few years was certainly not under proper supervision, a slovenly and careless system of making out returns had not been resorted to by men who were too idle to correct errors and too careless to trouble themselves about them. There may, however, have been isolated cases were non-commissioned officers may have had cause for suspicion and have winked at irregularities.

Colonel Walker, of the 1st C.E.V.'s, has good reason to be proud of the handsome compliment bestowed upon him and his corps by Colonel Durnford, R.E. The corps numbers 604, out of which 593 are efficients. Fourteen of the officers hold certificates of proficiency, eleven have passed the examination in tactics prescribed for lieutenants of the regular forces, one officer has passed the examination in tactics prescribed for captains in the regular service, the whole of the sergeants, thirty-four in number, hold certificates of proficiency, and the average attendance of members at drill has been 217. Nowadays, when so many officers are leaving the Volunteers, we may well ask how it is the men of this corps hang together so well.

Anent Lancashire matters, a local paper while admitting that several very able field officers have sent in their resignation, rejoices in the fact that their places will be supplied by men of equal ability, and of their retirement causing a flow of promotion. This is, of course, one of the results naturally to be expected would take place almost in every part of England except in the Home District, where, singular to say, men who long since have been proved incompetent to command are still allowed to hold on, and where but too frequently when there are any resignations in the higher ranks the places are filled up, not by regimental officers, but by rank outsiders.

A few weeks ago allusion was made in this column to the repository drill of a metropolitan regiment, and it was pointed out that something ought to be done to stimulate competitions in this drill. Recent events have shown that the competition at Hengler's Circus has been attended with very satisfactory results, and has created a spirit of rivalry for supremacy among the Lancashire brigades. People down north seem to speak out pretty plainly, for I find the adjutant of one Volunteer corps says, in the course of an address to his men, delivered only a few days after the speech by the adjutant-general on shooting:—"Shooting is an excellent accomplishment, but it is not everything, and I fear it is made too much of, and drill is a little neglected;" and, going a step further, he modestly remarks, "They might think it was rather rash of an adjutant to talk like that, but shooting without drill was more or less useless, while drill without shooting was absolutely useless. It was a combination of the two that made an efficient Volunteer and a good soldier."

Harking back to the Home District again, I notice the various companies of the 3rd Middlesex have recently been holding their annual prize meetings. It is extraordinary what improvements have taken place in this corps of late years. It is not so very long since the "3rd" were seldom spoken of; now the battalion is hardly second to any in the country. It is very proud of its mounted detachment, but this, I fancy, will prove rather a source of weakness than of strength. There is no probability whatever of the Government allowing an extra grant towards the cost of its maintenance, and it may prove expensive and practically useless.

Although a certain number of magazine rifles have been issued to the infantry at Aldershot, the Committee on Explosives are still debating as to the kind of powder which shall be used. Preparations are, however, being made at Aldershot for the purpose of instructing officers and non-commissioned officers in night marching by the aid of the compass, and when these gentlemen are considered fit for their work their regiments and brigades are to be exercised in this practice. According to a correspondent, the scene of operation is to be between the Fox Hills and Cæsar's Camp, "involving," he says, "a march in the darkness over very difficult and dangerous ground." It is questionable where the "difficulty and danger" come in, for there is hardly a man in the English service above the rank of a lieutenant who is not as well acquainted with every foot of the ground, as he is with the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

ELMAZ.

VOLUNTEER REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

3RD LONDON.—Physical drill class on Wednesday, at 8.0 p.m. Signalling class on Tuesday and Thursday, at 8.0 p.m., under the adjutant.

2ND MIDDLESEX.—Private P. Goodwin is transferred from No. 12 to No. 8 Company, at his own request. There will be an ambulance class at Headquarters every Tuesday, from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., commencing on the 14th January. Members desirous of attending should send their names to the orderly-room without delay.

6TH MIDDLESEX.—Tuesday, school of arms, at Headquarters, 8.0 p.m. Friday, school of arms at Headquarters, at 8.0 p.m. Recruit drill will be resumed at Headquarters on Monday, January 6th, at 8.0 p.m.

16TH MIDDLESEX.—Drills suspended until Wednesday, the 8th January, when they will be resumed at Westminster Hall as per drill programme. The orderly-room will be closed until Thursday, the 2nd January. Promotions: Privates M. J. Denny and T. McCarthy, L Company, also Private Osborne, A Company, to be corporals. The commanding officer has appointed Colour-sergeant Burgess, C Company, to be a member of the shooting Committee, vice Colour-sergeant Chapman, resigned. Extract from "London Gazette," 21st December 1889:—"16th Middlesex R.V.—Captain F. H. Hooker resigns his commission."

19TH MIDDLESEX.—The following members have not yet returned their rifles to the armoury, and are requested to do so at once:—Privates F. J. Jones, B. V. L. Poirit, W. Francis, J. Mussett, A. Quicke, H. Carter, Cordell, and Sturgeon. The armoury will be open on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Orderly-room closed until Tuesday. School of arms will be open on Monday and [illegible] on Wednesday.

SEQUEL TO A DIVORCE CASE.
A Heavy Fine.

At the London Sessions, before Sir P. H. Edlin, Q.C., Frank Herbert Jessel surrendered to his bail to answer an indictment charging him with occasioning bodily harm to Julius Laurence Hamilton.—Counsel stated that on December 2nd the prosecutor, who is a medical man, obtained a decree nisi in the Divorce Court against his wife, a sister of the defendant. Pending the trial the prosecutor was allowed to visit his children, who remained in the custody of his wife at 5, Southwick-place, Hyde Park, he undertaking to give twenty-four hours' notice. When the decree nisi was pronounced he was given the custody of the children. He called to see them on the 4th, and was shown by the butler into the dining-room, where he remained standing before the fire for several minutes with his hat on. The defendant entered the room without his hearing him, and, approaching him from behind, struck him a violent blow on the hat with a riding-whip. His hat was knocked off, and the defendant then hit him again over the head, on the face, ear, and hand. A struggle ensued, and they both approached a sideboard, on which there was a decanter, which the prosecutor took up, and with it struck the defendant, who partly parried the blow with his arm, over the head. They then got near the door, the defendant exclaiming, "Why did you divorce my sister? Why did you speak about me or my father in the witness-box? I will kill you, and if I can't here I will the first time I meet you in the street!" The prosecutor's late wife called out, "Open the door." The defendant then took the key out of his pocket and opened the door, and Mr. Hamilton left, his wife saying, "Get out of my house, you hound!"—The prosecutor was then called, and in answer to Mr. Hutton, detailed the above circumstances.—Having heard further evidence, the jury retired, and, after an absence of ten minutes, returned into court with a verdict of guilty.—His lordship, after consultation with his colleagues on the bench, said the defendant had been convicted of an assault under very aggravated circumstances but, looking at all the surroundings, he would not send him to prison, but impose a fine of £150, and order him to pay the costs of the prosecution, not exceeding £50, and to enter into his own recognisances in the sum of £200, and find two sureties in the sum of £100 to keep the peace.—The defendant would be allowed out on bail until next session in order to give time for payment of the fine and costs.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BURGLAR.
Sword v. Revolver.

Early the other morning, Mr. William Johnson Roberts, solicitor, of Pembroke-road, Dublin, reported to the police that about an hour or so before he heard a noise, and going downstairs with a sword in his hand encountered a burglar in his house. The burglar, a stout, strong-looking man, speedily fired a revolver twice at Mr. Roberts, but neither shot took effect. Mr. Roberts then tackled the man with his sword, and wounded him in several places, but the fellow managed to escape by the back door. There was blood on the sword and on the night-shirt of Mr. Roberts.

THE RESULT OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

At Stafford Petty Sessions, Eugene Blondeau, the Earl of Shrewsbury's chef at Ingestre Hall, was charged with assaulting William Hutchens, first footman, by striking him with a poker.—The defendant, who was described as a distinguished cook, who had been many years in the employ of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and formerly in that of Baron Rothschild, had been annoyed by practical jokes played upon him by the complainant. On the evening of the 12th inst. the complainant and another servant, while "larking," pushed open the defendant's bed-room door, and after some squabbling M. Blondeau armed himself with the poker and struck the complainant a heavy blow on the temple, cutting it to the bone. He also struck him a second violent blow on the shoulder. The complainant lost over half a pint of blood.—The defendant, who said the complainant had assailed him with abominable threats, was fined 10s.

BRAWLING IN CHURCH.

At Warrington on Thursday, two men, named Hand and Shaw, were charged with disorderly conduct in the parish church.—The defendants dressed themselves in grotesque costumes, one wearing a turkey's tail and a college cap, and they attended at the christening of Shaw's child. Both men were uproariously drunk. The defendant Hand shouted, in presence of 200 people in the church, for his friend Soper, and declared that he was the godfather.—Hand was fined 10s. and costs. Shaw, who it was said acted similarly last Christmas, had to pay 20s. and costs.

RUN OVER BY A TRAMCAR.

At Southwark Police Court, Samuel Prosser, a tramcar driver, was charged with causing the death of a boy named Joseph Samuel Ford by running over him with a tramcar. Mr. Abrahams, solicitor to the London Tramways Company, appeared for the accused.—Edward Longmore, a boy of 15, stated that shortly after six o'clock on the evening of the 21st he was passing along the London-road, when he saw a little boy crossing the road in front of a tramcar, which the prisoner was driving. As the horses came close to the boy they reared, the boy fell, and the tramcar went over him. He was picked up by a man and taken to St. Thomas's Hospital.—In answer to Mr. Abrahams, the witness added that he told the inspector at the police station that, in his opinion, the driver was in no way to blame for what had occurred.—Police-constable 174 M stated that he took the boy to the hospital, where he was examined by the house surgeon, who certified that he was dead.—Mr. Fenwick remanded the prisoner for a week, but consented to take bail for his appearance, himself in £50 and two sureties of £25 each.

The German Emperor has pardoned the editors of a Berlin paper who had been fined 400 marks for their attacks on the business honour of Herr Singer, a Jewish Social Democrat and deputy.

DISASTERS IN JAPAN.
Twenty Persons Killed and 100 Injured in a Theatre.

News has reached this country of a whole catalogue of catastrophes in Japan. A serious accident occurred at the theatre in Senmichiuse, during the performance of the Hera-Hera dance. The theatre was crowded, the day being a general holiday in honour of the Mikado's birthday. At about 2.30 the timbers supporting the gallery commenced to crack, and a minute or two later the whole structure fell into the body of the theatre. On the débris being cleared away twenty persons were taken out dead, while over a hundred others were found to be more or less severely wounded. Three-fourths of the village of Kanedamachi has been destroyed by fire. One hundred and eighty-three houses were burned and three lives were lost. A typhoon of great violence has swept over the island of Sado. The Oasaitmachi and Zaimexuno districts suffered the most, forty houses and thirty boats being swept away. In Hemetsumara ten houses and twenty boats were destroyed. The boiler of a passenger launch, plying between the bridge near Foochow and Sharp Peak exploded, and out of ninety passengers on board, only twenty escaped alive, and some of these were injured.

ALLEGED LONG FIRM FRAUDS.

At Stockport Police Court, John Webb, aged about 60, who described himself as a woollen machinist, of Battersea Park, London, was charged with obtaining by false pretences, and by means of conspiracy with a man not in custody, a quantity of clothing, &c., from Joshua Preston, clothier, Stockport, and firms in Bradford, Leeds, Nottingham, and Pudsey, of the total value of about £113.—It was alleged for the prosecution that although there were five cases only with which the prisoner was charged, there was an immense number of others against him. In September the accused, it was stated, opened an account at the London and Provincial Bank at Portsea and took a shop and warehouse there being joined by a man named Nelson, not in custody. Whilst there he commenced business as a woollen merchant, in the name of Thomas Hunt. Letters were sent with sample orders to the leading makers in the north of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and these goods were paid for. Large quantities were then sent for, but no money was forthcoming, and the goods were re-consigned by Nelson from Portsea to the prisoner in London, Webb disposing of them there. The accused was arrested on a different charge in another name in London, where valuable goods not paid for were found in his house.—The prisoner was committed for trial to the Chester Assizes.

The contract for the electric lighting of the Houses of Parliament has been given to the City of Westminster Electrical Syndicate Company.

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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

The Yankee papers say that John Burns has agreed to lecture in the United States next winter.

Geneva is said to be the cheapest city in Europe for a permanent residence.

Nine thousand coal-miners are said to be starving in the State of Pennsylvania.

Bhiwandi has been the scene of a terrible gunpowder explosion. The killed numbered 23.

A man who was found lying drunk in Grove Lane, Camberwell, died in a cell at the police-station shortly afterwards.

The Exhibition which is to take place at Edinburgh next year has been recognised officially by the French Government.

Prisoners in the Bridgeton (N.J.) Gaol have formed a glee club, and are singing Christmas carols.

Mr. Chaplin, President of the Board of Agriculture and a member of the Cabinet, has just entered on his 50th year. He was born on December 22nd, 1840.

The entire business portion of Petrolia, a town in the oil district of Pennsylvania, has been destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at $100,000.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is making preparations for an extensive system of telegraphic intercommunication. This may probably lead later to railway construction.

A terrible tragedy is reported from Celina, a little Ohio town. John Turgar killed his 15-year-old son, and threw the corpse into a large bonfire. Fearing discovery he then shot himself.

The Marquis of Londonderry has intimated to the secretary of the Belfast Conservative Association that he will be present at a demonstration, to be held under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn, in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on January 8th.

Mr. Bradlaugh arrived at Bombay at the beginning of the week. Some 2,000 natives were waiting to welcome him, and on his landing received him with hearty cheers. Mr. Bradlaugh has benefited greatly by the sea voyage, and is looking remarkably well.

A serious mishap occurred during a run with the Duke of Rutland's hounds the other afternoon. While the pack was crossing the Great Northern line near Elton, an express train from Nottingham to Grantham cut through them, instantly killing three dogs.

Boston is now receiving letters from San Francisco in four days and nineteen hours. When General Sherman was a young man in California, orders which the War Department sent him in September did not reach him till the following May.

A coachman named Weatherhead has been killed at the Upperton end of Eastbourne. The deceased was driving a carriage belonging to Miss Nix, when the vehicle came into collision with another carriage which was passing in the opposite direction, and he was hurled to the ground and killed by the injuries he received.

The police the other morning found a notice posted at the Catholic chapel at Maryborough calling upon the people to boycott a certain special juror who served on the Gweedore trials. He is referred to as "the hangman of the Gweedore prisoners." The juror in question is a justice of the peace and a merchant.

A riot between negroes and whites has occurred at Pott's Camp, Mississippi. There was some desperate hand-to-hand fighting, and pistols were freely used. Two negroes were killed and several of both parties were wounded. The affair originated in a dispute about the ownership of a dog.

The Richmond Vestry has decided to take action against the tramway company in consequence of the alleged continued disregard of the repeated representations of the town surveyor and highway committee as to the bad condition of the tram lines, which in several places are very much above ground, rendering it unsafe for vehicular and foot traffic.

Sir Thomas Sidgreaves, J.P., of Melton Grange, Malvern, shot himself while alone in his garden. He died shortly afterwards from hæmorrhage. The deceased, who was 58 years of age, was knighted in 1874. He was in vigorous health, and no reason is known which could have prompted the unfortunate gentleman to take his life. He leaves a widow and six children.

The trial in Rome of the persons charged with being the authors of the outrage in the Piazza Colonna in August last, when a bomb was thrown, injuring six persons, has been concluded. The jury found the prisoner Frattini guilty, and sentenced him to fifteen years' hard labour. Pallotta, his accomplice, was condemned to five years' imprisonment.

A serious accident has happened at Guernsey to a lad named Hall, nephew to Colonel Fielden. The little fellow was in the attic amusing himself with some gunpowder in a small bottle. He unthinkingly sprinkled a few grains on a lighted match, and a loud explosion occurred. The lad's right hand was shattered to pieces, and had to be amputated at the wrist, while the left hand and the face were much injured.

Mr. John Burns has received intimation from the London Chartered Bank of Australia that a further sum of £3,792 has been cabled to London from Melbourne, for the benefit of the Dock Labourers' Relief Fund Committee. An additional sum of £720 18s. 8d. had also been received from Sydney, with an express stipulation that the money should be used for no other purpose than relief.

Several different dates have been mentioned in connection with the burial of Robert Browning at Westminster Abbey; but we are enabled to state authoritatively that Tuesday next, at noon, is fixed for the ceremony. A very large number of applications for permission to be present have been received by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., Waterloo Place. These will be laid in due course before the representatives of the family, in whose hands the arrangements are being left.

A woman went to the Greenwich police the other day, and stated that she had robbed a man, with whom she had been drinking, of £17 in sovereigns. Not knowing how to get rid of the money she had, so the woman declared, swallowed the coins one after another. As she felt very ill she had informed the police of the circumstances. A constable immediately took the woman to the Miller Hospital, into which she was admitted, apparently suffering greatly.

At Lambeth Police Court a woman informed Mr. Partridge that her husband had disappeared. He came to London a short time ago, and a few mornings subsequently went to work for the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Since then she had not seen him, and the company could not say whether he had left the works or not. A description of the man was furnished to the police. It was stated that the gas company had undertaken to allow the woman £1 a week for the present.

Lord Zetland has received addresses of welcome at Dublin Castle from the Senate of Dublin University and from the College of Physicians. In reply to the deputation from Trinity College, his excellency accepted with much satisfaction the tribute paid to the success of the Government's administration in Ireland and their declaration of concurrence with the policy consistently pursued to resist every attempt to weaken the Legislature that binds that country to Great Britain.

The number of failures in England and Wales gazetted during the past week was 152. The number in the corresponding week of last year was 158, showing a decrease of 6. The number of bills of sale in England and Wales registered at the Queen's Bench for the week was 189. The number in the corresponding week of last year was 283, and the corresponding weeks for the three previous years, 289, 248, and 214. The receiving orders gazetted number 180, showing an increase of 6, and the number of registered deeds of arrangement was 52, a decrease of 12.

The unfortunate lepers of the island of Molokai are particularly fond of sweets.

During November 688,068 bushels of apples were imported, a decrease on the amount of the same period last year of 254,339 bushels.

The annual death rate in the metropolis rose again last week to 21·8. It has gradually risen during the past four weeks.

The Rev J. F. Kitto, rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, has been appointed honorary chaplain to the Queen.

Last week no fewer than twelve children under one year old were overlaid and suffocated by their parents in London.

The miners' strike in Belgium for an increase of wages of 16 to 20 per cent. continues to spread. The number of men now out is stated to be 7,000.

The residents of Vienna experienced a real old-fashioned Christmas, snow falling heavily from daybreak till evening.

An American engineer has just made some important geological discoveries. He says that under the State of Indiana there is a great lake.

It is rumoured that the Princess Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is shortly to be betrothed to Duke Ernst Günther of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg.

When the people at Cleveland, the Tennessee town, heard that Will Cardia had committed a violent assault on Laura Stivers, a child of seven, they took him into a field and lynched him.

There is one New Yorker who is, no doubt, just now contented with his fate. He purchased a lot at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-third-street for 50,000dols., and has managed to get rid of it for 450,000dols.

In consequence of the strikes and disturbances in the labour market, orders were issued to the police in the south district of London that no leave was to be granted during the Christmas holidays nor on Sundays until further notice.

Sir Joseph Heron, the first town clerk of Manchester, has just died at Cannes. He was appointed to the office of town clerk at the first meeting of the city council fifty-one years ago, and was knighted in 1869.

Between the 1st April and the 21st instant the total receipts into the Exchequer amounted to £57,698,589, as compared with £57,273,989 in the corresponding period of the last financial year; and the expenditure to £58,339,387 as against £58,554,882.

For some time past it has been a regulation of the Seamen's Union that Scotch steamers bringing coals to the Thames must be manned by union men. This rule has now been withdrawn, and consequently a number of steamers are being chartered in Glasgow to take coals from the Firth of Forth to London.

The *Dublin Gazette* contains a Privy Council order scheduling two more light railways for construction with State aid under the Light Railways (Ireland) Act. One is to be from Letterkenny to Killybegs Harbour, county Donegal, viâ Glenhes; the other from Claremorris, in Mayo, to Clifden.

In the metropolis last week different forms of violence caused 69 deaths. Of these 69 deaths, 7 were cases of suicide, and 3 of murder or manslaughter, while the remaining 59 were attributed to accident or negligence. Two of these were caused by vehicles in the streets, 13 by burns or scalds, 4 by poison, and 9 by drowning.

At Marley Hill, a colliery village in Durham, William Newton, a miner, was shot through the eye with a pistol by one McDermott, in whose house he lodged. Newton was removed to the Newcastle Infirmary, where he died the next afternoon. It is believed that the weapon was discharged accidentally. McDermott gave himself up to the police.

An Englishman who was arrested a year ago on a charge of forgery, and who professed to be able to reveal the revolutionary doings of some Russian refugees, has just been tried at St. Petersburg. After a brilliant defence by the advocate appointed by the court, he was acquitted of forgery, but condemned to two months' imprisonment for filling up a blank cheque.

In the hurricane which recently visited Johannesburg, the gaol was damaged to an extraordinary extent. The great gates, though locked, were forced open, and the mortuary, which was constructed of wood and iron, and stood in the centre of the yard, was lifted off its foundation and blown bodily against the gaol hospital, breaking the brick wall down, smashing the windows, and causing great destruction.

A stray owl which took up its quarters some weeks ago among the lofty trees at the rear of Guy's Hospital still makes its home in the branches, and it has produced a noticeable diminution in the number of sparrows which locate themselves by hundreds there. The owl has been recognised by a man in Soho as belonging to him, but the solemn bird has hitherto successfully resisted all attempts at re-capture.

It was reckoned quite warm with those enthusiastic swimmers who assembled on the banks of the Serpentine for their twenty-fifth annual race on Christmas morning; indeed, the weather was so mild that the rum and milk—for which there is such a lively demand when the swimmers have literally, and not metaphorically, to break the ice—went off quite slow. There were ten starters for the 100 yards handicap, which was won by A. Hester in two minutes.

A coroner's inquiry has been held at Folkestone respecting the death of Captain Henry William Chapman, a retired military officer, who was found dead in a room at his house, with a double-barrelled gun by his side. The muzzle of this he had apparently placed in his mouth, and then discharged the weapon, with the result that a portion of his head was blown off. The deceased had suffered lately from dyspepsia and sleeplessness. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

Millionaire Thomas Lynch, jun., of Chicago, has erected for his little four-year-old daughter a miniature house. It is a complete residence such as a pigmy might use. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid oak front door, and an electric push-bell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house. On this door is the name of the proprietress on a silver plate, "Miss Lelia Lynch." A parlour, a drawing-room, and a bed-room, all elegantly furnished, are the chief rooms in the little house.

There was a violent collision on Christmas Day on the London and North-Western Railway between Wigan and Warrington. A heavily-laden passenger train from Wigan was crossing the Manchester and Liverpool line at Lowton Junction, Parkside, when it ran into a Great Western goods train proceeding to Manchester. The rear end of the goods train was smashed to matchwood, the brakesman marvellously escaping with a severe shock. The passengers were much alarmed, but no one was injured.

A Vienna correspondent states that Johann Strauss is about to bring out a new dance which he will call the minuet waltz. It is described as combining the conversation dance with the waltz, and is set to three-four time consisting of three sets, which all begin andantino gracioso, in the style of the minuet or polonaise. It will then develop into the real waltz, with the present rapid whirl. Ladies will be able to accept lazy partners for the conversation part, while for the faster movements they can take partners who are still dancers.

Details with respect to the Christmas weather of the last fifty years show that the mildest Christmas Day during the past half century was in 1852, when the thermometer rose to fifty-two, degrees, while the coldest was in 1870, when the thermometer never exceeded twenty-eight degrees. In the fifty years there have been eleven brilliantly fine Christmas days, ten fair, and twenty-six Christmas days when the weather has been "dull." Snow fell on only five Christmas days in the fifty years, though the ground has have been white on other occasions through previous falls.

The Worshipful Company of Skinners have made a grant of ten guineas in aid of the Teachers' Benevolent and Orphan Fund.

The Duke of Cambridge will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle during the second week in January.

While smoking a cigar in his home at Canton, Ohio, Peter Uhl went to sleep on a sofa. The cigar ignited some paper, and a fire followed, a ten-year-old son being suffocated.

A rumour is afloat to the effect that a "lady friend" of General Boulanger has gone to Paris in order to take over a legacy of something like ten millions of francs, or £400,000, bequeathed to her by a wealthy widow.

The German Government has ordered a general inquiry into the abuses alleged to exist in the weighing of knitting-yarn, and which of late years has been the subject of much complaint, especially from customers abroad.

While hunting with the Fitzwilliam hounds Mr. Charles Percival, of Winsford, Northamptonshire, met with a serious accident. His horse, in taking a fence, "pecked," throwing him, and rolling on to him. He is one of the best-known members of the Fitzwilliam hunt.

The Lord Mayor (Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs) and the Lady Mayoress the other night gave a ball at the Mansion House to celebrate the coming of age of their second son, Mr. J. A. Isaacs. There was a large assembly, the invitations issued numbering about 800.

The threatened strike of gas stokers at Heywood has been averted. A meeting of the Heywood Town Council was held to consider the demands of the stokers who are in the employ of the corporation, and it was decided to shorten the twelve hours' shifts, and to grant time and a half for Sunday labour.

The young grubs of the moths which make such havoc with furs and woollen goods do not, when first hatched from the egg, which is generally deposited close to a supply of food, begin to feed on cloths. Their earliest form of food consists of the deserted cases of their ancestors made out of the material on which they fed.

The London Street Tramways have commenced running a new service of trams from Holloway (Nag's Head) to Holborn, viâ Caledonian-road. The new service will be a great boon to working men residing in the north of London, the means of communication between the north and west central districts having been somewhat meagre.

A most daring robbery was successfully carried out the other night at the Lottery Office at Szegedin. Some thieves broke into the premises and carried off the burglar-proof safe in a van which they had in readiness. The office stands in the central part of Szegedin, which ranks third in size and importance among the cities of Hungary.

The manager of the Vienna Burg Theatre, Dr. August Förster, has met with his death in the Alps, near the Semmering. He was on a holiday, and went out for a walk on the snow-covered mountains. He did not return, and an exploring party found his body almost covered with snow. Dr. Förster was an excellent actor in his time.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow has stated at a meeting of the town council that he will subscribe £20,000 to a fund for building an art gallery in Glasgow if three other citizens each give a similar sum. He believed that with the surplus from the Exhibition, and the subscriptions he and other there might give, they might raise £200,000.

There is reason to believe that Inspector James Anderson, of the Tynemouth police, has been murdered. He went on duty on Monday night, but not returning to the police office at North Shields at the usual time search was made for him, and his uniform cap and stick were found near the river on the North Shields Quay. It is believed the unfortunate officer has been the victim of foul play, and his body thrown into the river, where search is now being made.

An inquest was held at Chorlton, near Manchester, on the body of the illegitimate child of a woman named Elizabeth Mapp, which was found in a neighbouring river. The woman, who is in custody, made a statement to the police on being arrested on suspicion, to the effect that after leaving the Stockport Workhouse she wandered about night and day and at last threw the child into the water. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against her.

The Correctional Tribunal in Nice has tried the interesting action instituted by M. Sardou, father of the dramatist, against M. Voulon-Laurent, president of the Cannes Cycle Club, for knocking him down with a bicycle whilst he was crossing the street, breaking his arm, and otherwise severely hurting him. M. Sardou, père, who is 87 years of age, claimed £160 damages. The tribunal condemned Voulon to pay a fine of £1 and £40 damages. The doctor's bill was nearly £32.

Explosions in the subways designed to carry the electric wires underground in New York, are becoming alarmingly numerous. The cause is supposed to be the filtering in of gas from leaky mains, which is exploded by a casual spark coming sometimes from electricity. The other night, without the least warning, a considerable length of pavement, amounting to several tons weight, rose many feet in the air, amid a geyser of flame. Many pedestrians had their clothes and their persons injured by the subsequent fall of débris.

A diabolical attempt was made the other night to upset an express train from Paris to Marseilles. Four heavy beams were placed and fixed across the line near Velars. Fortunately the velocity of the train and the weight of the engine broke down the barrier. All the carriages were severely shaken and great alarm was caused. It is presumed that the object of the miscreants was to plunder during the confusion which would have followed a catastrophe. An inquiry has been ordered.

Alfred Hill, the third man charged with participation in the fatal poaching affray on the Duc d'Aumale's estate at Leenchwick, on November 10th, has been brought before the Evesham bench. He had absconded, and was arrested in Birmingham. He admitted that he took part in the assault, but with reference to the allegation of Joseph Boswell, one of the two prisoners already committed for trial on the capital charge, that he (Hill) struck the fatal blow, he said he only hit the deceased once across the shoulders. Hill was committed for trial.

Mrs. D. Hiller is a New York lady of some social eminence. She has buried her husband in a casket of solid mahogany, elaborately carved, lined with corded silk, mounted with gold. The silk cost £8 a yard. The hinges are of gold, and the solid gold knob weighs six pounds. Mrs. Hiller has prepared a similar casket for herself. It is placed next to her husband's, in a richly ornamented vault, under the light of a £100 lamp, which is kept constantly replenished. The shroud in which Mrs. Hiller is to be buried cost £4,000.

At an inquest, held at Dover, upon a man named Martin, extraordinary admissions were made by the wife. Martin, who was 60 years of age, was found dead in bed. Mrs. Martin said that the other night her husband went to his own room very poorly, having just got over the effects of drink. He could only take gruel, broth, and slops of that kind. He had given way to drink for thirty years, and had not been thoroughly sober since last September. A son gave evidence that his father walked about the room all night. A verdict of apoplexy, brought on by drink, was returned.

Here is a splendid story for the Marines! It is actually told in the Yankee papers. On the Western railroads large rotary snow ploughs clear away the snowdrifts. The ploughs, like immense augers, revolve in this mass, throwing an avalanche of snow into the air at every turn. At a blockade on the Fort Worth line, the passengers were astonished by a shower of beef. On all sides fell sirloin, tender loin, rump, and steaks. A herd of Texas cattle had been frozen in the cut a week before, and the plough was now dissecting them. Fires were lighted in the snow, and the passengers enjoyed an impromptu feast.

A serious fire has occurred at the Tasmanian Union and New Zealand Steamship wharves at Sydney, by which a great quantity of produce was destroyed.

Captain Keene, the governor of Armley Gaol, has forwarded his resignation to the Home Secretary. It is over a quarter of a century since Captain Keene was appointed to the position. The salary attached to it is £600 per annum.

In the British military service there are now actually 24,400 animals at work for riding or draught purposes, exclusive of those belonging to officers, the total being about 1,200 below the number voted in the Army estimates.

Excisemen have had a big catch in Tacoma Washington. They have secured Bill Easton, alias Black Bill, and Jack Powers, two smuggler chiefs, together with 2,200 dollars worth of contraband opium.

An old man named John Farrell, a gardener, and his wife have been burned to death at Rathgar, near Dublin. It is believed that the fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp, and that the old couple were suffocated.

The other night a man named Holloway, who had won one of the prizes in a Christmas draw connected with a public-house at Pimlico, went to the tavern to receive the prize. He was in high spirits at the time, and while he was talking about his good fortune he suddenly fell down dead.

The stove grate foundry of Messrs. Clement, Carr, and Company's Chantry Works, Sheffield, has been almost destroyed by fire. The finishing shops were completely gutted, and much finished work was destroyed. The damage will exceed £3,000. The cause of the outbreak is unknown.

At a special meeting of the Watch Committee of the Salford Town Council, Commander Scott, of Dewsbury, was appointed chief constable of Salford at a salary of £400 per annum. He succeeds Mr. Marshall, who retires in consequence of the state of his health on a pension of £300 a year.

The Right Hon. Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, J.P., D.L., of Borrishouse, county Carlow, who for many years has been a conspicuous figure in Irish affairs as a trusted leader of the Loyalist party, has just died at 19, Tedworth-square, Chelsea, in his 58th year.

Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary for War, speaking at the rent audit of his Lincolnshire tenantry, held at Horncastle, maintained that no Minister of recent times had experienced the same difficulties in discharging his duties as the Minister for War.

The negotiations which have been proceeding for some time for the acquisition by a London Syndicate of a large number of the slate quarries in North Wales have fallen through, in consequence, it is said, of the extravagant prices asked by the proprietors of the smaller undertakings.

Correspondents on the continent telegraph that the epidemic of influenza has had a depressing effect on the Christmas trade of the shopkeepers. Several deaths are reported as being primarily due to influenza. In Brussels the epidemic is extending widely. The Minister of War has ordered the military school to break up.

In stipends, salaries, and wages to their numerous officers, clerks, and staff the corporation of London spend yearly upwards of £100,000. A movement for the establishment of a pension fund has been mooted, and it is likely that shortly a definite proposal regarding it will be submitted to the Court of Common Council.

Mr. Edison has sent a phonograph doll as a Christmas present to the little Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Austrian Crown Prince. This doll recites, among other things, a piece of poetry composed as a birthday ode to the Emperor by his Majesty's daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valérie.

The body of a well-dressed man, apparently about 30 years of age, was found on the floor of a first-class compartment on the arrival of a Great Western train at Farringdon-street from Westbourne Park. A revolver lay by his side, and his brains had been blown out. No papers were found which could lead to his identity.

While three boys were playing the other day on the promenade embankment by the river at Bedford, one of them tripped over the unprotected coping, raised six inches above the pavement, fell into the river, and was drowned. A little girl, while walking along the same coping, was blown into the river, and she also was drowned.

By an explosion of gas at the Prince Albert, Upper St. Martin's-lane, kept by Mr. C. Gregy, considerable damage was done in the bar, and Charles Gregy, aged 48, and Ada Gregy, aged 10 years, were injured by burning. The explosion was caused by seeking for an escape of gas with a light.

A memorial is being extensively signed in Limerick praying the Lord Lieutenant to commute the capital sentence passed at the Munster Assizes on Michael O'Brien, a convict awaiting execution at Limerick on the 14th proximo for the murder of his father-in-law, John Manning, by administering poison.

The result of the Northumberland miners' ballot is a majority of eight to one in favour of accepting the coalowners' offer of 10 per cent., the men receding from their resolution not to work on Saturdays. This increase makes, with others, a total advance of 32 per cent. in the rate of wages during two years.

A fatal tram accident has occurred at Huddersfield. A little child in one of the busiest thoroughfares in the town ran from behind a waggon right in front of the engine of a tram, and was crushed to death. "Jacks" were carried on the engine, but twenty minutes elapsed before the engine could be raised sufficiently to extricate the body.

On Christmas Eve Mr. Leyton, the music hall artist, died on the stage, almost within sight of the audience, at the Empire Theatre, Coventry. The deceased was performing with his wife in "lightning dances," and at the end of the last turn he was seen to stagger and appear likely to faint. The manager drew him into the wings, and he died almost immediately. The day was the first anniversary of his wedding.

On Christmas Eve, on the Ilfracombe Railway, a passenger train which left Ilfracombe at 3.57, while going down the decline from Morthoe to Braunton, ran off the line on going round a sharp curve. The train travelled 120 yards, ploughing up the roadway and metals, and breaking 200 "chairs." The people in the train were much shaken and frightened, and one young lady was injured about the head.

A passenger train has had a narrow escape in the Rhondda Valley. A train of empty waggons was being shunted to admit of the passenger train passing up when, just as the latter was starting on its journey, a heavy mineral train dashed into the empty waggons, several of which were smashed, and so terrific was the force of the concussion that the massive masonry of the bridge wall was dashed into the road underneath. No one was injured.

A terrific storm broke over Swaffham and the district on Christmas Day. It had been raining all the morning, and at five minutes past one p.m. the sky suddenly became black, and a roaring of wind was heard. The storm lasted only about two minutes, but immense damage was done to house property, especially in the market place, where houses were partially unroofed, large pieces of lead were blown to the ground, and chimney stacks were demolished.

We have received a copy of a pamphlet of "Cornwall as a Winter Resort," and after perusing it, entertain no doubt that the interesting and instructive facts which it contains will influence a large number of invalids in the way of inducing them to seek restored health in the south-westerly portion of our own little island instead of flitting to the south of Europe. Not so very long ago the journey into West Cornwall seemed almost as formidable as a voyage to the continent; but now, with the aid of the capital service of trains run by the Great Western Railway Company, the most distant railway point in Cornwall is brought within nine and a quarter hours of London without change of carriage.

The ironclad Sultan, which, after sinking off Malta, was floated, has arrived at Portsmouth, having made an excellent voyage, escorted by the Seahorse and Tyne.

A fatal fire occurred the other evening. It broke out in King-street, Tower Hill, on premises occupied by an oilman, a wine merchant, and other tenants. When the fire was subdued it was found that Thomas Romsey, a lodger, had been suffocated.

It is stated that the Princess Louise, who has occupied her home in Kensington Palace since her return from Scotland, is finishing a portrait of her Majesty, which she commenced painting in Balmoral, and which is to be hung in the large drawing-room at Osborne.

During a violent gale which blew at Stratford-on-Avon, the Theatre Royal, a large wooden structure, capable of seating a thousand persons, was blown down. The theatre is a new one, and was nearly completed. It was to have been opened on Boxing Night. The structure collapsed just before the time fixed for an official inspection.

Helena Waterhouse, aged 5 years, has met with a shocking death at Skipton. She was playing with some other children and had her attention attracted to a wringing machine which was placed upon a wheelbarrow. She began to turn the handle when the machine fell over upon her and broke her skull, death ensuing immediately.

William Dukes, who murdered his employer's son at Bury in September, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, was executed at Manchester on Tuesday. He made no confession beyond his statement at the trial, that his victim, George Gordon, first struck him. On the night before his death Dukes completely broke down.

At the Folkestone Police Court, Patrick Duff, a private in the Lancaster Regiment, stationed at Shorncliffe Camp, was sentenced to one month's hard labour for stealing a walking-stick and 150 cigarettes from a tobacconist's shop in Folkestone. The officer who represented the regiment stated that these offences were frequently committed with a view to getting discharged from the service.

Two remarkable deaths of children have formed the subject of inquests in London. In one case a boy, 2 years of age, bit off a portion of an almond, immediately showed signs of choking, and expired within a few minutes. In the other case a boy of 4, who had a knitting-needle in his hand, tripped over a carpet, when the needle ran into his ear, causing his death three days afterwards.

The royal baron of beef selected for the Queen's Christmas table was roasted at the great kitchen fire in Windsor Castle. It weighed three hundred pounds, and was cut from a prime Devon ox bred upon the Prince Consort's Farm. The "baron" was sent on Tuesday to Osborne, and, with the boar's head and game-pie, graced her Majesty's sideboard on Christmas Day.

Willing Rowing was, at the Lambeth Police Court, charged with assaulting his wife. The latter stated that the prisoner was a gas man belonging to the union, and was out on strike, but that when in work he usually spent most of his money away from home. The prisoner, who said he was turned out of work for intimidating the foreman, was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

At the Italian Opera House, Madrid, a slight panic was caused the other evening among the artists and officials by an accident which disabled the electric light machinery. An escape of steam caused some alarm, and the firemen had some trouble in extricating from the machine room two electricians, who were half suffocated. The audience were requested to disperse, as the performance could not be proceeded with.

The trial of the man who threw a lighted bomb into the Piazza Colonna, Rome, on the 18th of August last, at a time when it was crowded with people listening to the music of the band which plays there on summer evenings, has just come to an end, and has resulted in a sentence of fifteen years' hard labour for the miscreant who launched the bomb, and five years' imprisonment for an accomplice, as accessory before the fact.

At the Mansion House Police Court, William H. Till, a clerk to Messrs. Schwann and Co., was charged with stealing £150 from his employers. He was sent a few weeks ago to a bank with a cheque to that amount, he drew the money and absconded, but on Monday he gave himself up, and said he had lost £120 by betting on races. The Lord Mayor sentenced him to a month's imprisonment.

A question of great importance to elementary school teachers is being raised in Canterbury by the refusal of the masters to re-admit undesirable pupils who have left their schools. They contend that the Education Code does not compel them to do so, as it says nothing on the subject of re-admission. An expression of opinion from the Educational Department will probably be invited on the point.

The restoration of the remarkable figure known as the Wilmington Giant, is now being taken in hand by the Sussex Archæological Society, and being actively prosecuted. Investigation shows that bricks were used for its preservation more than a hundred years ago, but, at the request of the Rev. W. A. St. John Dearsley, the committee of the society have consented to allow him to experiment with rammed chalk. The Wilmington Giant is situated on the estate of the Duke of Devonshire.

The continental mails which have passed through Dover to and from England during the last few days have been heavier than in any previous year. The growth in the parcel post is enormous. As compared with last year, the quantity has trebled. For many days quite a busy scene has been witnessed daily on the Admiralty Pier. The shipping of the parcel post baskets alone has more than once occupied nearly an hour.

The other morning a fire broke out in a dwelling-house in Nottingham, occupied by a Jewish tailor, named Gadi an, and his wife. The inmates, aroused from their sleep, found escape by the staircase impossible. The window was too small to enable them to throw the bed into the street. They then got through the window, and, in falling, sustained injuries from which they both died in a short time. They had only been married six weeks.

One of the choir at Dorking parish church entered the church the other evening to light the gas, and thought he heard footsteps, but when the gas lighted he saw no one. The church had been left unfastened. It was subsequently found that one of the money-boxes on the wall had been forced, and in the vestry the cupboard had been broken open, but very little booty could have been obtained. There were marks on the iron safe containing the Communion plate, and the thief was evidently disturbed here, for some housebreaking implements were found near.

At Maryport, a young fellow dressed in naval costume, and giving the name of Charles Whitforth, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences. The prisoner went to a Baptist minister in the town, and said he was one of his congregation, just returned from America. His mate, he said, had sold his vessel whilst he was lying in hospital in the United States, and absconded with the money. He asked for assistance to get to London, where he said he had obtained a situation, but his story was a false one. He was sent to gaol for a month.

During recent years there has been a great increase of lunacy in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a large number of lunatics are at present under treatment in the extensive asylums at Wakefield, Wadsley, and Menstone. With a view to counteract the further spread of the malady, the County Council have taken an entirely new departure in lunacy practice, which, it is hoped, will lead to immediate results, in the treatment of insanity in its preliminary stages. Free consultations and advice are to be given at the Wakefield Asylum, and medicine will be supplied at cost price for cash.

TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.

By Larry Lynx.

The chronicles of the English prize ring which tell of many glorious combats illustrative of English pluck and endurance also record many disgraceful scenes in which brutality, rascality, and vagabondage have reigned rampant. The best sportsmen the old country ever produced have, in a spirit of earnest enthusiasm, done their level best to encourage fighting with nature's weapons in the past, and there are still plenty of good men and true who are ever at hand to help a sport that is so thoroughly English in origin. But their efforts and their money have been, and are, thrown away, for, look at the P.R. how we may, there is so much roguery, thieving, rascality, and blatant blackguardism connected with its surroundings and some of its professors, that all attempts of honest men to galvanise it into life again seem perfectly useless and futile. I have said—and I say once more—that P.R. records, while teeming with much that is creditable to British pluck and stamina, also reek of more that is discreditable, dishonourable, vile, and horrible. Not since the day when "the Nottingham lambs" frightened the famous Squire Osbaldistone—who was, mark you, a man not easily frightened—into awarding a fight to a cur named Bendigo, one time champion of England, has a more disgraceful scene been enacted in a prize ring than was witnessed at Bruges last Monday, when that faint-hearted creature in the shape of a man, Jem Smith, who has been allowed by better men to pose so long as champion of England, assisted by as vile a crowd of miscreants as ever poisoned this earth or gazed on the pure sky of heaven, met and fought Frank Slavin, the Australian champion, for the championship of England and £1,000.

It is enough to cause every honest Englishman to boil over with indignation to think that the soil of the country on which was fought the glorious conflict that will ever be a lasting memorial to England's greatness, pluck, and endurance—I allude to the memorable battle of Waterloo—should have been polluted by a scene that will ever be remembered as illustrative of English cowardice, English blackguardism, English rascality, and English foul play. Atone to Slavin as we may—and all good and true Englishmen are as one in that spirit—the disgraceful parts played at Bruges by Smith, his seconds, Baldock and Harper, and the ruffians at their beck and call, who, unfortunately for the mother country, by some curious freak of fate were born in this land, will ever be remembered against us to the detriment of our vaunted boast of "English fair play."

From the time that Smith fought Kilrain—and he did make a straightforward, decent show against that straightforward, honourable opponent—he seems to have lost both caste and courage, so much so that people must now wonder how it was he was ever allowed to wear the titular honour of champion of England. When Sullivan came over here and swaggered through the country as the mightiest champion in the wide wide world, Smith remained in a state of quiescence so far as Sullivan was concerned, and left England's prestige to be championed by Charles Mitchell, who was the only Englishman with enough bull-dog pluck in him to face the big American, and a splendid show he made, all honour to him! Since Smith fought Kilrain he has never shown any inclination for fighting, and has done nothing except contest an exhibition glove fight with Wannop, which the cheap paper champion won, and a serious glove fight with the coloured champion, Peter Jackson, who, to use a vulgarism, "knocked the stuffing" out of Smith in two rounds and won the fight on a foul. Despite Smith's craven show with Jackson, it has always been urged on his behalf that he was a knuckle fighter, pure and simple, and not a glove fighter, so that it was hoped he would in his combat with Slavin regain the laurels he had lost, and it came as a big surprise to sporting men when, after his wretched show with Jackson, Smith increased his stake with Slavin to £500 a side. Mr. "Abington," I believe, found this extra money for Smith's stake, but who provided the sinews of war for Smith's gang and for their journey to "the continong" is another matter, and, as I write, is still a mystery.

What happened was distinctly foreshadowed before the party left for the scene of action. In the first place, some individual gave away as nearly as possible to the authorities, in the interests of the Smith party, the place where the battle was to be fought—and drawn, if possible—and then the Smithsonian institute threw every difficulty in the way of the fight being brought off by objecting to such thorough sportsmen and gentlemen as Messrs. B. J. Angle, G. H. Vize, and Bettinson and others when their names were proposed as referees. They knew full well that either of the above plucky athletes would do their duty if the whole saturnalia of Birmingham and London ruffianism had to be defied, and as soon as these names were proposed they were objected to, and genial Mr. Vezey was selected because they thought they could impose on his good nature.

The story of the fight is so horribly unsavoury, and the conduct of Smith and his gang so un-English, that the less said about its details the better. After the first round all the fighting was done in Smith's corner, where were mustered the desperadoes who were evidently paid by some interested party to give Slavin foul play and prevent him from winning Smith's stake money. Smith made some show of fight until Slavin, in the third round, gave him his right straight from the shoulder on the point of the jaw, which sent Smith to Mother Earth all of a heap. Then it was that the Smithian auxiliaries began to show their teeth, and each time that Slavin, who all through had to carry the war into the enemy's country, went for Smith in his corner he was hit, struck, and kicked by some brute, whilst others threatened him with knives. In vain did the referee appeal to the men to give our plucky colonial visitor fair play; in vain did Slavin try to touch a chord in the hearts of these scoundrels when he stood in the centre of the ring and said to the crowd of threatening rowdies, "Are you Englishmen, boys? I am an Englishman. Why don't you give me fair play?" which remark was received with derisive cheers by these blots on the face of humanity. At length, finding Smith virtually beaten, his crowd, under the pretext that the police were approaching, hurried him from the ring. Slavin remained there, and should have been awarded the fight, but with such a set of murderous ruffians around him no wonder the referee had not the courage of his opinions, and, yielding to circumstances, allowed Smith and his gang to return to the ring side and make another rough and tumble of it with Slavin. The latter throughout exhibited a coolness, a courage, and manly conduct that will ever endear him to the hearts of all true sportsmen in this country. At length, after a scene of the wildest confusion, Smith and Slavin closed in Smith's corner, where Slavin received a nasty blow on the head from some vile brute's knuckle-duster, but not before he had bestowed signal marks of punishment on the craven Smith, who went down. Then the ring was broken into by the gang, and the referee, fearing for his own life and that of Slavin, gave the fight "a draw" and left the ring. Thus ended the most disgraceful scene ever perpetrated at a fight, and from the storm of indignation it has aroused all over the country, both in general as well as sporting circles, it may safely be assumed that the prize ring has given its last kick, and while such men as Smith, Baldock, and Harper are associated with it, we may be devoutly thankful it is so.

When Smith fought Kilrain he earned golden opinions by his conduct, and for a time this ex-woodcutter or timber carrier was made a little demi-god of in sporting clubs, more especially at the Pelican, whose members are first and foremost in patronising the manly art so long as it is conducted in manly fashion. These opinions he partly forfeited by his cowardly show with Jackson. He forfeited them for ever and aye by his latest display. He can thank nobody but himself for his downfall, for had he taken a "licking" manfully from Slavin it would have been no disgrace to have lost a fair stand-up fight with such a gallant opponent. But, evidently, Smith does not like being hit, and has no heart left in him. The properest thing he can do is to retire into his original obscurity, and leave fighting to his betters. The best way to induce the British public to forgive him for the part he played in the battle of Bruges is to make them forget him.

His aiders and abettors have gained their end they have saved his money for the creature who employed them, but they have now to take the after results, which are plain enough from the action of the Pelicans on Wednesday, when, at an extraordinary meeting of the club, it was determined, so far as lay in the club's power, to practically ostracise anybody and everybody in any way connected with the ruffianly proceedings at Bruges. It was also resolved to present Slavin with "a championship belt" and a purse of money to console him for being robbed of Smith's stake money. A general meeting has been called for January 6th, when more drastic measures will, no doubt, be adopted. Slavin, since his return, has been received on every occasion of his appearance in public with the most unbounded enthusiasm, has the consolation of knowing that he has fairly won the heart of sporting England. Australian as he is, we gladly hail him champion of this country, for he is a noble substitute for his soft-hearted predecessor, and if ever he meets Sullivan, although we hope the best man may win, English sympathy will be with our foster son from the antipodes.

I have written so much about the chief topic of the week that I have left myself little space to discuss other sports and pastimes. As I write the spirit of Christmas is abroad and there is more talk of merry-making than of horse-racing. On Christmas Eve the same old bet cropped up again of Surefoot, Le Nord, Heaume, and Riviera against the field for the Derby, this time to the extent of a level 200 sovs. Otherwise, racing gossip is, and probably will be, at a deadlock until we are well over the new year and looking forward to the Lincolnshire Handicap entries. It is satisfactory to learn from Newmarket that the cracks, Signorina, Riviera, Le Nord, Heaume, Vermillon, St. Sert, Garter, the two Australian colts, Kirkham and Narellan, and other horses entered in the big events of next season are progressing most satisfactorily, thanks to the mild winter. Signorina especially has grown into a magnificent filly, and St. Serf, Garter, and Dearest have made marked improvement. Surefoot, I hear, is doing well at Lambourne, and the only report I have heard to his detriment has been a whisper with reference to his having developed a temper.

The Rugby Union has shown itself possessed of the true spirit of sport by its action in the matter of the International dispute, and when the case is submitted to arbitration I have no doubt that the part Scotland has played in the wrangle will not be regarded with general approbation. The Rugby Union has done all in its power to heal up the friction, and it is unpleasant at this crisis to read of the innuendoes coming from the other side of the Tweed to the effect that the Union would not have been so ready to suggest arbitration did they not feel assured that England is stronger and Scotland weaker in Rugby players than was the case when the dispute first arose.

The North v. South match was a complete triumph for the South, who amply revenged themselves for the last two defeats at Blackheath in December, 1888, and at Bradford last February. The place kicking of the Southerners was faulty, but was more than atoned for by their incomparable forward play and the superb efforts of Stoddart who was the hero of the day, his three-quarter play being tremendously successful. Of the Southern forwards, Hancock, Dewhurst, Woods, and Mayger were the best, whilst Fox and Leake worked well at half. The Northern forwards were weak in comparison with those of their opponents. Of the beaten side, Gee, Anderton, Horley, Lowrie, and Bedford shaped best, but the Northern forwards did not at all relish the heavy ground. Of the nineteen matches that have now been played, the South have won eleven, the North five, while three have been left drawn.

The Cambridge team did well in Scotland, as, after winning two matches, they were only beaten in the third by a combination possessing an unbeaten record at Partick. They were, it must be remembered, minus the services of their best forward and half-back, and Morrison, their splendid three-quarter, was obliged to retire after twenty minutes' play. Oxford had a terribly unsuccessful tour, as Bradford, Swansea, and Newport all beat them in turn, and it now looks as though the victory of Oxford over Cambridge at the Queen's Club was a fluke.

Who shall say that the English athlete is degenerating, when we find amateur swimmers turning out on a Christmas morning above all other mornings in the year, to contest a swimming handicap in the Serpentine? For twenty-five years the race has been established, and wet or fine, snow or ice, cold or mild, as the weather inclines, it has always been brought off. On Wednesday the weather was more like early spring than mid-winter when the ten competitors came out to do battle, and there was not the usual demand for rum and milk. The handicap is a one hundred yards one, and A. Hester, of the Serpentine Club, 44sec. start, won from start to finish.

Peter Kemp still claims the sculling championship left void by Searle's untimely death, but he will have to defend it. His old conqueror, Bubear, has gone out to Australia to get a match. Possibly he will oblige Kemp with a race, and when he is done with, there are rising upwards Hanlan, Gaudaur, Teemer, Stansbury, and O'Connor to dispose of. So Kemp has a busy time before him.

So many football matches were decided on Christmas Day that the Football Association are, it is stated, contemplating stopping play on future Good Fridays and Christmas Days.

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

A singular railway accident occurred at Penrith on Thursday. At six o'clock a heavily-laden goods train left the station by the Penrith, Keswick and Cockermouth line, carrying with it the mails for West Cumberland. On reaching Blencowe Station, three and a half miles distant, it was stopped to allow a couple of waggons to be detached, and whilst the shunting operations were being carried out, the hindermost part of the train, with the brake van, ran back in the direction of Penrith, the brake having apparently, failed to keep the waggons in check. The gradient being a steep one, the severed waggons soon gained great momentum, and much alarm was felt by the man left behind at Blencowe and the officials there as to the consequences. The telegraph was set in motion with the result that, as the waggons, running at high speed, approached Penrith, the pointsman turned them into a siding, where they collided violently with an empty horse-box, which was dashed against a shed, both being much damaged. A wall at the opposite side of the shed was destroyed, while several of the waggons were thrown into a heap and smashed to pieces. Goods of various kinds littered the ground in all directions. One mail bag was buried in the débris, but was recovered. The sound of the smash was distinctly heard in Penrith, and considerably alarm was felt until the truth was known. No one was injured.

The Influenza Epidemic.—Influenza and Pains in the Limbs are speedily and agreeably cured by Barclay's Bateman's Pectoral Drops, which can be had of all chemists for 1s. 1½d., or free by post from Barclay and Sons (Limited), 95, Farringdon-street, London, for 15 stamps.—Barclay's name on Government stamp is guarantee of genuineness.—[Advt.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Though every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Questions requiring to be answered the same week must reach the office by Wednesday morning at latest. Those subsequently received will be answered the following week. Rejected MS., not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope or wrapper, will be destroyed. Whenever payment is required for contributions they must be so marked, the amount being either specified or left to the editor to fix. All questions should be headed "Legal," "Household," "Miscellaneous," or otherwise, in accordance with their specific character, in order to facilitate classification.]

LEGAL.

G. Randall.—Action would have to be taken in the United States, but the laws governing divorce are so elastic there that the offender would probably get off. You might make up your mind to spend a heap of money.

Yeaulion.—It would be for the court to decide, after hearing the evidence, whether you or your husband is liable. One or the other must pay, as the goods were duly delivered and accepted without demur.

S. Smith.—Either. Owing to your having written questions for different departments on the same card, this answer has been delayed. It would save much trouble if you and other correspondents would pay attention to the instructions at the head of this column.

Bailiff.—No; the cart cannot be used for private purposes without taking out a license.

Tenant X.—Undoubtedly he can. The agreement for purchase does not touch pre-existent rights on either side.

Constant Reader.—No definite period is prescribed.

Committee.—1. The solicitor's conduct appears to be perfectly regular. 2. Quite impossible to express any opinion the decision would rest entirely with the court.

Passaic.—1. No. 2. In her maiden name.

S. V. T.—You appear to have a strong case, but perhaps the landlord may dispute your release on the ground that the repairs you have executed are not adequate.

Constant Reader.—He can sue for trespass and damages.

C. L. R.—Yes.

Non Plus.—We see no reason why the business should not be sold apart from the royalty, but the matter being so important, you would be wise to consult a solicitor.

A Mechanic.—1 As it was a weekly hiring you are entitled to one week's wages in lieu of notice. 2. In either. 3. The company.

Gun.—1. You will find all particulars in Whitaker's Almanack for 1890. 2. Not if outside "territorial waters."

Ground Game.—You must take out a gun license.

Z. Y. X.—You are too late.

Camden.—It would be unsafe to express an opinion without having all the details from first to last.

A Constant Reader (S. R.).—The landlord can distrain at once, both for the arrears of rent and for the repairs.

W. C.—The law does not provide any remedy for such microscopic grievances.

H. Bonee.—It has become a yearly hiring, and she is, therefore, entitled to six months' notice. No compensation would have to be paid if that were given.

HOUSEHOLD.

Drowsy.—Your case is by no means singular. Wearing or not wearing glasses has nothing to say to it. We cannot prescribe; you should consult a doctor.

Amy D.—We do not advise you to attempt it yourself. You have not the appliances, which make it a very simple thing to the cleaners to do, whereas your attempts would most likely destroy all the work.

Toby.—Thank you. There is no preparation needed. Simply apply it as sold, very thinly in two or more coats, letting each dry before the other is put on. Do not dilute it with anything.

L. S. D.—There are numbers of them, all good; we cannot name any one in particular as better than another.

J. W.—We do not advise you to try it. Amateur dyeing of coloured things ends nearly always in failure. You have not the proper appliances, and preparing the proper baths in small quantities is very expensive.

W. F. G.—We do not think you will succeed. There are several systems of waterproofing; some of them are quite beyond the amateur, who has not the machinery, heated rooms, &c., necessary for the work. An admixture of soap will render the oil more pliable and less given to crack, but we should not expect any of your suggestions to be satisfactory. See "Jack Allround" column, in reply to "Annie T. F." Rubbing a lump of pure beeswax over the wrong side until the outer surface assumes a grey appearance, and then passing a hot iron over it, and while still warm brushing the cloth, is another method.

Archibald.—It may be cleaned with a solution of ten to fifteen grains of cyanide of potassium to one ounce of water, according to the amount of tarnish to be removed. Apply with a small sponge and wash off with clean water. The solution is a deadly poison, and should not be used by any one with the least puncture or scratch on the hand.

Uncle.—1. They are generally made of doeskin, but we have seen them also made of a sort of swansdown, doubled and pipeclayed. 2. All sorts of stuffs are used. You can buy them made up at the costumiers, or improvise with whiting mixed with a very little lard, over which use the powder-puff liberally. You are liable to a penalty; your note came in a halfpenny wrapper, which is not legal.

W. C. (Walworth).—Wash it in a hot solution of either soda or sesquicarbonate of ammonia. We do not recommend dyeing it; they are coloured in the pulp stage.

Typewriter.—You do not say of what material they are; if felt, the above answer is the best we can give.

W. H. S.—Take 1lb. yellow resin, 5¼ozs. gum lac, 5¼ozs. Venice turpentine, and 1oz. vermilion. Melt the lac in a copper pan suspended over a clear fire, add the resin, and slowly pour in the turpentine, and soon afterwards add the vermilion, stirring the mixture all the time, and be careful, for remember you are working with highly inflammable ingredients. These form into round sticks by rolling it out on a polished slab of stone with a wooden board, or into sticks by casting it into stone moulds made in two pieces.

ANGLING.

R. R.—There is fair pike, perch, bream, and roach fishing in the Ouse, near Thetford. Find out a local enthusiast, and get at him.

Esox.—No; a pike 24in. long, in condition, weighs about 4lbs. 4ozs.—too small for a sportsman to retain.

Barrister.—The fence months for coarse fish, under the Fresh Water Fisheries Act, 1878, are from March 15th to June 15th, both days inclusive.

F. A.—Fish bite best with the wind south or south-west.

Beginner.—It would take up too much time and space to answer all your questions. I should advise you to purchase "Angling for Coarse Fish," by Bickerdyke, published by L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand.

Would-be Clubman.—Write to the hon. sec. of the Piscatorial Society. They meet every Wednesday at the Mona Hotel, Covent Garden. This society possesses the finest angling library and museum extant.

GARDENING.

Ferns.—It is not easy to account for the changed appearance of the maidenhair fronds without fuller particulars. The temperature, 55deg. to 65deg., is quite right. Have the plants been too dry at the root, or has the house been fumigated with tobacco? Either of these would cause the fronds to lose colour. Too much overhead watering, at this season especially, would have a bad effect—in fact, we should not recommend maidenhair ferns to be syringed at all from this to next May, at any rate; the necessary atmospheric moisture could be given by syringing floors, stages, &c.

W. S. H.—In a small conservatory heated by an oil-stove and kept at a temperature of 40deg. to 45deg., it will be advisable to discontinue the use of the syringe as a general practice till the days get longer, say till towards the end of February, and then only in bright sunny weather till April; afterwards syringe daily.

FINANCIAL.

Bondholder.—You need not stamp them until they are sold, when the broker will see to it. They do not require to be re-stamped every year.

R. G. Arthur.—Put the question more explicitly; we cannot understand your meaning.

H. P.—It is somewhat wearying to have to repeat nearly every week that our province does not include giving characters to brokers, whether inside or outside the "house."

G. Blount.—The questions you ask are purely legal, not speculative, and therefore not within our financial province. Consult a solicitor learned in Scotch Exchange law.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. E. Ross.—There is no way of ascertaining it with any approach to accuracy. Some would-be authorities estimate it at about eighteen hundred millions, but this can be little more than a random guess, as there are many parts of the world where no census is ever taken.

F. R.—Quite impossible to say until the next census is taken.

E. H.—As you became security for him, his default places you in the position of debtor to his creditor, who can, therefore, come down upon you for the amount. Your only remedy is to sue the defaulter, and that might prove a poor one if he has neither money nor goods.

J. T. L.—You can either advertise the book or put it up to auction, or sell it to a respectable dealer. There is no fixed market value for such property.

South Lodge.—1. No; the damp would be sure to force its way up. 2. You had better ask at Somerset House. 3. Write to the manager, giving full particulars.

Jos.—We cannot say what decision would be given if the case were taken into court. That would largely depend upon the evidence as to the husband's income.

M. Sibley.—It is doubtful whether one is to be obtained in England. Try Street's, in Cornhill.

Scholasticus.—We are not acquainted with any paper specially devoted to the interests you mention.

E. Brook.—One person claims to have done so, but the claim is disputed. Most of these insane feats have been attempted in the rapids below the fall. It was there that Captain Webb threw away his life.

Fido.—It entirely depends on the rules of the society. You had better obtain a copy and study it during your Christmas holidays. Every business has its own methods.

H. S. T.—Not until the estate is wound up, when they must give an account of all monies received.

W. Wells.—The right side for pedestrians is on the right hand; for vehicles, on the left hand.

J. Birch; A Puzzled One.—Forwarded to "Adam," who will reply in due course. Too late for this week. You might have charitably remembered the exigencies of Christmastide, postal and other.

Louise.—It was quite right to draw the lottery a second time. This is always done when the first drawing is proved to be unfair.

A. B. C.—Certainly not, if the bequest confined the future benefits to members of the Church of England. But are you quite sure that this is the case.

Arthuball.—Yes.

Provident.—It is a difficult business. Consult a solicitor and get him to draft the document.

CREWE LIBERALS AND THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

With reference to the recent correspondence on the subject of Crewe Liberals and the London and North-Western Railway Company, the following letter, dated the 20th inst., has been received by Mr. Hodgson from the secretary of the company:—"The memorial which accompanied your letter of the 17th was laid before the directors at their board meeting. In reply I am instructed to inform you that the directors have never interfered in any way with the political opinions of their employés, nor do they desire that any such interference should take place. With regard to the charges made in the memorial against their officers at Crewe, the directors have to observe that they are absolutely untrue and without foundation." To this the Liberal leaders in Crewe have sent a reply to the directors recapitulating the charges, and asking for a special commission to inquire into their specific accusations, the inquiry to be before an impartial tribunal not connected with the works, and open to the public press.

THE LADY AND THE HOUSEBREAKER.

At Dalston Police Court, James Haveley, a general dealer, who refused his address, was charged before Mr. Haden Corser with having been concerned, with two other men not in custody, in breaking and entering the house of William Farquharson, of 38, Woodlea-road, Stoke Newington, and stealing articles of the value of £42.—Mrs. Emily Farquharson said that the other evening she went out on an errand. She left the house well lighted, but there was no one in charge. Half an hour later she returned, but found the door bolted inside. Then she heard a scuffling and something heavy fall. She knocked as loudly as she could, and suddenly the lights went out, the bolts were drawn, and three men rushed past her and a lady friend who was with her. The witness seized one of the men, and asked, "What are you doing in my house?" The man muttered something about a mistake, and, pushing her roughly on one side, got away. Witness, however, followed, and raised a hue and cry. She never lost sight of the prisoner, but the other men out-distanced her. A constable stopped the prisoner about fifty yards from the house. On returning to the house with the police the witness found a large travelling trunk filled with articles ready for removal.—The constable said he saw the prisoner drop a meerschaum pipe, which had been identified by the prosecutrix.—The prisoner was remanded for a week.

TIM'S CHRISTMAS GHOST.

Tim Spooner was as jolly a chap as you ever saw,
He kept a farm and a housekeeper, of whom he stood in awe;
But all men have a failing, so I have heard and think,
And Tim's was love of whisky—in short, he used to drink.

He feared his housekeeper, as I have said before; but vain
Were her threats and lectures, he'd go out and come home in drink again;
In vain she raved and said she'd stop not another minute near him,
"I'm sure I wish you wouldn't," said Tim, but he didn't let her hear him.

Vain were the parson's graphic accounts of a certain spot,
Where the climate would be sultry and all drunkards would be hot;
In vain the chapel people groaned, and said it was because
He went to church that thus he broke sobriety's strict laws.

At last Nan, his housekeeper, made up her mind to cure him,
"When he's sober he's a gem," she thought; "when he's drunk I can't endure him."
She thought so more than ever when one night, at Christmas time,
He pulled the old clock's weights off, as he said, "to hear it chime."

And when she pulled him from it, with no very gentle touch,
He became possessed of courage which is commonly called "Dutch."
He seized a cushion from a chair, and at her head it flew;
"It's been a year for strikes," said Tim, "why shouldn't I strike, too?"

But as the indignant spinster boxed his ears and soundly shook him,
He kissed her cheek and vowed he'd not be happy till she took him;
And when at last he found himself undressed and in his bed,
'Twas with but a dim perception of all he'd done and said.

He dozed about an hour or so, then woke (not feeling well),
He felt worse soon, there was "something," what it was he couldn't tell.
In the room he saw a shroud-like robe, and something, too, was in it,
Tim sat up, paralysed with fright, and sobered in a minute.

All the parson's stories of the pit flashed swift across his mind,
For it had a black and hairy face, and a long tail, too, behind;
And when he saw that awful tail, conviction came to Tim,
That this was Satan come to make his Christmas warm for him.

He shrieked, "Have mercy, Satan, and I'll never more drink whisky."
Satan chattered in reply, and his tail grew rather frisky.
"I'll sign the pledge." Tim kept his head beneath the clothes all night,
And when he put it out again 'twas in the morning light.

He went downstairs, apologised, and made it right with Nan,
"I'm going to sign the pledge," he said, "and be an altered man."
And when he told her of his fright, she smiled, but did not boast
That she could have explained away the mystery of his ghost.

A travelling show the night before on the village green was seen,
And the showman and Tim's housekeeper in close converse had been.
He'd a monkey with more brains, he said, than any average man;
Maybe that self-same monkey had been a help to Nan.

Tim's married now and sobered, and the neighbours' cheeks will pale
When he tells the awful story of Satan and his tail;
But the wiser smile and whisper over the Christmas toast,
That Mrs. Spooner, if she liked, could say who was the ghost.

Kay Bee.

An official contradiction is given to the statement published by a London evening journal that Captain Holford is no longer in attendance on Prince Albert Victor. Captain Holford is still in attendance on his Royal highness, and, it is added, the Prince of Wales trusts he may long continue to remain so.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Alleged Sacrilege and Murder.

At the Eddisbury (Cheshire) Police Court, John Henry Thompson, alias Jones, was charged with breaking into Norley Church, Cotebrook Church, and Norley Wesleyan Chapel. Prisoner, since his incarceration in Knutsford Gaol, has confessed that he murdered Lance-corporal Marshall on the canal, near Chester, in the summer of 1885. He further gave details of a number of serious crimes which he says he has committed in different parts of the country. The police are making inquiry into these, and the prisoner in the meantime was simply charged with sacrilege. He conducted himself during the hearing in the most eccentric manner, and the general impression was that he was shamming insanity. He was caught while endeavouring to sell the communion plate stolen from Norley Church at a Crewe silversmith's.—Superintendent Walker and the prisoner sent for him to his cell and made a confession, in the course of which he detailed how he had committed the robberies. He entered Norley Church by the window, and, finding a lamp, lighted it and walked up to the altar. Here he took up the crucifix, and after examining it went into another part of the church, where he found a safe and let it fall on the floor. It opened, and he exclaimed,

"Golly! here's some Money,"

but when he looked he only found some papers, which he scattered about the place, and, said "What a sell," adding to witness, "and it was a sell, too." He then wrenched a cupboard open, afterwards hitting the door with the cross, breaking it. In the cupboard he found a casket and some plate bearing the initials "I.H.S." All these articles were of silver. He also took two bottles of wine, a portion of which he poured into a silver cup and drank "to the health of all the saints in the calendar." He then lighted the fire with the candles, and anything else combustible he could lay his hands on. He put a coal-box on the fire, and placed the silver in it to melt, but as that could not be done he allowed the silver to cool and packed it up. As he was leaving the church he found the money-box, which he broke open, but there was only a penny in it. He then described how he successfully broke into Norley Wesleyan Chapel and Norley Temperance Hall. After that he walked about three or four miles to another church, Cotebrook, where he broke the window, got inside, and burst a cupboard open. He got only one bottle and a half of wine. He looked everywhere for the safe and silver, but could not find them. Again

He Lighted a Fire.

and lay down and slept until nearly nine o'clock.—Superintendent Walker: That is his statement.—Prisoner: Hold hard. Why don't you read the other thing?—Superintendent Walker: Because it has nothing whatever to do with this case.—Prisoner: It is one which should have been seen to before this. It is more serious than this.—Asked if he now had anything to say, prisoner said: Yes. If you want that silver flagon and plate I took from Norley Church, take me down and I will get it. If you don't want it, that's all right.—The chief constable observed that he had made arrangements for the prisoner to be conveyed to the spot on the following day.—Asked why he should not be committed to the assizes, prisoner said: Yes, I have a word to say against that. I have given myself up for committing two murders, and I feel I ought to be tried for them instead of for this. I don't want to get so much time for this and to be pulled up again for the other offences. I mean what I say—I'm not "codding." I can prove that I did it as sure as I am here.—The chief constable added that he had communicated with the police authorities in the districts where the murders are alleged to have been committed, and, if necessary, the prisoner would be brought up again while awaiting trial on the present charge.—He was then formally committed to the assizes.

GORDON'S EXTRACT.

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If your liver troubles you, and you are suffering from a Disordered Stomach and Weak Digestion, you should use GORDON'S EXTRACT. Many Thousands of Testimonials have been received from Clergymen and others certifying to the wonderful curative properties of this marvellous medicine, which is a scientific combination of vegetable extracts, and provides the exact remedy for the various forms of disease connected with disordered Liver.

GIVES INSTANT RELIEF and WILL PERMANENTLY CURE CASES OF

CHRONIC INDIGESTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY,
TORPID LIVER, GIDDINESS, AND RHEUMATISM,

And it has probably received a greater number and variety of favourable Testimonials than any other prepared medicine in existence.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
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LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Rev. Dr. RICHARD, of Cwndaud, near Carmarthen, writes:—"It has done me a great deal of good, and I can heartily recommend it to others who suffer from Liver Complaint. I think it the best medicine ever known."

Mr. W. H. HOARE, 2, Bayford-road, Sittingbourne, writes:—"I have found this EXTRACT to do me good, as it acts upon the Liver like a charm. It is a genuine remedy for Liver and Stomach Complaints; also a purifier of the blood."

LIVER COMPLAINT AND INDIGESTION.

"2, Fitzwilliam-terrace,
"Bray, Co. Wicklow.
"Sept. 9th, 1889.

"Please forward me, at your earliest convenience, another bottle of GORDON'S EXTRACT. I have suffered dreadfully from Liver Complaint and Indigestion for over four years. I have consulted one of the leading doctors in Dublin, and he prescribed for me several times, but did me no good. I have taken but one bottle of GORDON'S EXTRACT and have not felt so well this many a long day. I believe another bottle will leave me a sound healthy man.

"I am, gentlemen,
"Your faithful and obedient servant,
"R. Buchanan."

Mrs. C. FORD, 186, Thomas-street, Camberwell, writes:—"Before using the EXTRACT I had such a dreadful sinking in my stomach, and when I took food I was in misery and pain; my face was quite copper-coloured, and I had no energy whatever. I only took half a bottle of the EXTRACT when I was surprised at the effect. I ate with comfort and a good appetite, my face and eyes got clear, and I felt quite energetic and cheerful."

GORDON'S EXTRACT can be obtained of all Chemists, in bottles at 2s. 6d., but if any difficulty, it will be forwarded free on receipt of thirty stamps by the Wholesale Agents:

MAY, ROBERTS, and CO., 9, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

Each bottle contains Forty full Doses, and at the low price of 2s. 6d. per bottle is the Cheapest Medicine in the World.

GORDON'S EXTRACT.

FIRE IN CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE.

Great Destruction of Property.

A fire of unusual magnitude occurred on Christmas Day in Charterhouse-square, causing very great damage to property. It broke out in a huge block of very lofty warehouses, standing opposite the Smithfield Meat Market, and abutting upon Charterhouse-square, occupied by four firms. The western side, in which the fire originated, was tenanted by Mr. W. Burgess, printer, trading under the name of the Carlyle Press; the next warehouse, which ran from the front to the back of the entire block, was rented by Messrs. Ruddiman, Johnston, and Co., publishers; and the entire eastern portion of the premises was rented by Mr. Ferranti, an electrical engineer. All the premises were closed about 11 o'clock on Christmas Eve, and everything remained apparently safe. When first seen there was a tremendous body of flames evidently issuing from the south-western corner. The fire must have been smouldering all night, for when the actual outburst occurred the entire interior of the building was already heated. The flames broke out in the basement, and with the most extraordinary rapidity blazed upwards and along the entire western side of the block, until, within the space of five minutes from the first appearance of flames, the warehouse was completely involved from top to bottom. The residents in the immediate neighbourhood were greatly alarmed, and many

Exciting Scenes

were witnessed, men, women, and children rushing from their houses partly dressed and taking refuge with their more fortunate neighbours. When the fire-engines arrived the opposite houses were catching, and within ten minutes a part of the western frontage, containing many hundreds of tons of masonry, fell out without a moment's notice on to the buildings opposite. The windows and fronts of the premises were shattered, but, happily, no one was injured. The calls which were circulated by telephone, describing the serious nature of the fire, resulted speedily in the turning out of every steamer in the Clerkenwell district, but this force was found to be insufficient, and every district in London was called upon to furnish aid in the emergency. At one time no fewer than nineteen steamers were pumping water on the fire, and the firemen, mounted on adjoining roofs and on extension ladders, worked indefatigably in endeavouring to subdue the flames. The work was difficult and dangerous, but it was admirably carried on under the personal supervision of the chief and second officers, as well as of the superintendent of the district, and at length the fire was completely surrounded and all danger of its spreading was at an end. By that time, however, the second warehouse—the middle one of the block—had caught fire from the top, and the flames, burning downwards, drove the members of the Salvage Corps, who were busy below endeavouring to save the property from damage by water, out of the place. When the fire was finally subdued the scene of destruction was a remarkable one. Heaps of débris were piled up outside the hotel premises and the other buildings in Charterhouse-street, the old Charterhouse gates were shattered and bent, and the interiors of the buildings which had caught fire were a mass of ruins and of bent and broken girders.

"IN THE SWIM."

BY A CITY SHARK.

To comment upon matters speculative during Christmas week is, verily, like that making of bricks without straw of which the Israelites made such bitter complaint. The situation can be summed up in a very few sentences. No business going on; all the great operators away; money fairly plentiful; the leading markets strong in tone, though stagnant. Considering the slackness of the times, prices have held up wonderfully. May this be accepted as a prophetic indication that they will improve after New Year's Day lies behind us? I am rather disposed to take that view; it is unquestionable that some of our shrewdest judges have been "on the buy" latterly, whenever any temporary fall afforded them an advantageous opening. Nor can it be gainsaid that, with the expansion of trade, the probability of cheaper money, the remarkably open weather half through the winter, and the subsidence of the strike fever, the "bull" is much more favourably circumstanced than the "bear." The latter's one chance is that the forthcoming railway dividends may disappoint expectation. Of course it cannot be foreseen with any certainty what proportion the increase of working expenses will bear to the increase of traffic receipts. The companies have had, undoubtedly, to pay much higher both for materials and labour. But in most cases, this augmentation of expenditure has only operated to any sensible extent for the last three months, whereas six months' additional traffic receipts will be brought into the account. I do not anticipate, therefore, that the very careful estimates which have been made by *Money* and other high-class financial journals will be far out. Should they about hit the mark, there will be room for a further rise in Great Western, North-Eastern, Midland, North-Western, and Sheffield deferred. American rails have a more wholesome look than for several months, the satisfactory dividends declared by the Vanderbilt lines having given a fillip to the whole market. Whether this improvement will last remains to be seen; it ought to, as there is no question that, in many instances, current quotations are below intrinsic values. A good deal of investment money is, I believe, quietly finding its way into this department on both sides of the Atlantic, a source of strength which could not be over-valued. Owing to the increasing probability of disturbances in Brazil, where the military usurpers are carrying matters with an exceedingly high hand, South American securities are out of favour with English speculators. It is just as well, perhaps, that this should be the case. Argentine, Brazil, and Uruguay required a warning against incessant borrowing, and if they cannot get any more money from confiding Europe, all the better both for them and for their creditors. Two or three weeks ago, I predicted that Costa Ricas would have a bit of an advance as the time for paying the half yearly coupons drew near. They have had it, and are now quoted as high as they have ever been. So, after all, I wind up 1889 with a successful tip, and can afford to congratulate my readers and myself on a brilliant year of speculative soothsaying. Had I kept a "bucket shop," my fame would be in the mouths of all by this time. May 1890 prove as friendly as 1889 has been from first to last!

MADAME CARNOT AND THE CHILDREN.

On Christmas Day Madame Carnot entertained at the Paris Elysée four hundred children from the junior classes of the municipal schools. When they were ranged in the Galerie des Fetes, Madame Carnot, leaning on General Brugere's arm, came in and said to them—"Dear children, the President of the Republic has told me to say to you how sorry he is not to be able to come down to see you. He is prevented by illness from leaving his room; but, my little friends, I bid you welcome to the Elysée, and hope you will enjoy yourselves. All that is hung on the Christmas trees is yours. There is for each of you a warm hood, and a basket of sweets to take home, with chocolate and cakes. These things are not to be eaten by you but to be given to your brothers and sisters, or to other children who have had no treat. It is so nice to share one's good things. If you begin to do it young, you will like to do it always."

BOUILLON FLEET—A BRAIN AND BODY FOOD.—Highly nutritious and stimulating. Easy of digestion, pleasant to taste (not spiced). Indispensable in the household. Invaluable to travellers and business men. It can be taken at all times when refreshment is needed. Bouillon Fleet is a nourishing Food, supporting and sustaining the system and stimulating the nerves. Invalids thrive upon it. It keeps the health strong. Makes magnificent Beef Tea and delicious Soups without the aid of any fresh meat; also for Stews, Gravies, Made Dishes, &c.—Sold everywhere in Bottles.—[Advt.]

DROWNED WHILE OYSTER GATHERING.

An inquest was held on Thursday at Rainham, Kent, on the bodies of two Medway fishermen named Blowfield (father and son), who were caught by the rising tide and drowned at Haugate Creek while gathering oysters on the 24th inst. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

A large number of leading divines and University leaders have intimated their intention of being present at the funeral services of Dr. Lightfoot. Amongst them will be the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Dean of Windsor, &c. The body will be placed in the Nine Altars Chapel of the cathedral on its arrival at Durham.

DEATH FROM ALCOHOLIC POISONING

On Thursday morning a young man was found in a dying state in a field at Bear Park, Colliery, near Durham. He was identified as one of a party of carol singers, and had parted from his companions about an hour before he was discovered. He had a bottle of whisky, and an empty bottle was also found on him. He died from alcoholic poisoning soon after being found.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

One characteristic of the good-natured population of Vienna is their kindness to animals. During the recent severe weather the winged inhabitants of the town have probably been better off for food than during the warm season. Pigeons are quite as numerous as sparrows. Both are abundantly fed; in fact, there is not a house where bread or seed is not put several times a day on the window-sill or balcony. In the parks and public gardens there are bird refuges where seed is provided. Unfortunately, singing birds that emigrate are getting scarcer every year. They are shot on their passage through neighbouring countries and eaten as a delicacy. This is the case in Italy and some parts of Turkey. Near Constantinople the choicest songsters are caught with bird-lime, and made into a kind of "pilaf" with rice. In Austria it is considered a crime to shoot even a blackbird, and there are many peasants whom nothing would induce to catch or shoot a lark.

A GRUESOME CAB RIDE.

A hansom cab, in which sat G. B. French, the dramatic agent, of New York, bowled up Fifth Avenue a few days ago. On the box was James McCooey, who held the reins listlessly in his hands. McCooey attracted much attention from pedestrians by the manner in which he lolled from side to side, threatening to fall from his perch at any moment. The man seemed to be asleep, and a number of men followed the cab on a run until Forty-seventh-street was reached, when the horse was stopped. The driver made no remonstrance, and after the vehicle had been drawn alongside the kerb McCooey was lifted off his seat and laid on the sidewalk. A telephone message was sent to police headquarters, asking for an officer to take care of a drunken cabdriver. One soon arrived, and at a glance saw that the man was dead.

AN AMATEUR CIRCUS.

Vienna is generally celebrated for the number and brilliancy of entertainments for charitable objects arranged and carried out by members of its aristocracy. Such performances have, however, been discontinued for some time, owing to various circumstances, especially the universal mourning caused by the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph. The period of mourning is now over, and Vienna is about to signalise the reawakening of its festive life by a grand amateur hippodrome performance, in which many of the most brilliant members of Viennese society will take part. Renz's circus will be hired for the occasion, and the feats of the ring will be followed by a pantomime, in which every character, from the principals down to the "supers" and figurantes, will be played by members of the highest families of Austria. Count Rudolph Kinski, Count Nikolaus Eszterhazy, and General von Kodolitsch are the most active members of the committee, and a great success is anticipated for the performance, the proceeds of which will be divided among Vienna charities.

GHASTLY SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.

A painful story is reported from Périgueux. A youth of twenty, under sentence of death for the murder of an old couple under circumstances of great atrocity, was executed the other morning. Owing to his youth he expected that his sentence would be commuted, and when the executioner and attendant officials appeared in his cell, roused him from his sleep, and told him he must die, he resisted to the utmost, uttering piercing screams, which could be heard outside the gaol. He had to be held down to have the fatal toilette performed, he fought with the executioner and the gendarmes, and had to be carried to the guillotine screaming all the time at the top of his voice. The executioner had to pull the young man's head through the lunette by main force, keeping hold of his ears with either hand until the knife fell and ended this ghastly scene.

NOTICE.

To avoid loss of time and inconvenience, all communications on business matters should be addressed to the MANAGER, and not to the EDITOR.

PERSONAL.

CLARA.—Please send your Address to ERNEST, care of Mr. W. Spicer, Debden-road, Saffron Walden, Essex.

SATTERTHWAITE.—Pursuant to an Order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, made in the Matter of the Estate of Mary Satterthwaite, Spinster, deceased, and in an action, Tr[illegible] against Graves, 1889, S. No. 1,461, the persons claiming to be NEXT-OF-KIN according to the Statutes, for the distribution of Intestate's Estates of MARY SATTERTHWAITE, late of New-street, Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, who died in or about the month of November, 1874, living at the time of her death, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next-of-kin as are now dead, are by their solicitors, on or before the 31st day of January, 1890, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of Mr. Justice North, at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, Middlesex, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order. Friday, the 7th day of February, 1890, at 12.0 of the clock at noon, at the said Chambers, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims.

Dated this 19th day of December, 1889.

EDWARD SHEARME, Chief Clerk.

SPEECHLY, MUMFORD, LANDON, and ROGERS, 1, New Inn, Strand, W.C., Agents for Messrs. Waugh and Musgrave, Solicitors, Cockermouth.

SPECIAL PREPAID RATES.

ADVERTISEMENTS RELATING TO
Situations Wanted or Vacant,
Houses or Apartments to Let or Wanted,
Houses, &c., or Articles for Sale,
Lost or Found, &c., &c.,
ARE CHARGED AT A
SPECIAL LOW RATE OF 1s. FOR 16 WORDS
AND
6d. PER LINE, OR EIGHT WORDS, AFTER.

These rates apply only to private or individual announcements, and are not intended for advertisements of the above descriptions when sent by the advertiser in his trade or professional character. Prepayment is indispensable.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 20, plain cooking, 10 months' character, wages £13.—Ellen, Hetherington's, Myddelton Hall, Upper-street, Islington, N.

YOUNG GENERAL SERVANT, age 15, 8 months' character, wages 5s. 6d. to 5s. weekly.—E. R., Hetherington's, Myddelton Hall, Upper-street, Islington, N.

NURSE, age 18, tall, bright looking, good needlewoman, fond of children, 18 months personal character, wages £14.—R. C., Hetherington's, 170, Victoria-street, Belgravia.

GOOD PLAIN COOK, age 32, understands soups, jellies, sweets, and entries, neat appearance, 1 year and 9 months personal character, wages £20 to £22.—M. D., Hetherington's, 170, Victoria-street, Belgravia.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

BOOT TRADE.—Wanted, Clicking Youths, Sewers, and Top-piece Heel Finishers, for [illegible] work.—34, [illegible]

SITUATIONS VACANT—(CONTINUED.)

GENERAL SERVANT (Good) wanted; also NURSE GIRL; ages 20 and 14; good characters.—Apply, after 12.0, 383, Walworth-road, near the Gate.

HOUSEMAID wanted, age about 25, parlourmaid kept, wages £20.—Mrs. D., Hetherington's, 16, Leonard-place, High-road, Kensington.

YOUNG SERVANT wanted, age about 16, to assist cook and housemaid, wages £10.—Mrs. H., Hetherington's, 16, Leonard-place, High-road, Kensington.

COOK wanted, age 30 to 40, small family, wages £30, all found.—Mrs. C., Hetherington's, 16, Leonard-place, High-road, Kensington.

GENERAL SERVANT wanted, age about 25, 2 in family, no washing, wages £18.—Mrs. J., Hetherington's, 16, Leonard-place, High-road, Kensington.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 20, 4 in family, no washing, no children, good place, wages £16.—Mrs. A., Hetherington's, Myddelton Hall, Upper-street, Islington, N.

PLAIN COOK, age 30, medium family, 3 others kept, wages £25.—L. C., Hetherington's, Myddelton Hall, Upper-street, Islington, N.

GOOD addition to income secured by selling our Matchless Blended TEAS in packets; best terms in the trade; certain sale; suit either sex.—Write, Manager, 17, Aldersgate Chambers, E.C.

12s. 6d. A WEEK Salary offered either sex (able to write) everywhere. The work can be done evenings; samples, &c. (to commence at once) sent for 1s. 1d.—SMITH and CO., Chesterton-road, North Kensington, London.

GOLD WATCH GIVEN as a Reward to all Female Servants who have remained in their situations two years. For particulars, see DOMESTIC HELP, published Weekly, One Penny, of all Booksellers, or direct from the Publisher, F. W. HETHERINGTON, 334, Strand, London, by post for 1½d.

TO MESS-ROOM WOMEN.—Wanted, at the SOUTH-EASTERN FEVER HOSPITAL, New Cross-road, S.E., a MESS-ROOM WOMAN, at wages of £18 per annum, with board, lodging, washing, and uniform.—Candidates, who must not exceed 35 years of age, and who must have had previous experience in a public institution, are to apply personally, or by letter, to the Matron, at the Hospital, on or before Tuesday next, bringing or enclosing copies of recent testimonials.—27th December, 1889.

BUSINESSES, HOUSES, &c.

GENERAL; £35; great sacrifice; doing £18 weekly, proof trade; garden; main thoroughfare.—79, High-street, Homerton.

WANTED, BEERHOUSE or OFF-LICENSE; must be thoroughly genuine and bear strict investigation; not to exceed £150 cash.—Address particulars, T. H. B., 9, Elmington-road, Brunswick-square, Camberwell.

GENERAL or DAIRY BUSINESS wanted; must be doing good living trade; S.E. district preferred; cash about £65; to include stock.—Address (letter only), W. S., 50, Ossory-road, Old Kent-road.

STONE and EVANS.

HOTEL and TAVERN VALUERS.
226, Euston-road (adjoining Gower-street Station).

£200.—BEERHOUSE; free lease 30 years; rent £47; trade 40 barrels monthly; splendid business position, City; elaborately fitted bar, nice home; 'buses and trams pass the door.—Personally.

£400.—FREE PUBLIC; lease about 40 years; rent £100; trade £200 monthly, proof; grand corner position; handsomely-fitted bar; main road; busy neighbourhood; every domestic convenience.—STONE and EVANS.

£700.—FREE PUBLIC; lease 30 years; rent £100; paying £250 monthly; commanding corner; large premises; splendid residence, nicely fitted; this should be seen at once. Several others all parts.—STONE and EVANS.

SAMUEL GODDARD ATKIN,

PUBLIC-HOUSE BROKER and GENERAL AGENT,
New Inn Chambers, 41, Wych-street, Strand.
All Businesses for Sale Registered Free.

£210 ALL AT.—LONDON PUBLIC, S.W.; thickly populated part; free for spirits; no loans; rent only £50; splendidly fitted bar; trade £100 monthly; nice home.

£200 VALUATION ONLY.—PRETTY ROADSIDE PUBLIC, 9 miles out, W.; rent £48; part le off capital proof trade; stabling, side-gates, yard, garden, draw-up.

£110 CASH.—NOBLE CORNER BEERHOUSE, Finsbury Park; good lease at £49 rent, nearly all let off; trade approaches £70 monthly; handsomely fitted, comfortable home.—ATKIN.

£75 ALL AT.—BEERHOUSE; busy thoroughfare; rent only £20; no loans; capital trade, £55 monthly; nicely-fitted bar.—Personally, ATKIN.

£50 ALL AT (including Stock).—CIGAR and TOBACCONIST; net rent £25; trade £8 weekly; handsomely-fitted; must be sold.—Personally, ATKIN.

£50 ALL AT.—BUTCHER'S, market town, 10 miles, Kent; fixtures and utensils included; rent £42; 10-roomed house; lease if required; trade £40 weekly, neglected; present tenant 8 years.—ATKIN, above.

Messrs. PASSINGHAM and HALL,

50, GRAFTON-STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.
Those desirous of SELLING or PURCHASING a HOTEL, PUBLIC or BEERHOUSE, COFFEE or DINING-ROOMS, or a BUSINESS of any description, should apply to the old-established firm of PASSINGHAM and HALL.—All businesses registered free of charge. 1,000 for selection, town or country; printed register gratis. Telephone number, 3,524.

£500 ALL AT; £150 Can Remain.—HOTEL, important town, Kent; nice modern structure; returns £125 monthly; large profits; 10 bed-rooms, coffee, smoking, billiard, and sitting-rooms, all well furnished; free for everything except draught ales; exceptional opportunity to secure a good house very cheap; owner has appointment in India; valuation alone worth more money.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£450.—A cheap and thoroughly genuine FULLY-LICENSED PUBLIC-HOUSE, near Regent's Park, entirely free; long lease; rent only £55; can be purchased right out for £1,25[illegible] all at.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£300.—FREE FULLY-LICENSED TAVERN, near the Elephant and Castle; payments £170 monthly; unaeniable position; long lease; moderate rent; can be bought right out for £1,050 all at.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£200 ALL AT.—COUNTRY INN, pretty part, 25 miles out; pays brewers £80 monthly, besides extras; large garden, bowling-green 2 acres of orchard and 4 acres of meadow, stabling, cricket ground, and trout stream; rent only £18; sure living.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£150 CASH.—FREE BEERHOUSE, Peckham; Mann and Crossman's trade; pays brewers £55 monthly, besides cigars, tobacco, minerals, &c.; long lease; low rent. Others from £50 to £250 cash.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£25 CASH.—OFF-LICENSE ALE STORES, E.; lease 30 years; rent £30; can be bought out free for £75 all at. Another, Battersea, £100; Homerton, £100, Canning Town, £150; Bow, £90; and Highbury, £130.—PASSINGHAM and HALL.

£85 ALL AT.—CIGARS, TOBACCO, and STATIONERY, Brixton; same hands over 9 years; genuine little business; trade £14 to £15 weekly (proof); rent £25. Also one Wandsworth-road, £110; and Hampstead, £65.—PASSINGHAM and HALL, 50, Grafton-street, Tottenham Court-road.

Messrs. HAYNES and COMPANY,

PUBLIC-HOUSE VALUERS and GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 30, Knightrider-street, St. Paul's, E.C.,

GUARANTEE IMMEDIATE SALES; every Business registered free, no sale no charge. Those about to sell or buy will find our Offices the most central and reliable in London.—Call or write at once.

HAYNES.—£375; CHARMING COUNTRY PUBLIC, 18 miles from City; free for spirits; good furniture, piano, new billiard table, large garden, quoit ground, acre meadow; old established genuine trade, rent £30, all let off.—Call personally, above.

HAYNES.—£250; SNUG LITTLE INN, with paddock, farmyard, garden; corner house, 20 miles out; furniture, horse, cob, two traps included; rent £20.

HAYNES.—£160; COMMERCIAL VILLAGE INN, with well-fitted bar, stabling, yard; rent only £15; railway handy; cyclist and cricket house.

HAYNES.—£150; MARKET TAVERN; noted town, G.N. rail; yard, stabling; rent £12, let off £5; suit a coachman; fixtures, cob, trap included.

HAYNES.—£100; VILLAGE INN; 3 acres land, farm yard, garden, nice home; same hands years; rent £12; price includes large inventory.

HAYNES.—£150; LONDON PUBLIC, and £50 deposit to brewers, returnable; rent £40; dining, billiard rooms; trade £[illegible] monthly.—Apply personally, above.

HAYNES.—£100; COUNTRY ALE, STOUT, GROCERY STORES; rent only £12; nice home, with shop adjoining, yard, stabling; genuine trade.

HAYNES.—£90; GENUINE LITTLE PUBLIC; London style bar, 9 rooms, corner house, main road, good stabling; rent £12; private; furniture, fixtures included.

HAYNES.—£150 Cash; NOBLE CORNER OFF-LICENSE, S.E. suburb; lease 18 years; rent £50; shop, 6 rooms.—Photo and all particulars on personal application.

HAYNES.—£100; CORNER BEERHOUSE, license included; 3 miles from Waterloo, close to station; genuine trade; easily managed; very cheap.

HAYNES.—£45; VILLAGE INN, healthy spot; pretty home, nice fruit garden, paddock; best part of Hampshire; no other spirit house for miles; rent only £10.

HAYNES.—£60; SUBURBAN CORNER BEERHOUSE, S.W.; rent only £25; well-fitted bar, 5 rooms; illness of wife cause of sacrifice.—Call only, above.

HAYNES.—£10 and License; COUNTRY BEERHOUSE, surrounded by market towns; rent £8, large garden, fine yard, outhouses; best beer in the county.

BUSINESSES, HOUSES, &c.—(CONTINUED.)

BUSINESS INVESTMENTS.

HOTELS, INNS, BEER, and BOARDING-HOUSES.—Those requiring to sell or buy a reliable and lucrative business, any price, in town or country, call or write to Messrs. GREENWAY, 133, GOWER-STREET, W.C., the old-established and recognised agents. Cash advanced to complete purchases at 5 per cent. interest. Register free.

THOSE wishing to DISPOSE OF or PURCHASE a BUSINESS of any description, in Town or Country, should send particulars to

HOLLOWAY and CO.,
503 and 505, OLD KENT-ROAD, LONDON, S.E.
Quickest medium now in existence.
Telegraphic Address, "Avouchable," London.

£160.—BEERHOUSE, pretty part, Surrey; proof payments £40 monthly, could do double in other hands; low rent; noble bar, 8 rooms, skittle alley, stables, &c.; part furniture inclusive.—Above.

£180.—BEERHOUSE with GROCERY, splendidly situated, 10 miles out, Surrey; proof trade £60 monthly; nicely-fitted bar, comfortable home, large garden, &c., rent low; only wants seeing.—HOLLOWAY, above.

£100.—TOBACCONIST'S, main position, thickly populated neighbourhood, S.E.; proof takings £14 weekly; lease 12 years, nominal rent; good home; same hands 3 years; grand chance.—HOLLOWAY.

£45.—DECORATOR'S and CONTRACTOR'S; very old established; must be sacrificed; reason explained; large connection; books open for inspection; large plant and everything included; well worth £150.—Personally only.

£50.—GROCERY and PROVISIONS, marketing spot, few miles out, Kent; very handsomely fitted shop; nice home; rent only £13; doing immense trade, which can be greatly increased by energetic man.—Call.

£55.—SHIRT and COLLAR DRESSER'S, well situated, nice suburb, S.E.; net profits £2 10s. weekly; fixtures and utensils included; low rent; good home; illness cause of sale.—HOLLOWAY, above.

£45.—GENERAL, no opposition, N.; doing good trade; very low rent; good shop, 5 rooms, &c.; owner taking public cause of sale.—HOLLOWAY, 505, Old Kent-road.

FOR SALE.

FREEHOLD LAND for SALE within 6 Miles; prices from 20 Gs.; easy instalments.—F. RAVENSCROFT, Manager, Birkbeck Freehold Land Society, Southampton Buildgs., W.C.

£20.—TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illustrated Guide (229 pages) 3 stamps. How to open respectably, £20 to £1,000.—THE TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING COMPANY (Rgtd.) 11 & 12, Beech-st., London, E.C.

BABY CARRIAGE BASSINETTE, with reversible folding hood; carriage on 4 high bicycle rubber silent wheels, fitted with patent stop caps, circular carriage springs, handsome goat rug, measuring one yard long; take 21s., worth £5 10s.; unsold.—14, Noel-street, Duncan-terrace, Islington, near Angel. Private.

TO LET.

THREE and FIVE-ROOMED HOUSES to LET, each having copper, oven, and long garden; houses thoroughly done up; rent (3 rooms) 6s. 6d., (5 rooms) 11s. 6d.—Key, 1, Jane-place; or 2, John-street (opposite Deaf and Dumb Asylum), Old Kent-road.

HOUSES.—For Those Requiring Fresh Air and Open Spaces. Cheap train and 'bus fares to all parts of the City; ten minutes from three stations; 'buses pass end of road. Whole Houses from 13s. per week; Half Houses from 6s. 6d. per week. Good gardens back and front; all most modern and sanitary improvements. Why live in blocks closed in from light and air when you can obtain the above Two-Storeyed Houses (two families in one house only) at Less Rental and surrounded by gardens, nurseries, &c.?—Apply, on the estate, to Mr. JAMES STONE, 2, Queen's-terrace, Wandsworth Bridge-road, Fulham, S.W.

APARTMENTS to LET.—Ground Floor, Two Rooms, intercommunicating, 8s.; Three Rooms ditto, with separate entrance, 12s.; First Floor, One Room, 4s.; Second Floor, Four Rooms, 4s., 5s., and 5s. 6d.; Third Floor, Two Rooms, 2s. 6d. each. Sanitary arrangements perfect, new house, close to the Strand and the parks, and on the 'bus route to all parts, midway between Victoria and Charing Cross and two stations on the Underground; singly or in sets; children not objected to.

Apply, Mrs. KING, 3, Lewisham-street, Prince's-street, Storey's Gate, Westminster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLAZING COLLARS, &c., without Polishing-iron, nothing added to starch. Send six stamps for sample.—Madame MABEL, 9, Horder-road, Fulham, S.W.—Mrs. Ogilvy, Liverpool, writes:—"I have tried Polishing-irons and lots of other stuff, but your Enamel beats them all."

HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Ladies can earn 15s. to 30s. weekly by AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINES; cash or hire; work supplied.—Address, P. S. Company, 67, Southwark-street, London, S.E.; 55, Oxford-street, W.; 102, Upper-street, Islington, N.

ONE GUINEA Each is offered for the most interesting Cuttings or extracts from publications of any kind, or Original Contributions, for New Penny Weekly Journal, entitled GEMS, the First Issue of which, containing conditions of this Competition, may be ordered through any newsagent or bookstall. All can compete.

YOUR Character, &c., described from Handwriting, Marriage, Success, Changes, &c. What to avoid.—Send date of birth and six stamps, with directed envelope, Professor STUART, 54, Fonthill-road, Finsbury Park, N.

YOUR Character and Disposition from Handwriting or Photo. Complete Chart, containing 42 characteristics, 7 stamps; also Marriage, Success, &c., 1s. 1d.—Sig. or D'ASMAIL, Connaught-road, Walthamstow. Over 1,300 testimonials.

CHARACTER CORRECTLY DESCRIBED by Handwriting or Photograph. Complete description, containing 42 Characteristics. Six stamps and stamped addressed envelope.—Prof. WILSON, Wilton-road, S.W. Over 500 testimonials.

WANTED, Care of Child, or Adopt; a good home; terms moderate.—Mrs. H., 19, Reaston-street, Monson-road, New Cross.

WILL any kind lady Adopt a pretty little Fair Girl, 3 years old; no premium given?—Address letters, M. M., 92, Edwin-street, Gravesend.

BUTLER'S Wife desires Care of One or Two Children, or would Adopt one; moderate terms.—E., 42, Suffolk-road, Grange-road, Plaistow, E.

WANTED, Nurse Child, any age; terms moderate; highest references.—R. D., 2, Albert Cottages, Somerset-road, Tottenham.

CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMAN (Widow) would Adopt Lady's Child from birth or after; highest references; letters for interview only noticed.—T. A. B., 19, Brookville-road, Fulham, S.W.

ACCOUCHEMENT, BOARD, and APARTMENTS (private), in the house of a Diploma'd Midwife; skilful nursing, professional attendance; terms moderate; female complaints and irregularities confidentially treated by letter or otherwise.—Mrs. DAVY, 87, St. John's-road, Upper Holloway.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTD. 1803, 1, Old Broad-street, E.C.; and 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds over £1,600,000. E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Manager.

WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE, 27, KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN. Founded A.D. 1717. Losses promptly paid. Insurance arranged by Telephone, No. 3,692. CHARLES ROUSE BROWNE, Secretary.

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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

CHIEF OFFICE: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS ... ... £10,000,000.

INCOME, 1888.	
INDUSTRIAL BRANCH	£3,256,000
ORDINARY BRANCH	718,000
INTEREST	283 000

CLAIMS PAID, 1888.	
INDUSTRIAL BRANCH	£1,231,000
ORDINARY BRANCH	210,000

Every description of Life Assurance business transacted.

All Claims are paid immediately upon satisfactory proof of death and title.

Lapsed Policies may be revived at any time during one year from the date of last payment, on production of evidence of good health and payment of arrears.

Full Prospectus, Annual Report, and List of Securities can be obtained of the Agents of the Company, or at the CHIEF OFFICE HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

THOS. C. DEWEY, WILLIAM HUGHES, } Managers.
W. J. LANCASTER, Secretary.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,

19, LOMBARD-STREET, E.C., and 57, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

HEARTS OF OAK BUILDING SOCIETY.—£100,000 TO BE ADVANCED.—Unusual facilities are afforded to persons requiring to purchase property or redeem mortgages. Advances repayable by instalments, or upon standing mortgage at 5 per cent. Before borrowing elsewhere, send for prospectus.—RICHD. TOWNLEY, Secretary, 49, Oxford-st., W.

SAVINGS! SAVINGS! SAVINGS!

PUT YOUR SAVINGS IN FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS. THE FREEHOLD GROUND RENT INVESTMENT TRUST OF ENGLAND, LIMITED. JOHN W. ROBINS, Esq., J.P., Chairman.

RECEIVES Sums of Money, £10 and Upwards, for Investment in Freehold Ground Rents, whereby Investors Reap Greater Advantages than through any other known source. ALFRED W. LETTS, Secretary. Offices, 59 and 60, Broad-street Avenue, Blomfield-street, London, E.C.

ABNEY PARK CEMETERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

ABNEY PARK CEMETERY, Stoke Newington.—Interments daily, except Sundays. Charges: Children from 20s.; Adults, 40s. Private Graves from £3 3s.

CHINGFORD MOUNT CEMETERY, Chingford. Charges: Children from 45s., Adults from 10s. Private Graves from £1 1s.

Full particulars post free from the Superintendent's Office, at either Cemetery, or from 23, Moorgate-street, E.C.

EMIGRANTS' PASSAGES.—For Lowest Fares and Information, apply to SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur-street, S.W. Canada, £4; United States, £3 10s.; Australia, £12 12s.; Brisbane, £14; New Zealand, £13 13s.; South Africa, £12 12s. Food provided. Saloon Passengers at low rates.

AUSTRALIA.—Cheapest and Best Third-class Accommodation from London at £13 13s. Next departure s.s. Sommerfeld, fitted with electric light, and carrying only 3rd class passengers in the poop. Passengers leave London January 13th. Regular sailings every 28 days.—Apply to SMITH, SUNDIUS, and CO., 158, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

AMERICA £3 10s.—NEW YORK or PHILADELPHIA.—EVERY THURSDAY, £3 10s. (entire fare from London); children half fare; infants free. Reduced fares to all parts of the United States and Canada. Children under five free. Buenos Ayres, £7 15s.; Australia, £13 13s.; South Africa, £12 12s.; and all parts of the world at lowest rates.—For maps and pamphlets, free of charge, apply to E. A. NEUMEISTER, 2, Billiter-street, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

AMERICA, £3 10s.—BUENOS AYRES, £7 15s.

FULL FARE by ROYAL MAIL NETHERLANDS LINE to New York or Philadelphia. Departures every Thursday at 4.0 p.m. Saloon, £7 10s. and £10—reduced rail fares to all points in States and Canada. Children under 5 years free. Australia and New Zealand, £12 12s. Reduced fares from New York. No office can book cheaper. NEW LINE OF STEAMERS to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, £7 15s. Handbooks, maps, "Life at Sea and Passengers' Guide," post free 6d.—Apply to F. W. HETHERINGTON, Chief Office, 334, Strand.

MONEY.—If you want a LOAN promptly and without publicity, on personal security, to assist in business, to pay rent, debts, or any purpose, apply to Mr. WOOD, 24, High Holborn. No bonâ fide application refused. No sureties required.

MONEY LENT without BILL of SALE upon Note of Hand alone at 5 per cent., to male or female, without sureties, for any term not exceeding ten years.—Apply for prospectus to G. H. SHOVE, 21, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

MONEY.—Householders and Others (Town or Country) requiring immediate cash assistance, from £10 to £500, may obtain same upon easy terms.—Apply to actual lender, Mr. FAIRHEAD, 1, 4, Clapham-rd., S.W., near Kennington Church.

TO MERCANTILE CLERKS and Others in immediate want of ready cash, can have same on note of hand only.—Apply to Mr. CHARLES FAIRHEAD, 37, Ferrers-road, Streatham.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY, from £5 to £500, to assist persons who are in temporary difficulties, on Promissory Note, Furniture (without removal), Life Policies, and Reversions. Write to actual lender, who is a private gentleman.—WALTER JACKSON, 7, Southampton-row, Holborn, London, W.C. Distance no object. (No Agents.)

MONEY.

SIMPLE PROMISSORY NOTES are accepted by the IMPERIAL DEPOSIT BANK as security for advances from £20 to £3,000, without any sureties, and at 5 per cent. interest.—Apply for prospectus, which will give all particulars, at 18, Adam-street, Strand.—ARTHUR SEDGWICK, Manager.

ARE YOU IN DEBT OR PRESSED BY YOUR CREDITORS?

IF so, apply to Mr. HOLLOWAY, 173, Ball's Pond-road, Islington, and get released without publicity or stoppage of business. If served with writs, county court summonses, apply at once. Bring all papers with you. Office hours 10.0 to 6.0. Established 20 years.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY.

£5 TO £1,000, to respectable persons requiring temporary ASSISTANCE, on promissory note, furniture (without removal), life policies, &c. Advances completed in two days. Distance no object.—Apply personally, or write to actual lender, C. G. LODGE, 138, St. John-street-road, London, E.C. (Private gentleman.)

MONEY.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER LOAN AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited, makes ADVANCES promptly, from £10 to £1,000, at moderate rates of interest, for short or long periods, repayable to suit the convenience of borrowers, on personal security, deeds, furniture, bills of sale, foreign stocks, bonds, reversions, and life policies. Prospectus gratis, or sent on application to the Secretary, 64, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross.

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MONEY LENT PRIVATELY.—A Gentleman, wishing to invest cash, is open to receive applications from people requiring same. Advances can be had on the Note of Hand alone of any responsible person (either male or female), in Town or Country, at 5 per cent., in sums from £10 to £1,000, and which can be repaid either monthly or quarterly, or arrangements made to suit the borrower, or if desired, the amount lent can remain at interest. All proposals strictly private.—Call or write to CAPITALIST, 215, Regent-street, London, W.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY, WITHOUT DELAY OR BILL OF SALE.

A GENTLEMAN will make ADVANCES, from £10 to £500, to responsible persons in Town or Country, on their note of hand alone, without Bill of Sale or formalities. Interest 5 per cent. No genuine application refused. Also advances made on Crops, Farm Stock, Furniture, &c. All communications are strictly private.—Write or call on the lender, Mr. FREDK. GREY, Osborne House, 11, Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, S.W. N.B.—Private house, and not connected with a loan office.

MONEY LENT (PRIVATELY) AT A FEW HOURS NOTICE, ON NOTE OF HAND ALONE. £10 to £2,000, at 5 per cent. per annum, to male or female. Distance no object. Also upon furniture, pianos, trade and farm stock (without removal), deeds, reversions, life policies, &c., from one to ten years, and to assist persons into business. NO SURETIES REQUIRED. Call or write. Mr. J. T. NICHOLLS (late Mr. A. H. Davis), SAVOY HOUSE, 115 and 116, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Private entrance in Savoy-street.) N.B.—Not an agent, or connected with Loan Offices.

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£2 TO £500 granted immediately to Householders or Lodgers, Male and Female, on Note of Hand or Life Policy. Moderate interest. Easy repayments. No publicity. Call between 10.0 and 8.0, or forward two stamps for form to Mr. J. O. BROWN, 110, Newington Causeway, S.E. (near Elephant and Castle).

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Private offices. No inquiries in the neighbourhood or business.—Mr. Brown has lent over 31,500 loans without sureties.

LOANS WITH OR WITHOUT SURETIES.

"On fair and equitable terms—a great boon to small borrowers."—Vide "Courier."

RESPECTABLE persons, whether weekly or quarterly tenants, lodgers, single persons (male or female) accommodated with LOANS from £3 to £30, according to the position of the applicant (if satisfactory), on note of hand, without any deduction and at ONE CLEAR DAY'S NOTICE, 1s. 3d. in the £ inclusive interest, for stated periods. Advances from £50 to £500 on approved security. Strict secrecy in all transactions. Write or call.—Manager, Mr. MITCHELL.

METROPOLITAN CREDIT COMPANY, 222, CITY-ROAD, E.C. Established 1856. Hours, Ten to Eight.

District Offices:

Southwark	57, Trinity-square, Borough, S.E.
Bethnal Green	Green Man, 287, Cambridge-road, E.
Bermondsey	106, Southwark Park-road, S.E.
Islington	101, Ball's Pond-road, N.
Marylebone	8, Warren-street, Tottenham Court-road.
Stepney	The Dagmar, 140, Commercial-road, E.
Mile End	204, Jubilee-street, E.
Camden Town	73, Great College-street, N.W.

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THE CHARING CROSS BANK (Estd. 1870), 28, BEDFORD-STREET, CHARING CROSS, London, W.C. Capital £150,000. Reserve Fund, £50,000.

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Upon approved Promissory Notes as follows, without bill of sale.

Advance £25	—12 monthly repayments of	£2	5	10
" 50	"	4	11	8
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Larger amounts in the same proportion.

ADVANCES of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice, in town or country, male or female, on mortgage of furniture, trade and farm stock, plant, crops, &c., without removal, and to assist persons into business. Also on deeds, policies, and reversions at 5 per cent. for one month to 14 years. Distance no object. Easy repayments. Strictly private. Call personally or write.

NOTICE.—Before applying elsewhere, or paying fees, ask any solicitor or auctioneer, throughout London and the country, knowing this Bank, and they will at once tell you that you are dealing with an old-established bonâ fide registered bank. Having very large capital, can do business at a lower rate of interest than any other advance bank, and all applicants can rest assured if they cannot get advances here they cannot elsewhere.

Special facilities to all requiring banking accounts.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received on terms as under:—

5 per cent. per ann. subject to	3	months' notice of withdrawal.		
6	"	6	"	"
7	"	12	"	"
8	"	24	"	"
9	"	36	"	"

10 per cent. per ann. on all sums of £500 and upwards if left for five years certain. Interest paid quarterly.

Write or call for Prospectus. A. WILLIAMS, Manager.

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Call or send for prospectus, which shows the exact amount to be repaid.

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£10 to £500 advanced by a private gentleman to responsible persons at a few hours' notice, on note of hand alone, at reasonable interest; easy repayments; capital can remain if required; no publicity; distance no object; strictest privacy. To start in business, furnish your house, to pay your debts or rent, or pay out an execution. No genuine application ever refused.—Apply personally, or write to actual lender, A. FISHER, 16, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C. (close to Broad-street Railway Station).

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£3 Worth ...	Deposit, 5s. ...	Balance 2s.	per week.
£5 ...	10s. ...	2s. 6d.	
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MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS IN LONDON.

£5 0 0 worth	£0 10 0 deposit,	balance 2s. 6d.	weekly.
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OUR system is strictly confidential. No registered documents, no guarantee or security, no extra charges. £40,000 stock to select from. Established 47 years.

THE WITTAM COMPANY, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 231, Old-street, Shoreditch.

Note the Number, and bring this advertisement with you. Do not be misled by entering the wrong shop.

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NO. 1, TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE-STREET, HACKNEY, LONDON, E. Ask for New Town Hall. Please note name, Hackney Furnishing Company, over door. The Company are compelled to notify this on account of mistakes which have occurred.

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£10	£0 15s.	4s. 0d.	
£20	£1 0s.	5s. 0d.	
£30	£2 0s.	7s. 6d.	
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Deposit optional or by monthly or quarterly payments. Prospectus, catalogue, and full particulars post free. Every article selected from £30,000 stock on our own premises as above. Note address—No. 1, Town Hall Buildings, Mare-street, Hackney, E. At Broad-street, book Hackney; turn to right from station. (Notice name over door.)

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CERAMIC ART, FLOWERS.

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COALS, 19s. 6d.—THE GREAT NORTHERN COLLIERY OWNERS are Delivering their Celebrated Wallsend at 21s.; Selected Silkstones, 20s. 6d.; Derby Brights, 20s.; Best Kitchen, 19s. 6d. Quality and weight guaranteed.—Manager, 11, York-road, King's Cross. Delivered free to all parts.

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COAL, 18s.—The MIDLAND COLLIERY COMPANY are delivering their Best Wallsend at 20s.; Best Silkstones, 19s. 6d.; Derby, 18s.; Kitchen, 18s. per ton, thoroughly screened.—SIDNEY HERBERT, 63, Wharfedale-road, King's Cross.

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(Delivered for Cash only.)	One Ton.	Two Tons.
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SUPPLIED by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 99, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any Railway Station within 250 miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent. will be allowed off invoice in lieu of carriage, and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in Town and Suburbs by our own Vans daily. Send for List of Christmas Goods, now ready.

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HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF PRESENTS TO SELECT FROM.

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DOMESTIC APPLIANCES

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144, THE GROVE, STRATFORD (corner of Great Eastern-road);

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EIGHT TUNES; size, 7½in. by 2½in. In a strong polished wood case, with German Silver Fittings, Simplified Action, constructed on a new principle, to play Operatic and Song, with the following tunes:—"Home, Sweet Home," "Hold the Fort," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," "Mollie Darling," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "My Love She's but a Lassie Yet," "Meet Me in the Lane, Love," "Perhaps She's on the Railway." Two for 45 stamps; with bell, 3s.

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We will GIVE a very Handsome Brocaded Silk Handkerchief with each Dress Length purchased from us during this season. These handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white or cream or with handsome coloured border.

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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN FURS, AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE UNTIL SATURDAY.

300 Squirrel Boas and Muff Bags, at 10s. 6d.

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150 Parisian-shaped Dolmanettes, at 57s. 6d.

1,000 Carriage and Travelling Rugs, One Guinea.

Large assortment of Seal Dolmanettes, Newmarkets, and Ulsters, Fur-lined Cloaks, Gent's Coats and Gloves, Sets, Trimmings, Capes, Muffs, &c., a half their real value.

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WANTED, Every Lady to send for the Wonderful Shilling Parcel, containing 1 Beautiful Lace Apron, 1 Beautiful Lace Handkerchief, ½ dozen Yards Maltese Lace, 1 dozen Yards Edging, 12 Engravings, &c. Carriage paid for 1s. 3d.—W. COTTON, Weekday Cross Nottingham.

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A Voucher entitling Purchasers to their Name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Stamping Paper. Sold everywhere, or direct from Works.

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CHEAPEST WOOD YARD IN LONDON,

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G. P. JONES and CO. are selling ⅝ by 6¼ Yellow Flooring at 8s.; ⅝ Yellow Flooring at 7s. 6d. ⅝ Yellow Matching at 6s. 6d.; Mouldings one-third off list.—Call or write for quotations.

DEALS, BATTENS, FLOORINGS, &c.,

Delivered free within four miles of wharf or on rail.

2 BY 6 at 1d. per foot run; 2 by 7 1½d.; 4 by 6 1½d.; 3 by 9, Good Joiners' Yellow, at 3½d.; 3 by 11 ditto, 4d.; 1 by 9 Prepared Yellow, to per ft. Fresh Poles, 28ft., 2s. 6d.; 22ft., 1s. 3d. each. Best Yellow Door and Mouldings one-third off list.—E. H. JOHNSON, Victoria Wharf, Wandsworth Bridge, S.W.

THE CHEAP WOOD COMPANY

SUPPLY all kinds of Building Materials at very low prices. 3 by 9 at 2½d. per foot run; 2 by 4, at ¾d.; Matching, at 5s. 9d. per square. Mouldings, Glass, Ironmongery, &c. Catalogues post free on application.

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BUILDERS, CABINET MAKERS AND OTHERS.

3 BY 11 Dry Pine, 3s. per 12 feet. Mahogany, Wainscot, and other timber in various sizes. Price Lists on application.

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ROYAL EAR HOSPITAL, Frith-street, Soho (Founded 1816). Patron, her Majesty the Queen.—Open for in and out-patients, Mondays and Saturdays, 3.0 to 5.0 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays, 9.0 to 12.0 a.m. Special Ward for Children. Funds earnestly solicited.—M. C. PUDDY, Secretary.

THE LONDON SKIN HOSPITAL, 47, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square. President—The Marquis of CARMARTHEN, M.P. FREE TO THE NECESSITOUS. SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. Patients treated Daily at 2 and 7, and on Tuesdays at 11 also. H. A. GIFFORD, Secretary.

DISPENSARY FOR STRICTURE AND GENITO-URINARY DISEASES.

HELD Daily (except Wednesday and Saturday) from 7.0 p.m. to 9.0 p.m., at 118, Southampton-row, Russell-square. Medicine 1s. a bottle. "NERVOUS DEBILITY" specially treated. The Surgeon sees PRIVATE PATIENTS 12.0 to 2.0. COUNTRY PATIENTS BY LETTER. Treatise, 1s.

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268, CITY-ROAD, E.C. (on the Canal Bridge).

NERVOUS DEAFNESS, Dyspepsia, Noises in Head, Lassitude, Impaired Vision, Loss of Vigour, and Genito-Urinary Diseases, &c. successfully treated upon a new principle. THE PHYSICIAN (late Assistant Medical Officer to the General Post Office, &c.) attends 11.0 to 12.0 and 7.0 to 9.0; Sundays, 11.0 to 12.0 only. Fee from 1s.—ADVICE AND MEDICINES BY POST. N.B.—Private Waiting Room.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Complete set, One Guinea. Single Tooth from 2s. 6d. Teeth Stopped or Scaled from 2s. 6d. Nitrous Oxide Gas daily.—Mr. A. MURCH, R.D.S., Surgeon Dentist, 330, CITY-ROAD, Islington, near the Angel. Est. 1850.

STANTON, THE PEOPLE'S DENTIST,

335, STRAND (opposite Somerset House).—TEETH ON VULCANITE, 2s. 6d each; Upper or Lower Set, £1. Best Quality, 4s. each; Upper or Lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required. Repairing and Alterations in two hours. If you pay more than above, they are fancy charges. Teeth on Platinum, 7s. 6d. each on 18c. Gold, 15s.; Stopping, 2s. 6d.; Extraction, 1s.; Painless, by Gas, 5s.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND MOLES PERMANENTLY REMOVED BY ELECTRICITY

LEAVES no scars, and is recommended by the medical profession.—Stamped envelope to Madame DUDLEY, 1B, Duke-street, Portland-place, W.

THE MODERN REMEDY.—FOR LADIES. FEMININE PILLS. Certain and safe. Magically effective. NEVER FAIL to bring about the desired effect, and prevent all irregularities. Free from observation. Post free, Government stamped, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 10s. per box, from Mrs. W. ALLEN, Ferndale, Barnes London, S.W.

HEALTH RESTORED.—REMEDY FREE.

A LATE Sufferer from Nervous Debility, Weakness, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers.—Address, W. FOX, 1, York-street, Southwark, London S.E.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS is warranted to cure all Discharges of the Urinary Organs in either sex, acquired or Constitutional, Gravel, Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from mercury. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists, or sent for 60 stamps by the makers, THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

DR. FOUNTAIN'S FEMALE PILLS.

THE ORIGINAL and ONLY RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION NEVER fails in the most obstinate cases. Ingredients only known to the Doctor. Post free, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. Advice gratis.—Dr. FOUNTAIN, 105, White Lion-street, Islington, London.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

FOR 24 stamps, a sufficient supply of Lady St. John's Samaritan Salve to cure any ordinary cases of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Tumours, Ulcers, Cancers, &c., however long standing; Erysipelas, Burns, Piles, and Skin Diseases.—J. QUEMBY, 324, Wandsworth-road, London. Trial Box, 9 stamps. All chemists.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS.—Best, Safest, Surest, and Only Reliable. Cannot fail. Removes obstructions from any cause. Sold by Chemists, or Post Free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., a box, from the proprietor, Signor THOMASSO, 148, Westminster Bridge-road, London. Consultations free, or by post one stamp. A Lady Specialist in attendance.

AFTER THE PARTY.—A Dose of "THOMASSO'S PERFECT CURE" will remove the ill effect of Excessive eating and drinking, late hours, &c., and give you energy for business. For Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Languid Feeling, &c., it is "THE PERFECT CURE." The Greatest of all Vital Restoratives. Recommended by Physicians. 2s. 9d. a Bottle, of Chemists, or post free from L. THOMASSO, 148, Westminster Bridge-road, London.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and NEURALGIA

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine. These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MICROBE IN MAN now finally accepted as the common origin of all human disease.

RADAM'S "MICROBE KILLER"

Destroys the Germs, Fungi, Bacteria, or Microbes.

Write or call for the HISTORY OF THE "MICROBE KILLER," a book every one should read.

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The best tonic in

NERVOUS DEBILITY and ALL CHEST COMPLAINTS.

"An elegant compound and SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS."—MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.

"It expands the chest, stimulates the nerves, and strengthens the brain."

Bottles of 48 and 96 doses 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, LORIMER and CO., Britannia-row, London, N. Awarded six gold and prize medals, 1884.

HAIR DESTROYER.

JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly removes Superfluous Hairs from the Face, Neck, and Arms, without injury to the Skin. Of most Chemists, 1s.; or sent, with directions, free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

PIMPLES, Black Specs, Sunburn, Freckles, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made from herbs only, and warranted harmless. It imparts such a lovely clearness to the skin as astonishes every one. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1½d. A box (with directions) sent free from observation post free fifteen stamps.

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DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS,

PEARL COATED AND TASTELESS,

ARE composed of Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, Aloes, Pil Cochia, and two other Drugs known only to Dr. Davis.

NO IRREGULARITY OR OBSTRUCTION can resist them.

9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Sent free from observation.

309, PORTOBELLO-ROAD, NOTTING HILL, LONDON,

OR ORDER OF ANY CHEMIST.

Advice Free, 7.0 till 10.0, or on receipt of stamped envelope

I CURE FITS,

AND TO PROVE IT

"I will GIVE a BOTTLE of my Remedy for Nothing, so that sufferers may have an opportunity of testing the truth of what I fearlessly state."

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF THIS MARVELLOUS MEDICINE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.

I have made a life-long study of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, and when I say CURE, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a Radical Cure. I have known my Remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to Cure you, is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Send at once for my TREATISE and a FREE BOTTLE of medicine. It costs you nothing for a trial, and IT WILL CURE!

Dr. H. G. ROOT, 73, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

PAINS IN THE BACK, GRAVEL, LUMBAGO, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER, STRICTURES, &c.

DR. DE ROOS' COMPOUND RENAL PILLS

ARE justly celebrated all over the world as the most safe and speedy remedy for the above dangerous complaints, Discharges of any kind, Stone in the Bladder, and Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs generally.

These celebrated Pills are an infallible remedy in the most obstinate cases. By their use alone many thousands are annually restored to health, and the agonies of gout and rheumatism may now be considered a voluntary affliction, as no one need suffer these excruciating torments if they will only have recourse to these Pills, which are [illegible] as the only real specific, whilst for weakness across the loins, sand, or other [illegible] in the water, and in all cases of [illegible] urinary disturbance [illegible]. They correct acidity of the stomach, promote the functions of the liver and kidneys, thereby giving a healthy tone to the bladder, &c. Many complaints, being supposed to be nervous, often arise solely from contamination of the blood with certain impurities which should have been carried off by the kidneys. Every package bears the Government Stamp, with the words "WALTER DE ROOS, LONDON," in white letters on a red ground, by order of her Majesty's Hon. Commissioners. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., at all Medicine Houses, or post free from the Proprietors, 45, Holford-square, London, W.C. Pamphlet and testimonials sent gratis.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

ARE universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, and Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them will carry off all humours and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health. This has been proved by thousands who have tried them, and found the benefits which are ensured by their use.

For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, and all Disorders of the Liver they act like magic, and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs of the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the rosebud of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are FACTS testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Tightness and Oppressions of the Chest, Wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled, they are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest. Let any person give BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS a trial, and the most violent cough will in a short time be removed.

Prepared only, and Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

N.B.—Full particulars are given with each box.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

FOR CLEANSING and CLEARING the BLOOD from ALL IMPURITIES, it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent Cure.

It Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Eczema.
Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.
It is the only real specific for
Gout and Rheumatic Pains.
It removes the "cause" from the blood and bones.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

"Prinkham, Edenbridge, Kent, Jan., 1889.

"A young woman of this neighbourhood wishes me to thank you for the benefit she has derived from your medicine. She says, 'I owe my sight, my comfort, and my health to Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Her case was a very bad one indeed. She had been three times in the Kent Ophthalmic Hospital, undergone one or more operations without any permanent relief. Her case was a swelling of the eyelids and nose, the very worst I ever saw. The local medical man said, 'She must go blind; her nose can never sink into its proper shape again under any treatment.' But after taking a number of bottles of Clarke's Blood Mixture she began to be able to raise her eyelids a little occasionally, but she says, 'Then it was cruel work and like looking through muddy water, although it was only for one second I could raise them.'

"She has been completely cured by Clarke's Blood Mixture. It is now three years since, and she has had no return of the complaint, and any one would never know she had had any enlarged tonsils or anything else. She does not wish her name published, but I am authorised to say she will answer any inquiries on the case providing inquirers enclose stamped envelope and address their questions to the following:

"A. B. CARLEY, Edenbridge."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

"I soon commenced to feel the premonitory symptoms of that lively and exciting disease called, with trifling light-heartedness, 'prickly heat.' All the blood in one's veins shoots, darts, tingles, and boils hither and thither at a scampering rate of progress, rendering life by day a misery and life by night a horrible torment of suffering and sleeplessness. Then afterwards the big red blotches come out all over one's body from head to foot, and the pain is exquisite, especially under the joints where the tender skin is liable to chafing and rubbing. One is presently in a molten state, the soreness actually turns to bleeding, and the livid red pimples and blotches are so close together that hardly the head of a pin could be placed anywhere over the body without touching one. And this detestable state of things is only known by the utterly inadequate and unimportant name of 'prickly heat.' I had a particularly severe dose of it. I was so covered with spots that my features were nearly unrecognisable, and amongst the passengers I went by the sobriquet of the 'Spotted Leopard.' The only relief I found was in Clarke's Blood Mixture, which is a decidedly good medicine to take in hot climates."—A WANDERER, "Telegraph Service Gazette."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

"Chester, March 5th, 1889.

"I suffered from rheumatic pains in my arms and legs for over five years [illegible] bone, through which I could not rest for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of [illegible] did any good for more than a few days. I was recommended to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, which I did, and on taking the first bottle I [illegible] eleven bottles would effect a perfect cure. I only took nine bottles and a half, which cost me 2s. 9d. per bottle.

"It is now ten months since, and I have not felt the least pain—in fact, I am perfect in my walk, and am in as good health as ever I was in my life.

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine, who were laid up with rheumatic pains, of my cure, and they tried your Clarke's Blood Mixture. They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again, and they say it cannot be too highly praised.—Hoping I am not intruding, I remain, yours sincerely,

"G. HOWARTH, Sergeant, Depot, Cheshire Regiment, Chester."

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Scurfs, Discoloration of the Skin, Humours, and Diseases of the skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally carried out of the system in a short time by the use of this world-famed medicine.

IMPORTANT ADVICE TO ALL.—Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, and Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is sold in bottles at 2s. 9d. and 11s. each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, the LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN. (TRADE MARK, "BLOOD MIXTURE.")

CAUTION.—ASK FOR

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE,

AND

DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE AN IMITATION.

A WOMAN OUTRAGED AND MURDERED.

Shocking Affair at Sunderland.

The body of a woman named Mary Taylor has been found in a back-yard in Hodgskin-street, Sunderland, under circumstances which point to a brutal murder having been committed. The woman's forehead had been split open, apparently by an axe, and the brains were protruding. The body was found by the deceased's daughter, a Mrs. Adams, who resided in the house. The police were at once informed and the body was taken to the dead-house. The deceased visited her daughter's house on the Tuesday night and stayed until half-past ten. She afterwards proceeded to a public-house and was noticed to be under the influence of drink. She must then have gone to the yard where she was found dead, as she was seen there at midnight. She was a woman of about fifty years of age, and kept a small shop. A shawl which the woman wore was missing at first, and it was thought she had been murdered and robbed, but the shawl has since been found in the passage. There is a suspicion that the woman was outraged before being murdered. The wound in her forehead is a terrible one. There was a clear cut down the centre, which divided the brain. It must have been done by a hatchet or some sharp instrument. When the body was found the wound was covered with a piece of fur. The deceased's daughter, Mrs. Adams, who lives at No. 7, says she thought her mother had gone to her own home when she left her about 10.30. She heard no cry or noise during the night. The police can only pursue their investigations with great difficulty, as most of the neighbours appear to have been under the influence of drink at the time.

INSANITARY DWELLINGS.

Mr. Samuel Betts, of Mare-street, Hackney, appeared before the magistrate at Worship-street to answer a summons charging him with allowing the premises, 14, Nant-street, Bethnal Green, to be damp, with imperfect drainage, and unfit for human habitation. It was said that the defendant "farmed" the premises, renting them from the Great Eastern Railway Company, and sub-letting them. On hearing the evidence, Mr. Williams made an order for the closing of the premises, and required the defendant to pay two guineas costs.

A POLICE-CONSTABLE'S MISTAKE.

At the Marlborough-street Police Court on Thursday, William Henry James, a youth from Bruton-street, described as a fine art dealer, was brought up as a suspected person.—Constable Duke said that when in plain clothes at a quarter to twelve on Tuesday night he saw the prisoner acting in a very suspicious manner and pushing about in a crowd near to the Empire Theatre. Two gentlemen, who were somewhat in drink, who had been inside, walked on to New Bond-street, and the prisoner followed them. When near to the Grosvenor Gallery they hailed a hansom, and as one of them drove a woman got on to the step and joined him. The prisoner at once went up to the cab, dragged her away, and proceeded to assist the other gentleman to his seat. In doing so, he (the officer) saw him put his right hand into the gentleman's breast pocket, and after he had been on the step a minute or two the cabman drove off. Witness then arrested the youth, and told him the charge, to which he replied, "I saw you following me all the way, but I didn't know you were a policeman." Then he attempted to run away, but another officer came to his assistance, and he was locked up.—Mr. Bathurst Norman, for the defence, asked the police-constable if he did not hear one of the gentlemen ask the youth to get the woman out of the cab.—The constable gave a negative reply, but he added that he heard them say they did not want his assistance.—Mr. Newton: The youth was near to his home at the time?—Mr. Norman: Yes, sir; he was on his way there. His father is in a large way of business, and there was no need for him to pick pockets. He has always borne the best of characters, and he indignantly denied the charge.—Mr. Newton: I think there has been a mistake here. The prisoner is discharged.

FISHING FOR LETTERS.

At the Wandsworth Police Court, Robert Monk, described as a grocer's assistant, residing at 62, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars, was charged with loitering in Alderbrook-road, Balham, supposed for an unlawful purpose.—Police-constable William Kemp, 301 V, said he saw prisoner loitering in the previous evening, and concealed himself in a garden, from which position he saw Monk go towards a letter-box several times, and walk back again, as some one happened to be approaching on each occasion. Ultimately witness went up to him and asked what he was doing, to which he replied, "That is my business," and as he would not give a satisfactory answer he took Monk into custody. Upon him was found attached to a string a weight, on which was placed birdlime for the purpose of raising letters to the aperture of the box, where they were secured by means of a pair of forceps, which were also discovered upon him. Prisoner was in possession of two Christmas cards, one of which had been identified as coming from a letter which had not been delivered. He explained that he was bird catching on Sunday, that the weight was tied to the bush to prevent the bird from escaping, and that he bought the forceps coming along. The cards, he said, he was going to send to a lady friend, whose name and address he did not know. Witness subsequently examined the aperture of the letter-box, and found a sticky substance upon it.—Mr. Mead: How long have you been in the police force?—Witness: About five years. — Mr. Mead: I think you have acted with very great ability and discretion in this matter.—He remanded the accused until Monday, and said he thought the Post Office authorities should be communicated with on the subject.

SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE AT A WELSH RECTORY.

The *Carnarvon Herald* gives particulars of a disgraceful outrage at Llantsantffraid-glan-Conway Rectory. The Rev. W. Morgan, who is in delicate health, was retiring to rest when he heard a noise at the door. Mrs. Morgan went down just as a large stone was flung and smashed against the woodwork. On the door being opened it was discovered that some miscreants had, with a brush, tarred the Rectory door all over, and then run away, leaving the tin containing the tar in the garden. The same night a balk of timber was tied across the cottage door of Jones, the rectory gardener, so that it could not be opened. Stones were flung at midnight through the glass into his bed-room. The *Herald* says it is difficult to account for the outrage, as the rev. gentleman, although he has not received a portion of his tithes, has taken no action whatever to enforce payment.

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI.

In the course of an address on "The Life and Death of Father Damien," at Westminster Abbey, the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, member of the London County Council, remarked that Père Wendelin was the successor of Father Damien, and he had charge of the lepers at Molokai, and he would be glad to receive any news from those who were admirers of Father Damien. Letters, pictures, and little comforts for Père Wendelin and the lepers could be sent to Mr. Chapman, 177, Camden Grove, North Peckham-road, who was in correspondence with him, and would forward them from time to time. A young Roman Catholic lady, 27 years old, the daughter of a Church of England clergyman, but who did not wish her name to be known, had determined to devote her life to the lepers as a nurse. She would go out on January 18th, and once there would be unable to leave the island. The lady's passage money had been paid out of the Damien Fund, and she had been accepted by the board of health at Honolulu. She was anxious to take out little presents for the lepers, and what they were fondest of were sweets. Mr. Chapman said he would gladly receive anything of the sort on behalf of the lady, and they could be sent to his house in Camden Grove, Peckham-road.

THE GAS STOKERS' STRIKE.

Official Statement.

On Saturday afternoon, in an interview with the secretary of the Gas Light and Coke Company, a correspondent was informed that no representations of any kind had been received from the men. Perfect confidence had always existed between the directors and the employés, and nothing had arisen to disturb the mutual good feeling. Not wishing to anticipate contingencies at present more than remote, the secretary did not wish to say anything as to the future.

Mr. Livesey Threatened.

Detective-officers from Scotland Yard have been engaged during the past week in making inquiries respecting a threatening notice, written in an illiterate hand, received through the post by Mr. George Livesey. It was as follows:—"Now, Mr. Livesey, as you won't giv' in, and my family is a starvin' for bred, bewere o' dynamite. Your place will be blown up to pieces before Christmas." It is believed that the writer of this threatening notice will be traced, as in penning the document he carelessly gave an important clue to his identity. Mr. Livesey says he entertains no fear whatever as to his personal safety. It is stated, however, that police protection has been afforded him. Extra precautions are being taken to guard the company's premises. There is now an abundant supply of gas at the company's works, and the majority of the new hands are now quite expert at stoking. Notices have been placed outside the works of the South Metropolitan Gas Company stating: "The directors have now waited a reasonable time for old hands to return before filling vacancies, but they can wait no longer. All vacancies will now be filled up with permanent hands without delay. Good stokers who desire employment must apply at once, or it will be too late."

A Man Shot at Vauxhall.

At the Lambeth Police Court, Alfred Norgrove, 40, labourer, was charged with feloniously shooting Francis Chambers, aged 28, with intent to murder him, at Leopold-street, Vauxhall. Mr. Inman (Messrs. Wontner) said he had been instructed by the South Metropolitan Gas Company to defend.—A witness named Fricketts, an engineer's labourer, stated that on the previous night he was in the Lord Clyde public-house at Vauxhall. The injured man was with him. At closing time they left the house, and shortly afterwards witness heard the report of firearms, and Chambers called out, "I am shot, George." Witness then saw the prisoner a few yards off, moving away. Witness followed, seized hold of him, and both fell to the ground. The prisoner had a pistol in his hand. He held prisoner until several persons came up, and then handed him over to a constable. Chambers was removed to the hospital.—George Barratt said he worked at the gasworks, Vauxhall. He was in the Lord Clyde with others. The prisoner was there and got into conversation. The prisoner promised to give all the information to the secretary of the Gas Stokers' Union as to how the men at work at the gasworks were being treated. The prosecutor was in the house, but did not join in the conversation. Witness saw the prisoner put his hand in his outside coat pocket, and take out something. Witness called out, "Stand on one side; he has drawn either a revolver or a knife." The prisoner went out, and witness and prosecutor followed. Witness saw Constable 283 L close by, and called out, "Stop him (the prisoner); he's got either a knife or a pistol." The constable went up to where prisoner was, and just then the pistol was discharged. The prosecutor called out, "I have got it in my side," and fell into the arms of witness. At the time of the report of the pistol the prisoner was getting up from the ground, and he then had the revolver in his hand.—Mr. Halbert, house surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital, said the prosecutor had a wound in the side. He was in the hospital, but not in danger.—Inspector Paget said the revolver was brought to the station. He found four chambers still loaded and two recently discharged. He told prisoner the charge, and he said, "I had no intention of shooting any one."—In answer to Mr. Inman, the witness said prisoner's mouth was bleeding, and his face was bruised. He said he had been knocked about by the stokers.—After some further evidence, Mr. Inman said he would reserve his cross-examination.—Mr. Partridge remanded the prisoner in custody.

Intimidating a Stoker.

At the Greenwich Police Court, William Perry, 49, gas stoker, of 30, Hosier-street, Deptford, was charged with wilfully damaging a shirt and a pair of socks, value 3s., the property of Henry Williams, gas stoker, whom he was further charged with assaulting.—Mr. Passmore, for the prosecution, said the gas company were bound to protect the new hands who had taken the places of the men on strike, and he must ask the magistrate to punish the prisoner in such a manner as to act as a deterrent to others.—The complainant said he went into the Dover Castle public-house, near the West Greenwich works of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, where he was employed as one of the new hands. He had a shirt and a pair of socks in a bundle, and 6s. 0½d. in money. The prisoner asked him in the public-house whether he worked at the gas works. The witness was afraid, and said he did not, but the prisoner said, "Yes, you do." The witness went out, and the prisoner followed him into the passage, where he struck him a violent blow in the eye and knocked him down. He lost his bundle, which was knocked out of his hand. He was with a friend, but was not drunk. When the prisoner was arrested, he said, "You've made a mistake."—Corroborative evidence having been given, the magistrate imposed a fine of 20s., and ordered 5s. to be paid for the damage—in default, fourteen days.

Assaulting the Police.

The following gas stokers, who had been apprehended on warrants granted by Mr. Fenwick, were charged on Thursday, at the Greenwich Police Court, with assaulting the police in the execution of their duty on Greenwich Marshes:—Thomas Brown, 38, of Blakeley Cottages, Blackwall-lane, Greenwich; James Jarvis, 34, alias Mad Bill, of Avening-terrace, Blackwall-lane; George Minter, 35, of Blakeley Buildings, Blackwall-lane; and Samuel Parker, 20, timekeeper, of Linthorpe-road, East Greenwich. Mr. Passmore prosecuted on behalf of the South Metropolitan Gas Company; and Mr. Scard defended.—The evidence showed that on the 21st inst. a body of police were escorting a number of new gas workers from the Westcombe Park Station, East Greenwich, and were followed by a mob of between 150 and 200 men and boys. In Marsh-lane the men threw stones at the police, several of whom were injured, as also several of the new hands. Prisoners were proved by the police to have been in the mob and to have taken part in the attack upon the police.—In the case of Parker, Inspector Hocking said he was taken into custody, but was rescued by the mob. One sergeant (51 R) was severely injured, and is suffering from concussion of the brain.—Mr. Fenwick sentenced Parker, Minter, and Jarvis to one month's hard labour, and Brown to two months' hard labour, sentences which appeared to considerably astonish the prisoners, and caused some expressions of lamentation amongst their female relations in the body of the court.—A few minutes afterwards a clergyman addressed the magistrate on behalf of Parker, who, he said, was a respectable young man and a member of his church, but Mr. Fenwick said he could not alter the sentence.

Another serious outbreak of swine fever is reported from Lincolnshire, Mr. G. Thompson, farmer, of Sutton Marsh, having lost no fewer than 123 pigs from the disease, while it has been deemed necessary to kill 178 healthy pigs to guard against the further spread of the fever. It is estimated that Mr. Thompson's loss will be fully £450, as the county council do not allow any compensation.

SLAUGHTER OF SIBERIAN PRISONERS.

Terrible Scenes.

Particulars have reached this country of the slaughter of Siberian prisoners which we briefly reported some time ago. It appears that thirty political prisoners, who were exiled by administrative order, without trial or conviction by a court, were waiting at Yakoutsk, at the beginning of April last to be transported to some localities in the extreme east of Siberia, where they were ordered to reside. Before reaching Yakoutsk they had already performed a long and painful journey, involving many hardships, and were associated with common law criminals of the worst description. The exiles were told by the chief of the Yakoutsk police to meet in the house of an exile in order to get some grievances redressed. While there the house was surrounded by soldiers and policemen, and a terrible scene then took place. One of the party reports that while an officer named Karamtine was speaking to the exiles, the chief of the police interrupted and shouted to Karamtine, "You have done enough talking; do what you have been ordered." The officer, evidently in a state of great excitement, mechanically repeated, "Will you follow us? reply, yes or no." "Yes, yes," cried several of the exiles, "give us only time to put on our overcoats." But the soldiers did not wait or listen, they sprang upon the unfortunate exiles and struck them with their bayonets and the butt-end of their guns. In a moment several men fell among those who were the nearest to the soldiers, and then shots were fired, and this again and again. The soldiers, after the first attack, rushed out into the yard, but the house was bombarded from all four sides. The bullets came in by the windows and even penetrated through the thin walls. There was no shelter anywhere. We all went into the largest room of the house, and some of us tried to escape by the back door, but had hardly opened it when

He Fell Back Dead.

and pierced by several bullets. Chour, mad with terror, sprang into the yard, shouting, "Enough! enough! We surrender," but a pistol shot, fired by the officer, Karamtine, brought him down. Podbelsky, a political exile who lived close by and was quietly sitting in his room, came running out when he heard the report of firearms, to see what was happening. He had hardly reached the court occupied by the soldiers when he was shot and killed. The commander of the garrison, Vageff, himself, terrified by this slaughter, had drawn his sword, and running in front of his soldiers, tried to make them cease firing. At this moment the governor, Ostashine, arrived in person, and perceiving the exile Zotoff, who had come out of the bombarded house, he fired at him twice with his revolver and wounded him. At this example the fire of the soldiers was renewed with greater energy. Their fury seemed unlimited. Joseph Estrowitch, who was wounded and was motionless on the ground, was attacked by the soldiers, and bayoneted several times. One exile, named Zotoff, who had a revolver, says:—Hearing heart-rending cries in the room, I jumped on the sofa. I remember vaguely that I fired upon an officer who had levelled his pistol at me, but I could not say whether he or I fired first. What I saw and felt were the shots and the bullets from the soldiers. Soon I lost consciousness. When I came back to my senses, I found myself lying on the floor. I rose with difficulty and saw that the soldiers had left the room. In the corner I perceived Pik, whose body rested against the wall, his head fell on his chest, and there was a pool of blood by his side. On the floor, close by, there was a revolver; I thought he was wounded, and hastened to the next room to get some water, but, altering my mind, returned to lay him down first on the sofa. When, however, I raised his head

I Perceived he was Dead.

He had above the left eye a ghastly hole, from which blood and brains oozed and fell on his chest. Profoundly upset by this horrible spectacle, I hurried to the next room. There, on all sides, on the ground and on the beds, I saw the wounded, who were groaning and praying for water. Some of our friends had gathered round and tried to help them. Some one having said that there was no water in the house, but some ice in the yard, I ran out to fetch some. In crossing the third room I saw lying undressed on the bed Sophia Gourewitch, who had been ripped open by the bayonets. One of our comrades was placing pieces of ice on the side of the enormous wound. Her face was deadly pale, and she could hardly speak. "Zotoff," she murmured, "good-bye, I am dying. I am suffering horribly. In mercy give me some poison." I felt as if I was going mad, and fled back to the first room, where I heard my companions loudly demanding that medical aid should be sent. Afterwards a court-martial was ordered, and the official trial began on the 18th of June. The preliminary inquiry had established that the soldiers had their guns already loaded, that cartridges were distributed to them the previous evening, and they were then informed that they would have to fire upon the exiles. No one was allowed to defend the prisoners, and they were not even shown the indictment made against them. They were only asked to confirm the results of the previous inquiries, without being told what these results were. After what seems to the *Times* to have been a mere mock trial, Hausman, Kohan-Bernstein, and Zotoff were condemned to death. Four others were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and six for twenty years. Four women were condemned to hard labour for fifteen years, one only to penal servitude for ten years, two for eight years, and a young girl to six years.

A WESTMINSTER ASSAULT CASE.

At the Westminster Police Court, Henry Lynch, alias Davis, labourer, of Great Peter-street, Westminster, was charged on a warrant, before Mr. Sheil, with assaulting Constables Crouch, 550 A, and Granville Coole, 126 A, with an iron bar.—A few nights ago, Constable Crouch deposed he was on duty and in plain clothes inside the shop of Mr. Karle, baker, of Great Peter-street. A man named Tanner claimed his protection, having been followed to the shop by the prisoner and another man of the name of M'Carthy, not in custody, whose demeanour was very threatening. The witness referred Tanner to Constable Coole, who passed the shop at that moment in uniform. In the street directly afterwards he saw M'Carthy strike Tanner in the face with his fist, and Coole got between them. The prisoner aimed a blow, which took effect on Coole's head, with an iron bar about 2ft. 6in. long and as thick as a man's thumb. Witness went to the assistance of his comrade, and the prisoner struck him over the upper part of the forehead with the same weapon, exclaiming, "You are another of the ——." He had since been unable to resume duty.—Dr. Pearse deposed that Constable Coole was very badly hurt. He had been suffering from concussion of the brain, and there was a dent on the metal band of his helmet which corresponded with the mark of a blow behind the ear. The man appeared dazed, and seemed to have lost his memory. The other officer, Crouch, had a contused wound on the scalp.—James Tanner, a plasterer, gave evidence that the disturbance originated through his interference to prevent M'Carthy kicking his daughter. The prisoner took M'Carthy's side, and pursued witness to the baker's shop, where he rushed for protection. He saw the prisoner pull the bar of iron from under his coat and strike the constables with it. Witness escaped through the back premises of the baker's shop.—Prisoner denied that he was in the locality at the time the constables were hurt.—Mr. Sheil remanded him to see if M'Carthy could be arrested on the warrant, but bound over the witnesses to attend at the Central Criminal Court to give evidence on the charge of causing grievous bodily harm.

A drunken deputy policeman perceived a crowd of people leaving the opera-house at Higginsville, Missouri. Thinking it a fitting opportunity for discharging his revolver, he killed one man and severely wounded several others.

THE SMITH-SLAVIN FIGHT.

Disgraceful Scenes.

Expressions of Indignation.

The prize fight between Jem Smith, who poses as the fistic "champion of England," and Frank Slavin, the Australian champion, took place early on Monday, and resulted in perhaps the most disgraceful scene ever witnessed in connection with the history of the prize ring. Various spots, both at home and abroad, were from time to time named as the possible battle-field, but finally it became known to a certain select few that an English gentleman, Mr. Atkinson-Grimshaw, residing near Bruges, Belgium, had placed his grounds at the disposal of the combatants. In London it soon became known that the principal supporters of the Englishman had caused a number of Birmingham ruffians to be hired for the purpose of making a "strong corner." The betting changed directly to short odds on the Australian, and also evens, while offers of 30 to 20 that "Smith did not lose" proclaimed that some ugly and disreputable manœuvres would be attempted. The ring was pitched on a splendid piece of turf—the lawn tennis ground, in fact—and about forty persons assembled, including Viscount Royston, Viscount Mandeville, Mr. Abington, Mr. Harris, Mr. W. Riley, Mr. F. Kotchie, Mr. Ike White, the Hon. M. Sandys, Mr. E. Bayley, Mr. C. Parsons, Mr. J. Kilby, Mr. C. Morton, and other well-known "sports." Smith was dressed first, and had to wait a few minutes for Slavin. The Englishman appeared in white flannel drawers, white socks, and lace-up boots, while the Australian wore black drawers, blue socks, and lace-up boots. Harper and Baldock were seconds, Howes bottle-holder, and Mr. Fleming umpire for Smith; Cosnett and Bob Kirby, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. W. Riley acting in similar capacities for Slavin. Mr. Joe Vezey officiated as referee and Mr. Calder as timekeeper.

The Fight.

The men were in the ring at 8.25, and ten minutes later the fight began. After the first two rounds everything went in favour of Slavin, who in the third round knocked Smith clean off his legs with a terrific right-hander. He repeated this operation four or five times subsequently, and surprised many of the spectators by the determined way in which he fought. Smith looked very serious on coming up for the fourth round. At this time a suspicious movement was noticeable among the brigade of Birmingham ruffians, and one of them came round to the colonial's corner with no good intentions. Had it not been that Mick Taylor and Frank Hinde kept zealous guard over all the water provided for the use of the combatants, there is no knowing what fiendish trick might not have been perpetrated. Getting to close quarters, Slavin delivered heavily right and left on Smith's body, the latter being very slow in responding to this vigorous attack. He had, however, other assistants, for a vile ruffian from over the ropes deliberately struck Slavin a blow on the head. A shout was at once raised, but when charged with it the rascal denied that he had done anything. A scuffle ensued between the men, and to escape from the difficulty Smith cross-buttocked his opponent, who fell. In the fifth and sixth rounds Slavin again brought Smith to the ground, and made a nasty gash on his forehead. All this time the most horrible language proceeded from Smith's corner. In the seventh round a desperate rally took place, during which Smith fought Slavin on to the ropes, and there held him. Here was a grand opportunity for the miscreants, who did not fail to make use of it. One of them kicked Slavin repeatedly, and others beat him about the head, knuckle-dusters and life preservers being used. Slavin during the progress of the eighth round further received a couple of smart blows from a stick which a cowardly ruffian carried. Taking not the smallest notice of these interruptions Slavin pursued his legitimate opponent, both Smith's seconds following him about and jeering in his face. The referee entered the ring, and cautioned the seconds to move away. This had very little effect, and in the midst of half-arm fighting of a very severe kind, Smith was once more brought to the ground. In the ninth round the Australian again ventured into Smith's corner, and the fighting brought him close to the ropes. The Birmingham mob here set about Slavin with great brutality, kicking him and punching him on all parts of the body. Getting away from the ropes Slavin let go the right, and, reaching Smith's mouth, caused the blood to spring forth profusely, bringing the Englishman to grass. The tenth and eleventh rounds were not quite so exciting, but in the twelfth Slavin drove his right with terrific force on to Smith's chin, knocking him clean off his legs. In the thirteenth round the Australian doubled Smith up with a fearful blow under the left ribs, and the Englishman's friends, seeing that Smith was almost beaten, raised a cry of "Police!" Smith was hurried from the ring, but Slavin and his friends refused to budge, and after "Time" had been called they claimed the fight. The referee, who appeared afraid to give a just decision, was surrounded by partisans of Smith, who had meanwhile come back, and eventually ordered the fight to proceed. The next round, the fourteenth, was the last. Slavin fought in a most determined fashion, and when he was punishing Smith heavily, the latter caught the Australian round the waist and held him on to the ropes, whilst the ruffians standing round beat and kicked him in a most cowardly fashion. Amid cries of "Foul," the pair fell to the ground, and, on the men taking their corners, the referee said he would act no longer, as it was perfectly clear Slavin was not to have fair play. This created immense excitement, during which the referee declared the fight a draw, and, crossing to Slavin, said, "I do not want to stay here to see you killed." Afterwards the roughs tried to get at Slavin, who, however, managed to hide in a barn. Later on he went with a few of his friends to Bruges, where he caught the train for Ostend, and came over to Dover, thence proceeding to Margate.

Slavin's Opinion of his Treatment.

The following conversation took place during an interview with Slavin, a few hours after the fight:—Did you expect any trouble at the ring side?—Slavin: Yes, I was prepared for that, as I was constantly receiving letters of a threatening nature, and though these things as a rule are of no account, I had reason to believe there was some truth this time. Besides, I had not forgotten the affair at Astley's Theatre.—Do you feel any effects of the fighting?—Slavin: The fighting? I feel nothing of what I got from any one in the ring; it's what those beauties gave me outside. The only time Smith hit me in anything like form was on the jaw.—Why did you persist in going to his corner?—Slavin: I wanted to get the affair over and enjoy my Christmas dinner, and I knew if the fighting was left to Smith I should want it served in the ring.—Of course you heard a mob was got together for Smith?—Slavin: Yes, I knew all about that, but I relied on British fair play, and expected the referee to do his duty. Directly I got in the ring I saw what the game was, and knew my only chance was to knock Smith out.—What do you think of Smith?—Well, I think so much of him that I'll bet him £200 I stop him in six rounds, but we must have no more private shows. I've had enough of that business.—I suppose you have a poor opinion of English fair play?—Slavin: I have been treated like a prince generally, but I can see the fighting men are easily led astray, and I expected trouble directly Smith objected to a referee. If we served an Englishman in the same manner in Australia we should get drummed out of the town, and rightly too.—What are your plans for the future? Well, I shall stay in England some time and challenge Sullivan, and you might as well cable it over to America for me.—With the gloves?—No. I want to fight him with the knuckles. I think I should get fair play out there.

Indignation in London.

Directly the news became known in London the greatest indignation prevailed in all the West-end clubs at the dastardly way in which Slavin had been treated. Subsequently some forty or fifty gentlemen proceeded to the Pelican to demand the instant and public repudiation on the part of the committee with any official cognisance of the arrangements for the fight, and also for the summary punishment of those who had dragged down a manly pastime to the lowest depth of degradation and blackguardism. In accordance with these demands, and in full sympathy with them, those members present, conjointly with the proprietor, immediately sent out telegrams summoning an extraordinary meeting of the committee.

The Pelican Club Meeting.

At the special meeting of the committee of the Pelican Club it was unanimously determined to address a letter of sympathy to Slavin, expressing the appreciation of the committee of "the courage he exhibited in face of the most blackguardly conduct which ever disgraced the ring side." The committee added that they fully recognised that he had indisputably established his claim to the championship of England, and they further informed him of their intention to present him a belt and purse in recognition of his pluck. The committee determined that Mr. John Fleming, late manager to Jem Smith, who had hitherto acted as master of the ceremonies at the Pelican Club, should be suspended from his office until such time as he should afford an explanation of his connection with the Smith and Slavin fight, which explanation would be laid before a general meeting of the members of the Pelican Club on Tuesday, January 7th. It is most likely that the belt and purse will be presented to Slavin on January 14th, when the club will move into their new premises. While Slavin was at the Stock Exchange on Tuesday, a subscription in his interest was started, and £110 was quickly subscribed.

Slavin Challenges J. L. Sullivan.

Frank Slavin, the champion of Australia, is prepared to meet John L. Sullivan, under London prize ring rules, for £500 or £1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Slavin has lodged a sum of £100, and will contest the title with Sullivan in either America or Australia in six months from signing articles. We have cabled this challenge to Mr. R. K. Fox, of New York, and the money lodged with him or the editor of the *Sportsman* will lead to a match.

THE COST OF LIVING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An English lady who, with her husband, has just taken up her residence at Johannesburg, in South Africa, has sent home an interesting letter, giving some facts and figures which will surprise the English housekeeper. She says:—"We went by train from Durban to Ladysmith, and thence by coach to the golden city, to Johannesburg. What a journey! Rough is no name for it. We had ten horses, two drivers, fourteen passengers, did sixty miles a day, with a meal every time the coach stopped at a station. On the way we saw many evidences of the terrible drought which has been afflicting this country, horses and oxen lying dead in great numbers. There had been but two or three showers in eight months, and the grass was, therefore, all burnt up. We reached Johannesburg on October 10th, six weeks and one day after leaving Newcastle. The town surprised us. It is the largest in Africa, though only three years old, and 300 miles from a railway. Our lodgings cost us £10 each per month, rising first to £12 and then to £15, so we determined to have a house of our own. One man asked £300 a year for a furnished house, and actually got £360. Finally we secured a four-roomed cottage for £20 a month, taking in three gentlemen lodgers at £12 a month each. Provisions are at famine prices, and, as beer is 4s. a bottle, our friends had better sign the pledge before they come out here. Everybody lives well, and eats plenty, in spite of the high prices. We enjoy splendid health and don't seem to mind the heat. There are sixty doctors here, and 400 public-houses in the town already. The most disagreeable thing is the dust storms, and the streets are not paved at [illegible]. My husband got a place with a salary of £2[illegible] a year. He met two joiners whom he knew, and they said they were making £12 10s. a week each. Bakers and cooks make most money here. They get nearly anything they like to charge, as people are fond of good living. Rain has now come, so that we may expect a return of prosperity and easier prices in the provision market. When we arrived prices were:—Flour, 14s. per stone; butter, 7s. 6d. a pound; eggs, 4s. 6d. a dozen; condensed milk, 2s. 6d. a tin; fresh milk, 2s. a quart; sugar, 1s. a pound; oatmeal, 1s. 9d. a pound; meat, 9d. and 1s.; cabbages, 2s. 6d. each; lettuce, 1s. a head; potatoes, 14s. a stone; bread 6d. for a loaf the size of your penny ones. I have just quoted the prices of a few things, but they will serve to show you the great cost of living here."

MONEY MARKET.

City, Saturday.

The settlement made satisfactory progress, and beyond this little business was done. Consols were 1-16 easier for acount. Foreign Government Securities were favourably inclined. Home Railways were depressed, as well also American Railways. Canadian lines became weak. Mining shares quiet. Latest quotations:—Consols, 96⅞ 7; ditto account, 97 ⅛; Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 94½ 5.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Argentine, 1886, 93, 4	Peruvian 6 per Cents, 17⅝, 18
Chilian, 1886, 102, 3	Ditto 5 per Cents, 15⅝, ⅞
Egyptian Preference, 103⅝, ⅞	Portuguese 3 per Cents, 65⅝, ⅞
Ditto Unified, 93⅝, ⅞	Russian, 4 per Cents., 93⅝, ⅞
Ditto Daira Sanieh, 83, ⅝	Spanish 3 per Cents, 49, ⅝
Ditto Domain, 102, ⅝	Ditto 4 per Cents, 73⅝, ⅞
French 3 per Cents, 87⅝, ⅞	Turkish Defence, 101⅝, ⅞
Hungarian 4 p.C., 1881, 87⅝, ⅞	Ditto, 1871, 94⅝, 5⅝
Italian 5 per Cents, 94⅝, 5	Uruguay, 72⅝, 3⅝
Mexican 6 p.C., 1886, 95⅝, ⅞	Venezuela, 30, 1
Paraguay Bonds, 1886, 43, 5	

BRITISH RAILWAYS.

Brighton Ordinary, 161, 3	Metropolitan, 94⅝, ⅞
Ditto A, 162⅝, ⅞	Ditto District, 32, ⅝
Caledonian, 129⅝, ⅞	Midland, 147⅝, ⅞
Chatham Ordinary, 23⅝, ⅞	North British, 65⅝, ⅞
Ditto, Pref., 110⅝, ⅞	North-Eastern, 175, ⅝
East Lon. Consolidtd., 11, 2	North Staffordshire, 112, 13
Great Eastern, 83⅝, 4	North-Western, 181⅝, ⅞
Great Northern, 125, 7	Sheffield Ordinary, 90, [illegible]
Ditto A, 110⅝, 11⅝	Ditto A, 43⅝, ⅞
Great Western, 171, ⅝	South-Eastern, 134, 5
Hull and Barnsley, 37⅝, 8	Ditto A, 106⅝, ⅞
Lanc. & Yorkshire, 124⅝, 5⅝	South-Western, 159, 60

UNITED STATES RAILWAYS.

Central Pacific, 34⅝, 5⅝	Ontario, 20⅝, ⅞
Chgo. Mil. & St. Paul, 72⅝, ⅞	Norfolk & West. Pref., 62⅝, ⅞
Denver & Rio Grande, 16⅝, 7⅝	North Pacific Pref., 77, 8
Erie, 27⅝, ⅞	Ohio & Mis. Ord., 22⅝, ⅞
Illinois Central, —, —	Pennsylvania, 54⅝, 5
Louisville & Nashville, 86⅝, ⅞	Reading, 19⅝, 20
Lake Shore, 111⅝, ⅞	Union Pacific, 70⅝, 1
Missouri & Texas, 11⅝, 2	Wabash Ordinary, 16, 17
New York Central, 110⅝, 11⅝	Ditto Pref., 32⅝, 3

OTHER AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Canadian Pacific, 74⅝, 5⅝	Gd. Trunk 3rd Pref., 29, ⅝
Grand Trunk Ord., 10⅝, 11⅛	Mexican Ord., 41⅝, ⅞
Ditto 1st Pref., 74, ⅝	Ditto 1st Pref., 120, ⅝
Ditto 2nd Pref., 51⅝, 2⅝	Ditto 2nd Pref., 79, ⅝

MINES.

Cape Copper, 3⅝, ⅞	Montana, —, —
De Beers, 22⅝, 3⅝	Mysore, —, —
Jubilee, —, —	Rio Tinto, 16, ⅝
Jumper's, —, —	Salisbury, —, —
Mason and Barry, 6⅝, 7⅝	Simmer & Jack, —, —

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allsopp, Ordinary, 8, ⅝	Hotchkiss, 6⅝, ⅞
Barrett's Brewery, 3⅝, 4⅝	New Explosives, 2⅝, ⅞
Bryant and May, 13⅝, 14	Nordenfeldt, 2⅝, ⅞
Gas Light and Coke A—, —.	Spratt's Patent, 3⅝, ⅞
Guinness Ordinary, 34⅝, ⅞	

The death is announced of Dr. Charles Mackay, poet and journalist, and the writer of "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," at his residence in Brompton, at the age of 75 years.

It was notified at the War Office that a class of officers of infantry not of the 1st Army Corps will be attached to the mounted infantry companies now training at Aldershot, for a course of instruction. The officers selected have been ordered to join on the 31st inst., and the course will continue till March 4th next.

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